Collier's

JUNE 15, 1946

TEN CENTS

★ **The Deadliest War**
Science Plans Invasion by Disease
by Sidney Shalett

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NO DEPOSIT NO RETURN
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BEER
Duraglas

WATCH FOR THE NEW "1-WAY" BOTTLE! There'll be no deposit on it—no return.

It neither *adds* to flavor, nor *subtracts* from it—the Duraglas Bottle!

[illegible] better! You know why? You're drinking it out of a bottle! And that means—you get *just the taste of the beer*. For glass holds beer's goodness completely intact.

Word to the wise: Put bottled beer, appetizingly, right on the table. Your guests then may pour it, cool and foaming, just the minute before they drink it.

Soon, famous beers will come in the "1-Way" bottle pictured above, actual size. Space-saving, isn't it? *Yet it holds the same amount you're used to getting.* And so convenient—*when it's empty, just discard it!*

There are a thousand and one other things you buy for which Duraglas, the *modern* container, provides the same ideal, economical protection. Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

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CONTAINERS LEAVE FLAVOR STRICTLY ALONE

"So that's why you're not in the movies, Mom!"

MOM: *Uh?* What's why I'm not in the movies, Mite?

MITE: Because you don't massage your gums with it after you brush your teeth with it.

MOM: Oh? Well, don't tell your father, Darling. He thinks I'm wonderful. Massage my gums with what?

MITE: Well, Golly, with Ipana, Mom! At school, Teacher says soft foods don't give gums enough exercise, so people should massage their gums after they brush their teeth.

MOM: They should? Why?

MITE: She says it's because healthier gums mean sounder, brighter teeth and movie stars have bright teeth don't they, Mom?

MOM: And *I* don't?

MITE: Not like Deadeye Dick's lady in "Gunsmoke On The Range." She—

MOM: Flatterer!

MITE: But Mom! Teacher says without the right exercise, gums might get flabby and tender. Yes, and if people get "pink" on their tooth brush they should see their dentist right away. Like you should, Mom! Because there's "pink" on your tooth brush right this minute! *See!*

Judy at the Zoo
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

MITE'S RIGHT. He's one of many school children today who know more about modern dental care than their parents. In thousands of classrooms all over the country, teachers are explaining the need for gum massage . . . its importance to sound gums and bright teeth.

And behind these teachers is the authority of a national survey among dentists. It shows that 7 out of 10 dentists approve this routine—recommending regular gum massage.

If your tooth brush "shows pink," don't ignore that warning. *See your dentist.* He may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage," as so many dentists do.

For Ipana Tooth Paste, with massage, is specially designed to help the gums. So you can readily see why a nationwide survey shows that more than twice as many dentists use Ipana as any other dentifrice . . . for their own, *personal* use. Start today with Ipana and massage.

Ipana and Massage

Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We can dream, can't we?

★ ★ ★

And our favorite daydream goes something like this . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

We sing a beautiful love song and immediately Esther Williams rushes to our side. We leap lightly to the dance floor and do a terrific rhumba with the lovely star in our arms . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

So you can imagine how we felt when we saw Van Johnson do all that and *more* in M-G-M's great new Technicolor musical, "Easy to Wed"! But Van is such a swell guy, we don't mind if he steals our daydream.

Yes, Van sings, dances and romances with not one, but two of Hollywood's glamour-girls—Esther Williams and Lucille Ball.

★ ★ ★ ★

And with Keenan Wynn to round out an unbeatable foursome, "Easy to Wed" is easily the most light-hearted laugh-fest to come rippling your way.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M has given it a grand supporting cast including Cecil Kellaway, Carlos Ramirez, Ben Blue—and Ethel Smith at the organ for an extra treat.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's easy to see that "Easy to Wed" is easy to take. A lot of credit goes to Director Edward Buzzell and Producer Jack Cummings. And to Dorothy Kingsley who adapted it from the screenplay "Libeled Lady" by Maurine Watkins, Howard Emmett Rogers and George Oppenheimer.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's not easy to top such memorable musicals as "Anchors Aweigh" and "The Harvey Girls."

★ ★ ★ ★

But "Easy" does it!

—*Leo*

BARGAIN PORTRAIT! Paul Bransom, famous painter, has done a magnificent new color portrait of Lassie. It was inspired by Lassie's new Technicolor film, "Courage of Lassie," starring Elizabeth Taylor, Frank Morgan and Tom Drake.

There's only a limited supply, but you may have an 8" x 10" reproduction by writing Lassie, Box 943, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, New York. Please send 15¢ to cover mailing costs.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... Zone ...... State .....

Collier's

FOR JUNE 15, 1946

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GEORGE CREEL	*San Francisco*	HELEN P. BUTLER	*Syntax*			MACLENNAN FARRELL	*Fiction*

this week

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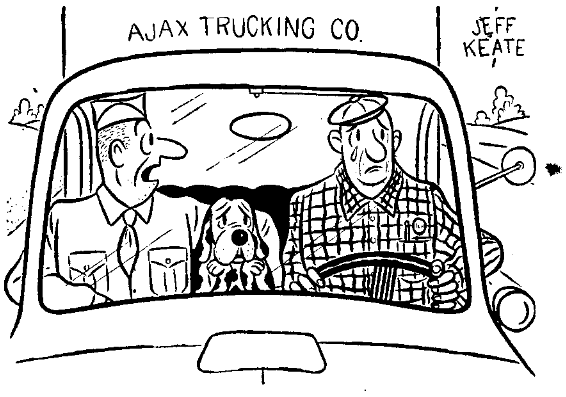
COVER By *JON WHITCOMB*

any week

WE'VE just been asked by a perfume manufacturer whether we'd "approve of a perfume that was linked up with a religious theme." Which brought to mind a hot Sunday in the Arkansas Ozarks when, shepherded by Colonel Dudley V. Haddock, now of Sarasota, Florida, we attended services in a small, overcrowded church. The windows—both of them—were closed. So was the door. The first hour of singing and preaching was over. But about the middle of the second hour, the preacher paused to say: "I will now ask a few strong brethren to open the windows and the door that we may let a little more of the Lord in and a mite more of ourselves out."



AND Mr. F. M. Mickey of Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, reports that recently a master sergeant set out from Louisville, Kentucky, for Huntingdon in a used car. With him rode a small dog. Halfway home the car broke down and the sergeant and dog decided to hitchhike. The sergeant's thumb wasn't working very well and he and the pup did the first fifteen miles afoot. Then they were picked up by a truck. The sergeant explained that he might have got more lifts if it weren't for the dog. "But," he explained to the truck driver, "this pup's mother in Huntingdon is fifteen years old and sick and can't last much longer and I promised this pup that I'd get him home to see his mother before she passed on."

MR. H. KOSTIOVICK of Amarillo, Texas, writes seven packed pages to let us know that he doesn't think much of us. To sum it up he thinks that we're un-American on general principles. "As for me, I will tell you where I stand," says Mr. Kostiovick. "I am standing alongside of Washington, Jefferson, Paul Revere, Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Theodore Bilbo and H. Kostiovick."

WE SEEM to have missed it but Mr. E. F. Glietz of Teutopolis, Illinois, says that he read somewhere that Washington is about to set up a bureau to administer the Pentagon Building—the Office of Pentagon Administration. "It will, of course, be known as the OPA," says Mr. Glietz. "As there is already one OPA this will confuse matters even more which will be a triumph for ACA, the Additional Confusion Administration."

(*Continued on page 87*)

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

Appendicitis needn't frighten you

if recognized in time! But because it often feels like an ordinary stomach-ache or a simple, persistent abdominal pain, many ignore appendicitis until too late!

Don't let such symptoms fool you! If they occur, avoid laxatives or enemas, and hot or cold applications, any of which may be dangerous to an inflamed appendix. If nauseated, go to bed and stay there, for even ordinary activity can be risky.

Remember, a ruptured appendix can be fatal, so don't make your own diagnosis. Instead, be cautious—

Call your physician!

Due to a better understanding of the dangers of appendicitis, the death rate of this disease has been reduced to less than half the rate of twelve years ago. Even today, the majority of appendicitis deaths are avoidable!

Metropolitan has a free booklet that will help you to know more about appendicitis. Just mail the coupon . . .

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 76-C, entitled "Appendicitis."

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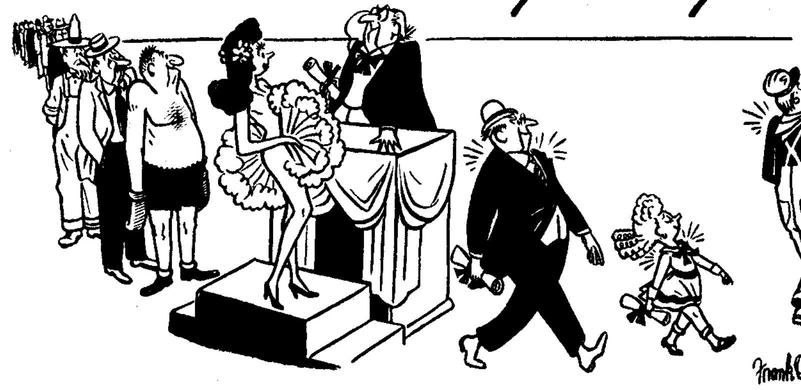
Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster



While scores of state governors in American history have generously bestowed honorary military titles on their friends, none ever approached the record of Ruby Laffoon, governor of Kentucky from 1931 to 1935. Although his 30-odd predecessors had created a total of 5,000 "Kentucky colonels," he created another 5,000, including a prize fighter, a child movie actress and a fan dancer.

Of the few cities that regulate the admittance of unaccompanied children to movie theaters, New York has the strictest laws and enforcement. To obtain the special license required, a New York theater must set aside a section exclusively for children and place it under the supervision of a matron who, to obtain her license from the Department of Health, must undergo a rigid physical and mental examination. Such picture houses, which constitute 75 per cent of the city's total, may then admit minors unaccompanied by an adult from three to six o'clock on school days and from opening hour until seven on other days.

The rarest and least understood form of lightning is ball lightning, a slow-moving globe of fire which varies in diameter between 2 and 20 inches. Occurring during heavy thunderstorms, it is usually discovered traveling horizontally a few feet from the ground as if held by an invisible support. One of the most remarkable of these fire balls, which appeared in Milan, Italy, not long ago, floated so slowly down the middle of a street that a crowd of boys were able to walk beside it for half a mile before it struck an obstacle and exploded harmlessly.

After a delay of 15 years, work is about to begin on the Columbus Memorial Lighthouse in the Dominican Republic near the spot where the discoverer of America first landed. Occupying a 2,000-acre site, this structure will be built of rose-tinted rock, in the form of a cross, a mile long and 100 feet in both width and height. Its exterior walls will be engraved with the names of those who have made notable contributions to the progress of the New World; and the center of the cross will contain a large chapel enshrining the remains of Columbus. This memorial will require about five years to construct, and will cost more than $4,000,000, to be paid by the 21 republics of Latin America.

A new electric device that turns pages enables armless or paralyzed persons to read books or magazines without assistance while sitting at a table or lying in bed, even in an iron lung. Approximately 25 inches long, 14 inches wide and 4 inches deep, the device operates when the reader presses with his chin on a small flat switch hung around his neck.

The holdup of a mail train in Oregon in October, 1923, by the three De Autremont brothers resulted in the most intensive man hunt in American history. Before they were captured, three years and four months later, by detectives of the U.S. Post Office Department, more than $500,000 had been expended on the search, during the course of which circulars in a hundred languages were mailed to police departments throughout the world, and detailed descriptions of their teeth, eyeglasses and watches were sent to thousands of dentists, oculists and jewelers in the United States.—*By Karl Gaarder, Roseville, Calif.*

Although as many as 30 waterspouts have been sighted from a single vessel in one day, most people and even many old seamen have never seen one of these columns of cloud-filled wind which rotate rapidly between a cloud and the surface of a body of water. They vary tremendously in duration, behavior, and size. One seen off New South Wales in 1898 was 10 feet in diameter but 5,000 feet in height; while another seen off California in 1914 was 700 feet in diameter but only 100 feet in height.

The largest and most valuable collection of pictures of celebrities, which contains 150,000 photographs and required 65 years to assemble, is owned today by a Brooklyn family. Among the rarest of the pictures is one of the original cast of Uncle Tom's Cabin which has no Little Eva as the photograph was taken in 1852, several years before her part was written into the play.

Harness horse racing has been staged in the United States since the early 1800s, yet it has received little publicity because it has been confined largely to county fairs. However, besides being America's number one rural sport for many years, it probably surpassed all others in growth during the war. Compared with the 1940 season, the number of meets will increase in 1946 from about 850 to 1,100, the attendance from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000, and the purses from $2,000,000 to $4,000,000.

Of the 1,738,944 hospital beds in the United States today, only 3 per cent are in institutions operated for profit; while 19 per cent are in church, fraternal and other nonprofit hospitals, and the remaining 78 per cent are in city, county, state and federal hospitals.

Throughout history, the strings on Chinese musical instruments have been made of silk.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

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Play it all you please with never a worry about the trouble and expense of regular battery replacements. Until you actually see and hear it you won't believe that any portable can be so smart, so light, so small. And still have such big-set performance—such big-set tone—such big-set power and selectivity.

Play it wherever you go—on picnics—on boats—on trains. Then indoors—just plug it in to AC house current. Even while you play this General Electric self-charging portable like any table set, the compact storage battery recharges for more hours of carefree entertainment anywhere.

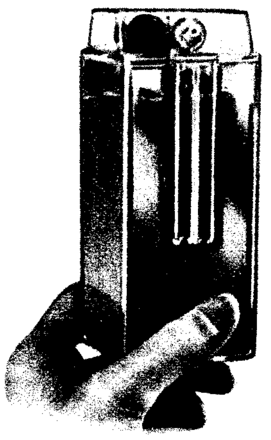
Built Like A Battleship

Hear this amazing portable radio at your General Electric dealer's—now. See the beautiful plastic finish—the sturdy aluminum case. Open the back. You'll marvel at masterful engineering such as you never saw before in any radio. Tune in more stations with more power and clearer natural color tone than you get on most large sets. This G-E self-charging portable will be your prized companion—everywhere.

☆ GOOD-BYE BATTERY WORRIES!

☆ NATURAL COLOR TONE

☆ RENEWS ITS POWER OVER AND OVER AGAIN



This tiny leak proof storage battery furnishes full constant power. (All other portables use dry batteries—performance is limited—their power fades rapidly as batteries age.)

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The Week's Mail

INTERNATIONAL

ED:
Does the "unidentified" child shown with Eva Braun, Hitler's wife and former mistress, in the May 4th issue resemble Adolf? Look at that forelock and the suggestion of a toothbrush mustache.

G. L. F.
Canton, Ohio.

The child's identity still remains a mystery, since evidence that Hitler was a father has never been produced.

ED:
I heartily endorse your article Our Schools Are a Scoundle *(sic)*. I hope other and even more dynamiting articles may be laid in the lamp *(sic)* of the public. For fourteen years I taught as supervising principal of schools ranging from 8 to 22 teachers. The highest salary that I ever drew for one year's work was $1,350. I love the teaching profession, and realize the need for conscious, Christian men in our public schools.

It is quite easy for me to understand why many of our better teachers have left the teaching profession and gone into other fields. Unless something is done to stem the tide there will be more classrooms closed during the next five years than have been closed in the last five years. We usually get in quantity and quality what we pay for.

(Name of Writer Withheld)
Florida.

ED:
We enjoyed your Irwin Shaw story, Medal from Jerusalem. That is, we really didn't enjoy it—it's too real and sad for that, but I wish to heaven the right people would read it and do something about the situation.

Mrs. Bert Neilly

ED:
In reference to the article Our Army *Is* Undemocratic, in the May 4th issue:

I disagree with Mr. Westbrook on one of the points he brought up; namely, that if certain privileges were taken away from the officers it would reduce the efficiency of our Army.

During thirty-one months of overseas duty I was in almost daily contact with the Russian army and had the chance to observe the privileges of both the officers and the men. They were generally the same, yet there was as strict a discipline in their army as in the German army. I believe that this can hold true in the United States armed forces.

Paul E. Ellinger
Fort Wayne, Ind.

ED:
The executive board of the De Kalb County League of Women Voters wish to commend your public spirit in instituting the awards, annually, of medals for Distinguished Congressional Service.

Mrs. Herman Heyman, President
Decatur, Georgia.

ED:
Instead of an atomic bomb, a Siamese cat should be dropped on Bikini Atoll. In her praise of the Siamese, Miss Putnam neglected to credit them with having put the cat in cataclysm.

Recently my wife bought a slipper chair. It cost $85, and was worth an easy $25 by prewar standards so you can see it was a great bargain. Trouble was, we did not consult our Siamese, Phra Phra Mom Chao.

During the night Phra went to work on the chair. After the living room, dining room, hall and library had been cleared of the resulting debris, an upholsterer was summoned to restore the chair to usefulness. The bill was $105.

I submit that any agency that can do $105 worth of damage to an $85 article makes nuclear fission look like firecrackers.

Walter Karig, Captain, USNR
Alexandria, Va.

ED:
I am an ardent reader of your magazine and am wondering whether you will help me with a question which has been puzzling myself and my friends. The question is, "Can animals think?" We have been having a good deal of argument among ourselves.

Wm. P. Henninger
Elizabethville, Penn.

ED:
I am sending you a copy of this self-explanatory letter:

President Harry S. Truman
The White House
Washington, D.C.
Dear Mr. President:

One important field in food conservation seems to have been overlooked—the great waste going on in public eating places. Many patrons in restaurants, cafés, lunch counters, etc., finish their meals and leave behind much wholesome food, uneaten and headed for the garbage can.

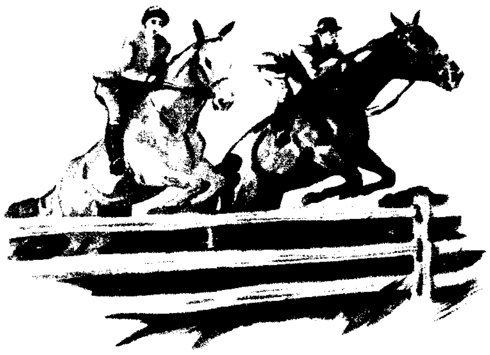
Here's a suggestion that might have merit: Urge public eating places to display prominently at the top of every menu a note to this general effect: "We have reduced the size of our portions in order to co-operate in saving all the food possible for the starving millions. If any guest has not been sufficiently served we request him to advise the waiter and he will be served additional portions without further charge." This plan would save a large amount of food and save the other fellow from starving.

Raymond Dickson
Houston, Texas.

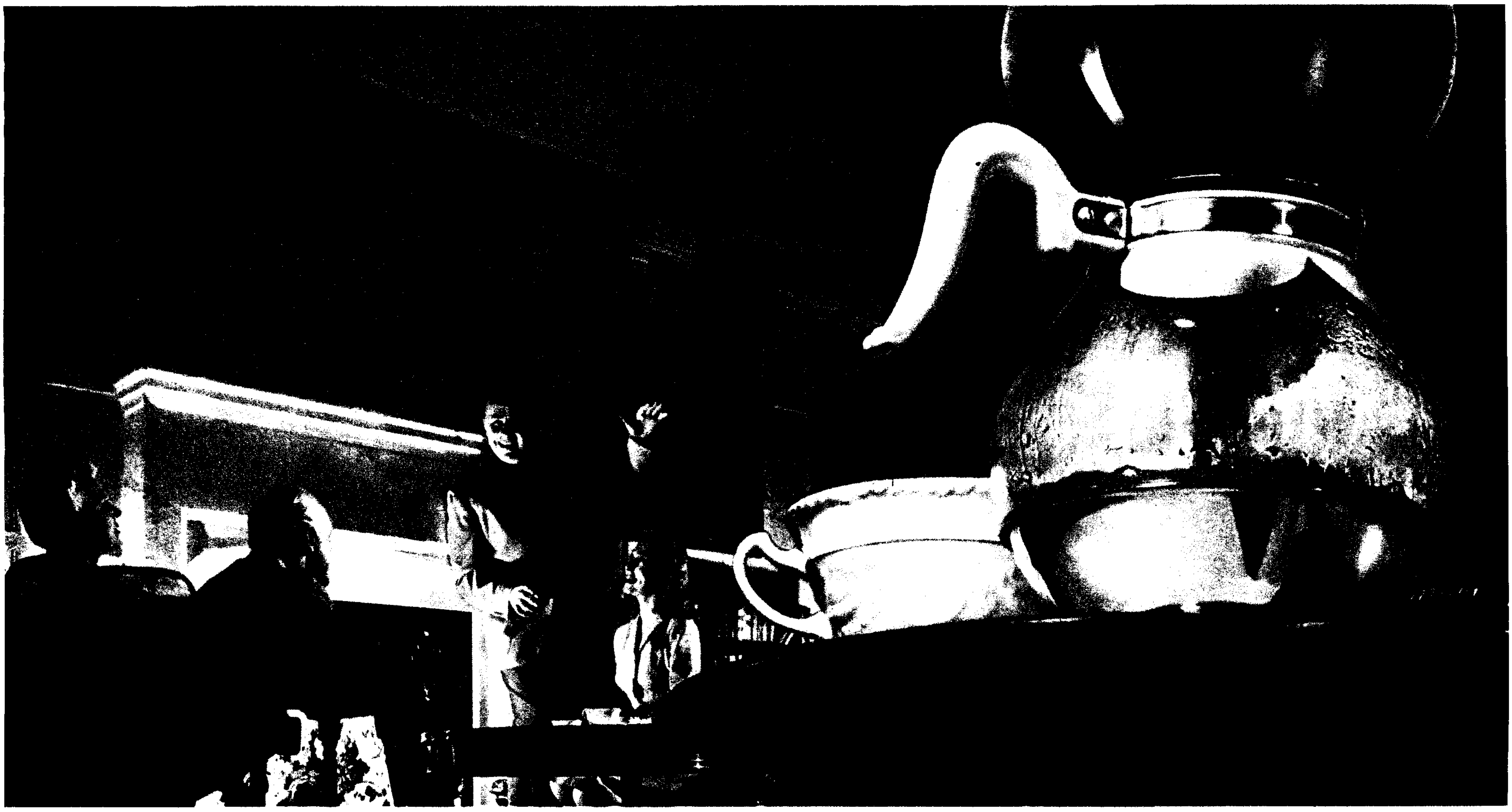
ED:
Collier's has been read and enjoyed by the members of my family for many years. What does the word Collier's mean?

Norma J. Lowe
Seattle 33, Washington.

In 1888, Peter Fenelon Collier established a magazine called Once A Week. Eight years later the name was changed to Collier's Weekly.



Keeping up with the Joneses



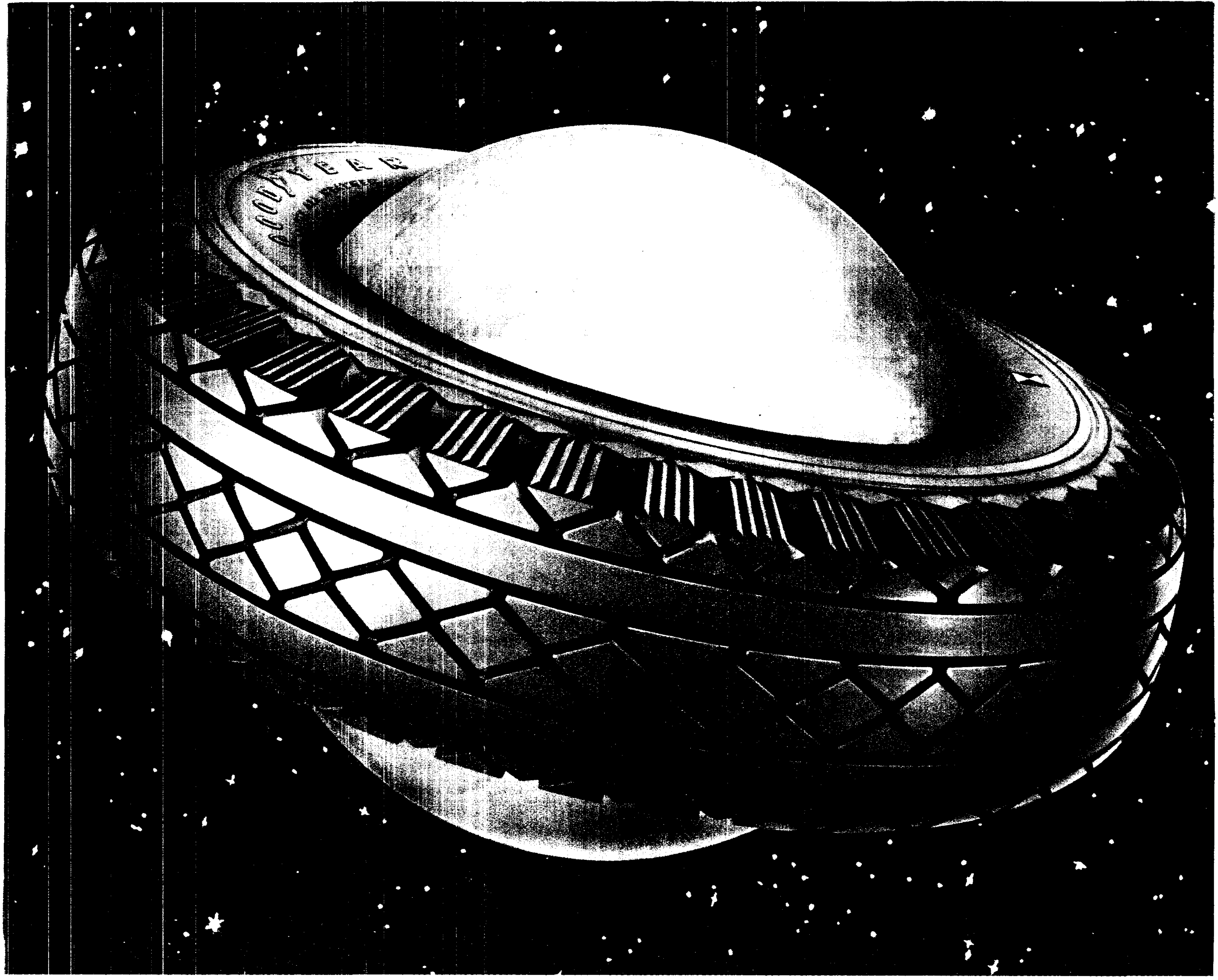
There is a man in our town and he is wondrous wise . . or at least he'll do till a wiser one comes along . . and that goes for the rest of his family. For you see, the Joneses like lots of fun in a good old-fashioned way. They dodge the night spots . . but when it comes to the outdoor sports . . count on the Joneses to be in the thick of it all. Their boast is they like to play while the sun is shining . . but they always manage a grand finale to round out a pleasant day . . with a bit of good cheer . . a snack or two . . and coffee that's the toast of the town.

There's no problem to "Keeping Up With The Joneses". Our free brochure, "Head Chef Recipes", brings you newest hors-d'oeuvre and sandwich secrets of famous restaurants . . . also tested recipe for making the world's freshest, most delicious coffee . . . the *Silex Coffee Maker way. Address The Silex Company, Department 12B . . . Hartford 2, Conn. . . . In Canada, St. Johns, P.Q.

*Only Silex has the exclusive patented flavor guard filter.

SILEX Coffee Maker

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



For more than 30 years, it has been true...

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

YES, it's true today, as it has been for more than thirty years, more people—*the world over*—ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

Such preference can be built only on performance. The story of Goodyear world leadership is told in the record of service that Goodyear Tires have delivered—year after year—on all kinds of roads, in all kinds of weather, under all kinds of conditions.

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GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JUNE 15, 1946

THE DEADLIEST WAR

BY SIDNEY SHALETT

Biological warfare can be as appalling as atomic warfare. The weapons are germs that sicken, cripple and kill. Our scientists are ready for it because it would be suicide not to be

SUPPOSE that on the morning of December 5, 1958—just two days and three years short of the 20th anniversary of Pearl Harbor—a man named Smith dies in a New York hospital after a short, violent illness, during which he becomes delirious with pneumonia, breaks out with ugly sores and coughs up blood. In the post-mortem, doctors diagnose his ailment as plague—the "Black Death" of the fourteenth century. They are puzzled, because there hadn't been even an isolated case of plague in the United States for 15 years.

Suppose, also, that this incident coincides with another apparently unrelated event in a fast-moving international situation: The envoys of the new Axis have just flown home after unsatisfactory meetings with our Secretary of State. Some observers are warning that war may come any moment in the form of a cataclysmic, robot-atomic bomb attack; others are saying this is nonsense, for the United Nations security inspection has functioned so well that no nation is believed to have produced atomic material for war purposes.

Later that day, another man dies of plague in New York, and alarmed doctors all over the city begin reporting cases which they suddenly realize have all the symptoms of "Black Death." Six men die of it the next day, and deaths are reported in Miami, San Francisco, Corpus Christi and Detroit.

Suddenly the nation seems in the grip of a strange, unbelievable series of epidemics. What Pittsburgh health authorities had thought an ordinary food-poisoning wave is diagnosed as an epidemic of dread and rare botulism. Workers at the $10,000,000,000 underground laboratories and arsenals in the New Mexican desert—the first of the plants which the United States had placed beneath the earth in the national program of conversion for the Atomic Age—begin dropping from cholera, tularemia, psittacosis and glanders (the last highly puzzling because it usually affects horses, not humans). In the Texas cow country, rinderpest breaks out among the cattle—the first such cases on the North American continent.

If all this should happen—in 1958—it would mean that the third World War had begun. Contrary to prophecies of the military experts, the first blow would have been struck not with the atom bomb but with BW—biological warfare.

This is, perhaps, farfetched. But it is possible, on the basis of scientific knowledge, not 12 years hence, but today. What defense is possible?

First, martial law is declared. Federal, state and county health officers are placed under orders of the Surgeon

(*Continued on page* 31)

Germ warfare, the most effective form of destruction ever devised, is today only a laboratory possibility. In another war, it could become a terrifying fact, spreading silent, invisible death throughout all the cities of any nation

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

The Fugitives

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

The strange love story of a man and a woman whose deepest hopes could find no common meeting ground until they admitted a miracle they had both forgotten

HE DROVE into the parking area and stepped from the car to loosen the strains of two hours' fast driving. The hotel screened the ocean but the cannonade of the surf came strongly on with the hard southwest wind; and gulls, riding the updrafts, sailed over the hotel roof to show their pearly gleaming in the fading hours. The ocean's unchanged smell, a heavy and rank and clean-rotten smell, revived in him again the image of a naked man standing alone beneath the pressing skies of an empty world.

He walked into the smothering warmth of the hotel's lobby and he said to the clerk, "I phoned in a reservation—John Layton," then signed the registry pad and climbed the stairs, passing down a dimly lighted hallway which ran off into the distance like a mine shaft. The odor of musty carpets came upon him as soon as he opened the door of his room; he snapped on all the lights and he looked into the bathroom mirror and observed the heaviness of his eyes. Six unbroken months in the office had given him a dry, tense, looking-at-nothing expression.

He shaved, took a bath and dressed. He got his bottle from the bag and mixed a drink. Wind slid along the side of the hotel like an endless sandpaper belt, and out of the quick-falling night and the wind-ripped fog came the surf's ceaseless shouldering and falling and clashing and rumbling and battering. He finished his drink and went down to dinner. The dining room was crowded and the hostess put him at a small table occupied by one other man who divided his attention between his coffee and his newspaper. But he looked up at Layton and obviously wanted to talk. "Bad night," he said.

"Yes."

"Well, this time of the year we got to expect it," said the man.

Layton gave his order and sat back. The drink had not settled him; he was still being pushed by the senseless impulse to hurry. The man said, "From Portland?"

"That's right."

"Not the same town any more," said the man in a heavy, weary voice. "Too many people. I wish a lot of 'em would go home. Of course, we got to grow. Anybody knows we got to have population to have industry—"

He paused. His face was pear-shaped and heavy; the skin under his eyes had taken on the pouched darkness of middle age, and around his eyes was that expression Layton had seen on himself, through the mirror—that inward strain and outward vacancy. "Well," he added, "I guess we'll get along somehow," and rose and left the dining room.

Layton finished his meal; a cigar and a second cup of coffee gave him his first lift of the day and he returned to the lobby with a short glow of well-being. He stopped at the desk. "Give me a call at five," he said. He stood by with his cigar, watching people move around the lobby, and rather hoping he might see somebody here he knew. But he saw no one, and presently he returned to his room.

He got into his pajamas and walked around the room until he had finished his cigar. He opened the window and got into bed, and lay back in the darkness listening to the steamy rush of the wind through the window, and little things came back to him: the estate to be closed, the woman who had protested paying fifty dollars for a divorce, the old man who came in once a month to have his will changed, the wisdom of bringing the Larkin case before Judge Edwards. He had come here to escape these things, but they followed him.

The phone rang. He turned on the light and reached for the receiver. The operator said, "Mr. Layton? Portland is calling." Noise came along the wire like wheat pouring through a funnel. Then he heard Helen Benson's voice:

"I called your office and found you were gone. Why don't you keep me posted? What are you doing there?"

"It was a quick idea. I'm going fishing in the morning."

"You're low," she said. "I can tell." She paused and spoke again with suspicion inflecting her light tone: "Have you got somebody with you?"

"That's a dim view. No, I haven't."

"Will you be back by Saturday? I'd like to have you take me to the club dance."

"Yes," he said. "It's a date."

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I just got tired of the human race. You know."

"I wish I were there to cheer you. You be a good boy." She put her mouth nearer the phone. "Here's a kiss if you need it."

"All right," he said. "Good night, Helen."

"Think of me," she said in a soft, intimate tone and hung up.

He turned out the light and lay back. She was wise. She knew what loneliness was like and perhaps she hoped that she could pull him on this way. She might do it, too. She wasn't the one girl for whom, throughout adolescence, he had hoped; but he was twenty-nine now and that ideal of youth had grown dim. She was attractive; she would make a good partner. He thought of her a little while, knowing that he ought to decide—and also knowing that he actually had come here to decide; and then the little things again crept in from the corners of his mind and began their clattering dance: the small worries, the vague wonders, the nagging details of living. He remembered how much fun he'd had as a boy, and with what impatience he had waited to be old enough to start his career. Well, he had his career, and now he lay on a hotel bed and worried about it. Something wrong, he thought. Something wrong with the way we live.

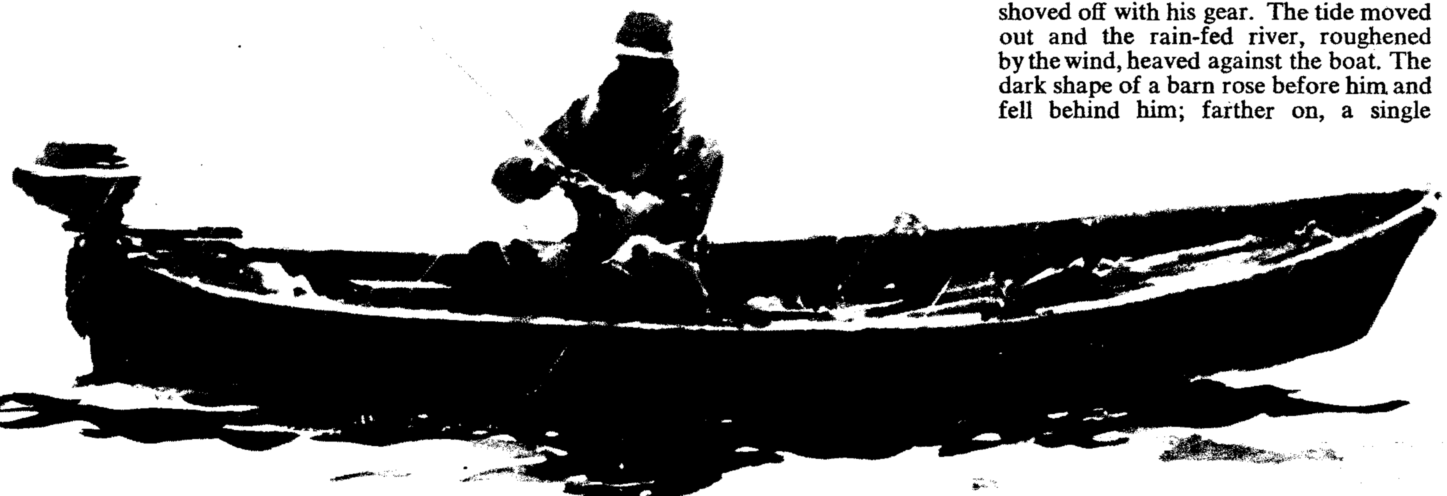
BEYOND five o'clock, he drove to an all-night hamburger stand on the highway, had a lunch made up while he ate breakfast, and continued down the black and windy road. A sleazy fog tumbled upon the dark, close-packed timber and went shredding through it. On Neahkahnie Mountain—the road hanging a thousand feet above the sea—he felt the uneven gusts of the wind strike and check the car. He made his way slowly down the mountain and, ten miles farther on, came to a country which followed the edge of a coastal river. He took the road.

Five miles up the road he unhitched his trailer, rolled it to the river's edge and slid his boat into the water. Daylight was a gray, uncertain color in the fog when he got the outboard going and shoved off with his gear. The tide moved out and the rain-fed river, roughened by the wind, heaved against the boat. The dark shape of a barn rose before him and fell behind him; farther on, a single house light glowed from a window. The timber faded back before a coastal meadow over which the sullen fog rolled like steam, and when he rounded the meadow he heard the long roaring of the sea upon its beaches.

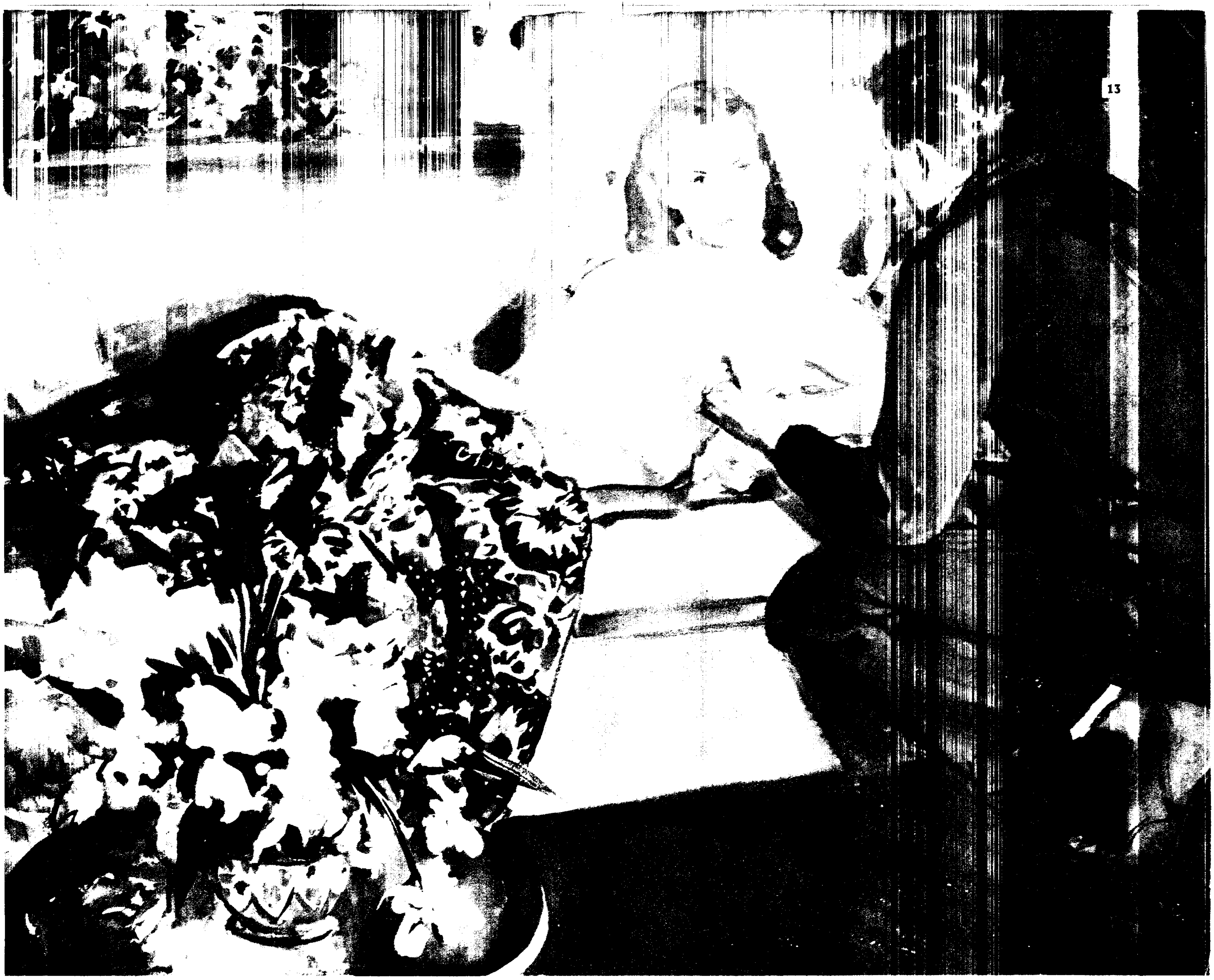
He turned about as soon as the sea rollers began to reach him, let out his line and cut the outboard to trolling speed; he lighted his pipe in the lee of his jacket, and settled down to enjoy himself. Light filtered through the packed clouds, but never enough to make a full morning of it. The coasting gulls were flung up and down by the wind, crying as they traveled, and beyond the dull flash and thunder of the breakers the world was a wild anarchy of sightless space. From time to time he looked up to the tip of his pole for a sign of a strike, but he did not greatly care.

At noon he passed the house again; all its lights were burning against a day that had got no lighter. Beyond noon he reached his starting point and went ashore to eat lunch in the car.

First, rain came down on the car's roof. He sat in the car's warmth and turned on the radio and grew drowsy and fell



The rain beat a tattoo on the boat and on him. John knew it would get worse, but he had not felt like this for a long time—the comfortable aloneness



John felt a strange, sharp fear, a premonition of loss as he crouched beside Ann and took her hand. "You're all right?" he said. "You're sure?"

half asleep. He felt fine; he thought of nothing. He switched off the radio and he listened to the rain. The river was dimpled with it, but it didn't seem bad, and so he went back to the boat and set out again. The tide was flat and the smell of the sea was strong all around him, and the fog—ripped into ragged chunks by the sea gale—sailed wetly over him. He knew the rain would get worse; he could see the early blackness coming in and he heard the higher screaming of the wind in the timber. But he had not felt like this for a long time—the comfortable aloneness, the wonderfulness of time meaning nothing, the decent fatalism which came over a man when he stood under the open power of the world and knew he was a part of it, and would die of it and decay with it—realizing that all the scratching and digging and sweating to make something of himself was no good.

Halfway to the river's mouth, the southwester brought in the main body of the storm, and slanting waves of rain walked over the land; he sat alone under the downpour and scarcely saw as much as the riverbanks. He turned the boat around then, and opened the kicker, using the light of the farmhouse for a beacon; he had passed the house when the kicker sputtered and quit.

He tried it a few times without luck, brought out the oars and rowed to the farmhouse float. He tied to a cleat, removed the kicker and carried it to the porch of the house. The door opened on him and a young woman spoke to him.

"I wondered how long it would take you to be reasonable," she said. "Come in."

He peeled off his slicker and dropped it on the porch and stepped inside. There was a fireplace across the room; he went to it and removed his mackinaw. Water began to drip from his trouser legs and to puddle around his shoes. He reversed a chair and laid his mackinaw over it to dry before the fire. He looked over the room and found the woman watching him. She was dressed in slacks and sweater. She wore harlequin glasses and had a broad, striking mouth and a face whose smooth modernness reminded him of many women he knew. She was under thirty, but not much under, and she didn't belong to the house. She was somebody down here on vacation.

SHE went out to the porch and returned with his slicker. "It would blow away," she said, and carried it to a rear room.

He heard another woman talking in there; then the girl came in with a pair of trousers and wool socks. "These are Bob Jeffrey's," she said, and pointed to another door. "You can use that."

When he had changed his clothes, he returned to the living room and found the girl waiting. She took his wet things and went into the kitchen with them, and came back with two highballs. "You must have been miserable. But a fisherman's a fisherman," she said and smiled.

"It's not the fish."

"I know."

He drank his highball and looked at his wrist watch. It was five-thirty. Night was an enamel-brilliant blackness against the streaming window panes, and the wind had reached the whining pitch around the house corners; storm warnings would be up all along this coast. The smell of food came out of the kitchen, and the idle talking of a man and a woman.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," he said. "My name's Layton."

"I'm Ann Potter. Mrs. Jeffrey's set an extra plate for you."

"That's nice. I've got my car up the road. If I can use your woodshed after supper, I'll fix the outboard and be on my way."

"Back to Portland tonight?"

"No, I'll stay at Seaside—and try the river again tomorrow. How do you tell that a man's from Portland?"

"Nobody along the coast would bother about fishing today. You look like you'd come from out of an office. I think supper's ready."

There was a table in the kitchen's corner, with an oilcloth cover and a fat-globed lamp, and the platters and bowls of supper. A middle-aged man sat waiting by it, and a woman stood at the stove. Both of them smiled at him when the girl gave them his name. Neither the man nor the woman bore any resemblance to the girl. They were quiet, settled, and calm; they were part and parcel with this kitchen and this house. She was the alien. She had removed her glasses; her forehead was broad and her eyes were gray; when she smiled at him, her lips changed with the smile.

The man said, "Kicker quit?"

"Yes," said Layton.

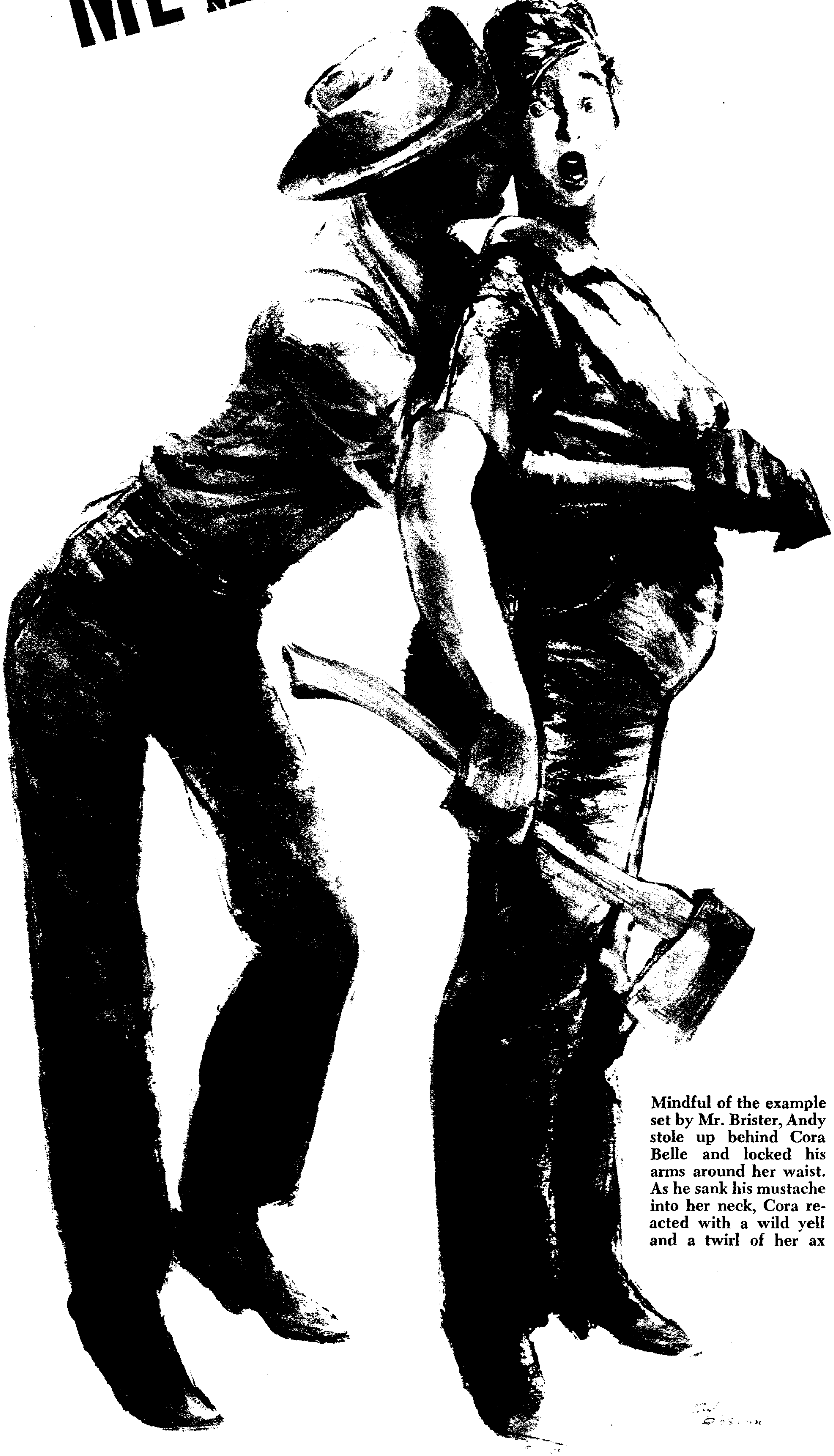
"I know those things," said the man. He had not been at the table five minutes, but he was done, and he rose and left the room. Layton finished his meal in a more leisurely manner; he had his huckleberry pie and his coffee and he followed the girl to the front room. She returned to the kitchen, presently coming back with the coffeepot which she put by the fireplace. She made another trip for cups and sugar and cream.

"I can't live without coffee," she said, and served him and herself and sat before the fire with him. He lighted his pipe to go with the coffee. He felt full and fine. Every tension was out of his body and though his willful mind made little restless trips back to Portland, he

(Continued on page 58)

HE LOVES ME

BY NEILL C. WILSON



Mindful of the example set by Mr. Brister, Andy stole up behind Cora Belle and locked his arms around her waist. As he sank his mustache into her neck, Cora reacted with a wild yell and a twirl of her ax

Cora Belle hadn't been married twenty-three years for nothing, but experience was no help when Andy took to calling her "lambie pie" and doing the chores for her

WHITE men's dwellings on the Rincon Seco are far apart, with sandstone ridges and sagebrush in between. So it was a couple of months before Andy Miliron learned that newcomers had moved into the government hut on the Sangre River. Their names were Mr. and Mrs. Howard Brister.

Not a single pot-licking hound dog was around to bark when Andy braked his desert jalopy in front of the new neighbors' home, though he hi-yooped from fifty yards out as good manners required.

"Come in!" called Howard Brister cordially, appearing at the open door. "Come in and have a horn of liquor!"

This was language Andy understood. It stamped the new settler as a Christian, a gentleman and a sterling Democrat. Andy was glad he'd turned his rusty clunk sixty miles out of its way to pay this visit of inspection. Howard Brister was young, tall, brisk, athletic-looking. His duties as resident engineer for the Reclamation Service, Andy already knew.

Andy ducked the door lintel. "Sit down," invited Howard Brister. "I'll take your hat."

Except on going to bed or being thrown from a horse, Andy seldom parted with his hat. He yielded it now almost as hesitantly as if Howard had asked him for his suspenders. He sank toward a chair that was big enough to back an ox into, thought better of it, hoisted himself just in time and shifted to a straight-backed number. Law had come to the Rincon Seco in recent decades, but Andy was not yet one to be caught with his knees higher than his bottom.

"I'll call the wife," said Howard. "She's working out back."

As far as Andy was concerned, Howard could leave her there. In common with most settlers on the Rincon Seco, Andy considered that the man of a place had enough to do, making decisions and setting policy; his wife was supposed to attend to the labor. There was no particular need, felt Andy, to disturb her at her wood-sawing or pig-feeding. The important thing his host could do was trot out the refreshment.

"She's gardening," explained Howard. "She's crazy about it." He went to the back door of the cottage and yoo-hooed, "Oh, sweetheart! Company!"

"Yes, Howie darling," fluted a voice as silvery as a canyon wren's.

Howard stood at the screen door, waiting. He held it open. "This," he said to Andy proudly as she entered, "is Fern."

If there had been a saddle horn to his chair, Andy would have grabbed it. As it was he hooked his shins around its legs. He hadn't been taken by surprise this way since John Horseblanket's braves once jumped him in an arroyo.

FERN BRISTER was about twenty-three to Howard's twenty-six. She had a red trowel in her hand. Her working clothes consisted of beaded moccasins, pink-and-white candy-striped shorts, the upper half of a kind of sawed-off candy-striped vest, and a tan.

Howard Brister, the government engineer, dropped an arm around his wife's unfettered waist. He informed her, "Mr. Miliron, dear, is our nearest neighbor. He lives across the mesas to eastward. You remember, the trader told us about him."

"We live under the Schoolmarm's Pants," explained Andy. Promptly he felt himself scorched by a blush. The Schoolmarm's Pants was a large stone arch. It soared over Andy's slabstone shanty with a hundred feet to spare. Recently, on government maps of the region, it had been renamed Delicate Arch by somebody in Washington. Andy had forgotten that. He'd never been exposed to a playsuit before and couldn't be expected to remember everything.

"How nice of you to call, Mr. Miliron," canyon-wrenned Fern, and shook hands cordially. She didn't bolt. She didn't seem aware that she had less cloth on her whole buckskin-golden body than most people have in the stuffed-in tail of one shirt. She leaned affectionately against her husband, who nibbled her in the neck again. She drew his cheek down to hers and patted it, glanced at goggling Andy and said, laughing, "Don't mind us. Women thrive on love. As you very well know, of course."

Andy was about forty-five. He'd been married maybe, twenty, maybe twenty-two years, and the last time he recalled kissing his own missus was about 1928, the year the Sangre River ran dry. His and Cora Belle's devotion was expressed in *(Continued on page 61)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

IT'S A LIVING

BY LUTHER DAVIS

Judy Holliday, an intellectual and playwright at heart, won Broadway success by playing the role of stumblebum and tramp

I GUESS I'm a Cinderella story," Judy Holliday says. "I couldn't be more embarrassed." Judy is speaking of herself as the star of a Broadway play called Born Yesterday in which she recently scored the flashiest personal success seen in the theater in nearly a decade. "Of course, it's nice," says Judy. "I mean earning $650 a week and all. But let's face it—what have I really accomplished? Nothing at all."

Judy, the envy of every hopeful thespian in New York, thinks of acting the way a student working his way through college might think of selling magazine subscriptions. "Acting," she says, "is a very limited form of expression. Those who take it seriously are very limited human beings." She shrugs and adds, "But it's a living."

In Born Yesterday she impersonates a twenty-nine-year-old ex-Follies chorine named Billie Dawn about whom the author wrote in his stage directions: "Enter BILLIE DAWN. She is breath-takingly beautiful and breath-takingly stupid." Judy, who is neither, so brilliantly fulfills these instructions that one critic called her "the perfect beautiful-but-dumb blonde." Another wrote: "She is physically the almost perfect tramp, speaking in a small, tinny, exhausted voice and moving with a rather horrible languor, as if her bones were soup."

Both on and off stage Judy is a very pretty girl, but she is not happy about her looks. "I look like a dim-witted high-school girl," she says. "Also, I have bad ankles and a prizefighter's jaw." Her face is plump with a high-cheekboned, squarish cast which she thinks goes back to her family's origin in Poland. But at the smallest suggestion of a smile she dimples, her soft brown eyes light up, and her face reflects such bubbly, girlish good humor that total strangers sitting across a room will laugh with her even though they haven't heard the joke.

On nonmatinee days when there are no fittings or interviews she is likely to use little or no make-up and wander around her neighborhood in slacks and scuffed shoes. With her guileless smile and slightly mad upswept blond hair she is often mistaken for a minor and has learned not to try to buy cigarettes when dressed this way.

Although today she has a Park Avenue income, she and her mother still inhabit the $78 West Side apartment they've had for the last six years and Judy has no intention of glamorizing her existence. She doesn't like night life much, vastly preferring to sit on the floor with some theatrical chums and sing until dawn. All she wants is the leisure to finish a play she's begun writing. This, unlike acting, strikes her as something really worth doing. "At least it takes some brains," she says.

For Judy thinks of herself as an intellectual and, by any standard, is a very bright young woman. When she was a 10-year-old at a public school in Sunnyside, Long Island, she scored 172 on an Otis Intelligence Test. This is phenomenally high; well above the "gifted child" bracket and safely into what psychologists roughly categorize as "genius" territory. She is politically aware and most of her friends are young people of intellectual or artistic pursuits. When she's not reading, she whiles away spare time by ineptly playing Bach on the piano. She doesn't mind being thought dumb by people who don't know her; feels they'll take her seriously when she's written and directed her own play.

The summer of her sixteenth year, while on vacation, she met a young man named Adolph Green. He remembers that the minute he saw her he was fascinated by "this strange gazellelike creature with the long neck, dimples and soft brown eyes."

He was in a group called *(Continued on page 84)*

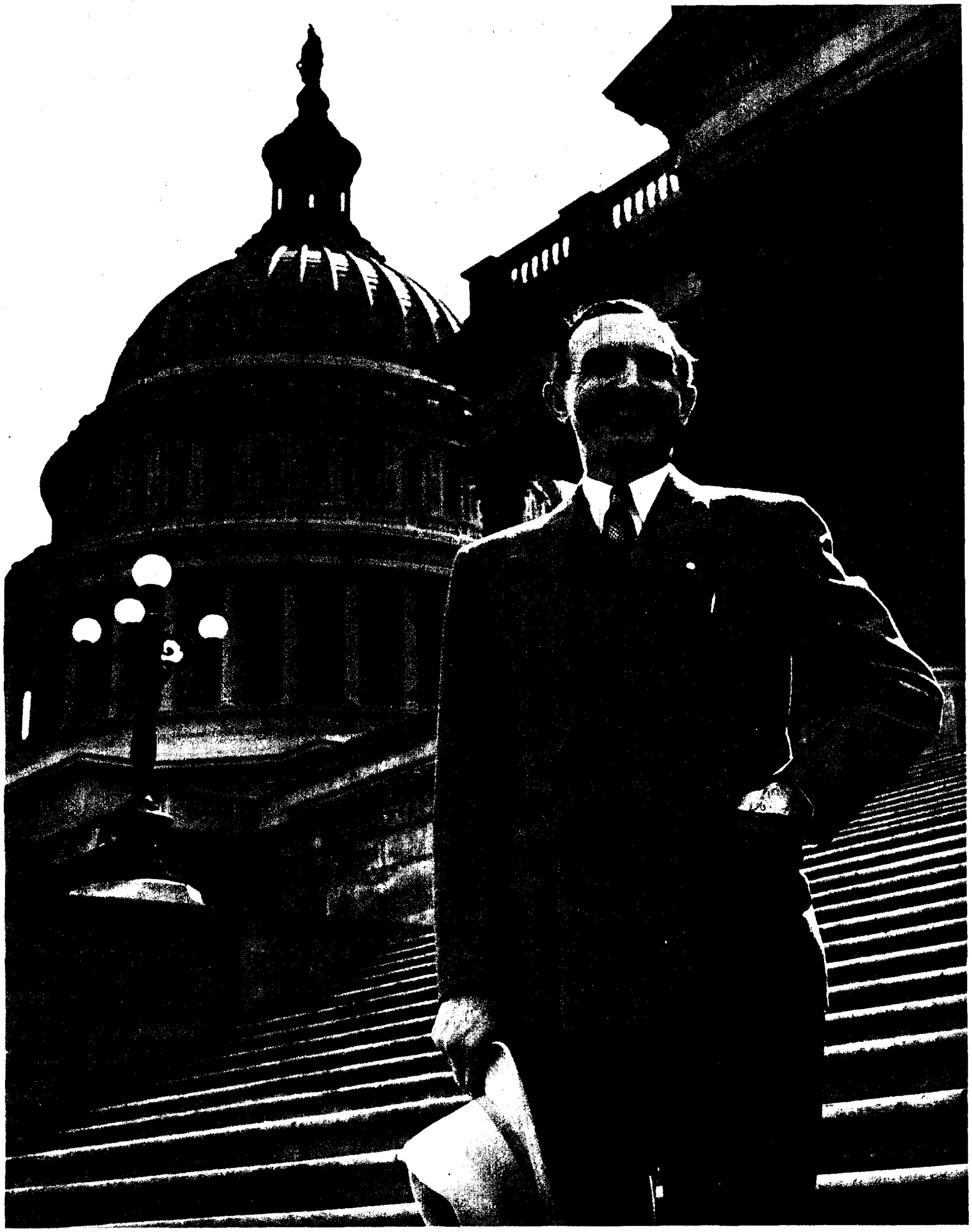
PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER–PIX

Born Yesterday marked the birth of two new stars, Judy Holliday and Paul Douglas, co-featured in the smash hit

D-DAY ON CAPITOL HILL

BY WAYNE L. MORSE

U. S. SENATOR FROM OREGON



HUSTON—PIX

Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon has a plan to defeat the dictatorship of Congressional minorities by limiting the power of the House Rules Committee and putting an end to the right of filibustering senators to tie up legislation indefinitely

ON THE floor of the Senate a small band of willful men had been holding up Senate action on a bill to promote equal employment opportunity for all Americans, regardless of race, religion or color. A clear-cut majority of the Senate favored the principles of the bill. President Truman, on behalf of the Democrats, had asked for the legislation. The Republican Party platform of 1944 had pledged itself to the principles of the measure. Nevertheless, a group of Southern Democrats had banded together to talk the bill to death. Hearing it, a young veteran burst out to me:

"But, Senator, it's dictatorship!"

The air in the Senate was fervid with oratory. Senator Wallace White, of Maine, the Republican leader, defended the filibuster, although not a party to it, by stating that: "There may be times and circumstances in which minorities can in one way alone successfully resist the power of a temporary majority."

My veteran friend was bewildered. "If the Senate's rules allow a minority to control it," he asked, "where's democracy in Congress?" And if we don't have democracy in Congress, how can we preserve democracy in the United States?

Millions of people are asking these same questions. Not only because they have witnessed the disgraceful spectacle of filibustering in the Senate, but also because in the House of Representatives they have seen the principle of majority rule stifled by the small but powerful Rules Committee.

It is common knowledge that seven members of this twelve-man committee wield what amounts to dictatorial power over the entire House. These men have time and time again prevented important measures from being properly considered in debate by the House as a whole, or even from reaching the House floor.

The theory behind the Rules Committee is that it should act as a traffic director on the legislative highway. In actual fact, the committee has become an obstruction to orderly traffic. Like feudal barons who levied a toll upon those who used their roads, the committee often allows bills to come before the House only on the condition that certain amendments be written into them. It frequently usurps the functions of the regular legislative committees by conducting hearings on bills that already have been carefully studied by the proper legislative committee confining itself, as it should, to questions of procedure.

Unfair Control of Legislation

There have been notable occasions when the Rules Committee, in effect, has originated legislation, although it was never contemplated that it should exercise this privilege. Recently, it will be recalled, the House Labor Committee approved the kind of bill it thought would contribute to labor peace. But a majority of the Rules Committee favored the Case bill, which the legislative committee had rejected. So it ruled that the Case bill be considered by the House rather than the Labor Committee's bill.

The job of the Rules Committee is to report to the House, in conjunction with a bill, a resolution setting the terms of debate upon the measure. Often the committee blocks the legislative road completely by failing to give a bill the right of way to the House floor under any rule of debate. Sometimes the committee works its will upon the entire House membership by imposing "gag rules" that restrict the time allowed for debate and the circumstances under which amendments may be offered.

There is no hope for government by the majority in Congress until the rules are thoroughly overhauled to free the House and the Senate from the legislative tyranny of a willful minority in either branch. These two infections of the body politic—the powers of the

HOW TO BUST A FILIBUSTER

In this article Senator Morse issues a call to battle against dictatorship in Congress. He has evolved a plan based on parliamentary procedures which offers hope to all legislators who have fumed while the activities of Congress were stopped by senators who wear down the majority by reading for days from cookbooks and telephone directories. These minorities, who on occasion can subvert the will of the majority, must lose their power if democracy is to be returned to Congress, Senator Morse holds. His plan, which is aimed at both the filibuster in the Senate and the Rules Committee in the House, may be successful if he can muster sufficient Congressional support.

Rules Committee and the filibuster—are sources of intolerance and reaction. The Rules Committee must be assigned its original role of traffic director for House bills, and the Senate must adopt rules empowering a majority to end a filibuster.

It must be made clear to the voters that their substantive rights in the passage of all sound legislation needed in the interests of the general welfare cannot be separated from their procedural rights in attaining passage of such legislation. The people *must* be made to realize that the archaic rules of Congress permit self-seeking minority blocs to defeat legislation the people want without letting it come to a vote.

Most writers dip their pens in despair when they attempt to make suggestions for remedying these two evils. They point out that any resolution to reform the House Rules Committee would be referred to that Committee itself—which group could be expected to protect its dictatorship by quietly filing the proposal.

They call attention to the fact that the rules of the Senate have been carefully devised to protect the filibuster. A third plus one of the senators can now prevent cloture—put a limit on the length of time a senator may talk—thereby allowing a filibuster to continue until the legislation against which it is directed has been withdrawn or emasculated. Thus, most critics say it is almost hopeless to propose a resolution to eliminate the filibuster because the proposal itself would be subject to the filibuster technique.

The Senate has a Rules Committee, too. Although it does not have the sweeping powers possessed by the House Rules Committee, it does have jurisdiction over any proposal to change the rules and procedures of the Senate. Judging from the past, this Committee could be counted upon to bury alive any proposal referred to it which seeks to reform the procedures of the Senate in the interest of majority rule.

Example in Self-Defense

A good example of the way the Rules Committees of both houses protect what they believe to be their vested interests is the action which they took in passing upon the resolution setting up the La Follette-Monroney Committee to make recommendations for the reorganization of Congress.

Since early 1945 this committee has been making an exhaustive study of various proposals for the reorganization of Congress, and it recently submitted a splendid report on the subject.

However, although the report presents sound proposals for reorganizing most other Congressional committees, it makes no recommendations whatsoever in regard to the House Rules Committee, and says nothing about the colossal waste of Congressional time occasioned by the filibuster. The omissions are startling, but no fault of the La Follette-Monroney Committee.

The resolution that set it up was rewritten by Senate and House Rules Committees specifically to prohibit the special committee from making "any recommendations with respect to the rules, parliamentary procedures, practices, and/or precedents of either House."

But the problem is not as hopeless as the experts seem to think it is, provided enough members of the Congress have the will to make the fight. The situation calls for a two-front attack in both Houses of Congress. The time to attack is on the first day of the new Congress next January.

On the first day of a new Congress the House adopts the rules that will guide it for the next two years. Usually the rules of the last Congress are accepted without change, by a routine motion. But that need not be the case. During that brief period on the opening day between the time that the Speaker of the House opens the session of the new Congress and the time when the House passes a motion adopting the rules of its previous session with whatever changes it may wish to authorize, the Rules Committee is temporarily stripped of power.

Hence it is at this time that the proponents of majority rule must strike their blows against the dictatorship of the Committee. They must be prepared to offer at precisely the right moment an amendment to the rules depriving the Committee of its broad powers over legislation, limiting it to the task of directing legislative traffic on the House floor.

This proposal would become pending business of the House, open to full debate on the floor and not subject to reference to the Rules Committee. The changes would become effective if approved by a majority of the House.

If the majority of the members of the new Congress elected next November really want to establish majority rule in the House and be freed from the dictatorial domination of the Rules Committee, let them stand up and be counted on the opening day of the new session.

A similar fight for democracy should be waged in the Senate on the first day of the next session of Congress. On that day all senators who believe in the establishment of majority rule in the Senate should support a resolution aimed at preventing any future filibusters. By a majority vote such a resolution can be made the subject of Senate business and disposed of without reference to committee. There is little doubt, of course, that the introduction of such a resolution will be vigorously opposed by the defenders of the filibuster. The sponsors of Senate rule by the minority already have made themselves clear. During the recent FEPC filibuster, Democratic Senator Tydings of Maryland stated: "The rule of the majority. The rule of votes. Majority to Hades . . . Let us not fool ourselves with the silly thought that majorities are always right."

Democratic Senator Russell of Georgia rejected the idea of "a pure democracy, where every man's vote would be counted on every issue," and then later referred to the filibuster as a "bulwark against oppression by a mere popular majority."

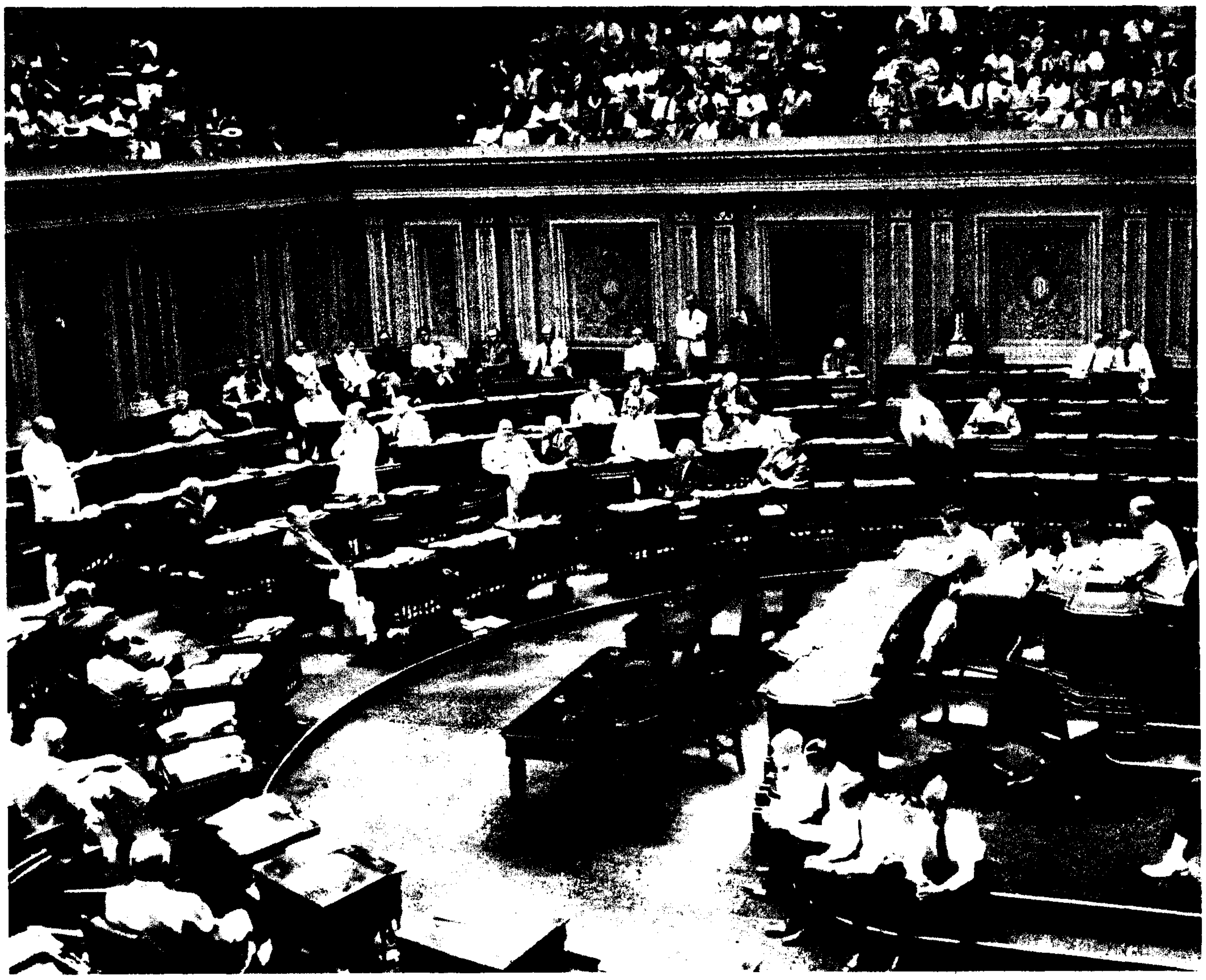
Will Use Obstructive Tactics

It is clear that these senators will wage a last-ditch fight against antifilibuster legislation with their customary weapon, the filibuster! However, a filibuster can be defeated. The recent FEPC filibuster could have been broken if a serious attempt to do so had been made by the Democratic senators.

At that time the Democratic majority in the Senate, supported by many Republicans, recessed the Senate between 4:00 and 6:00 o'clock each afternoon during the filibuster, and on Friday afternoons recessed until each following Monday at noon. The Democratic administration made public statements in support of the FEPC, but took no effective action against the filibuster. No Democratic senator and only a few Republican senators were willing to join in my suggestion at that time to hold the Senate in continuous session for twenty-four hours a day for as many days, weeks and months as might be necessary to break it. An opportunity to establish, once and for all, majority rule in the Senate was passed up. It should not happen again.

Under the filibuster with all its insidious effrontery, the principle of rule by a majority is denied the people in the determination of Congressional policy. I do not say that the majority is always right; but I do say that under our form of representative government a minority of senators should not be permitted, by means of the filibuster, to block legislation favored by the majority. If the majority passes legislation which the people of the country do not favor, it must answer to the voters of the country for

(Continued on page 47)



© HARRIS & EWING

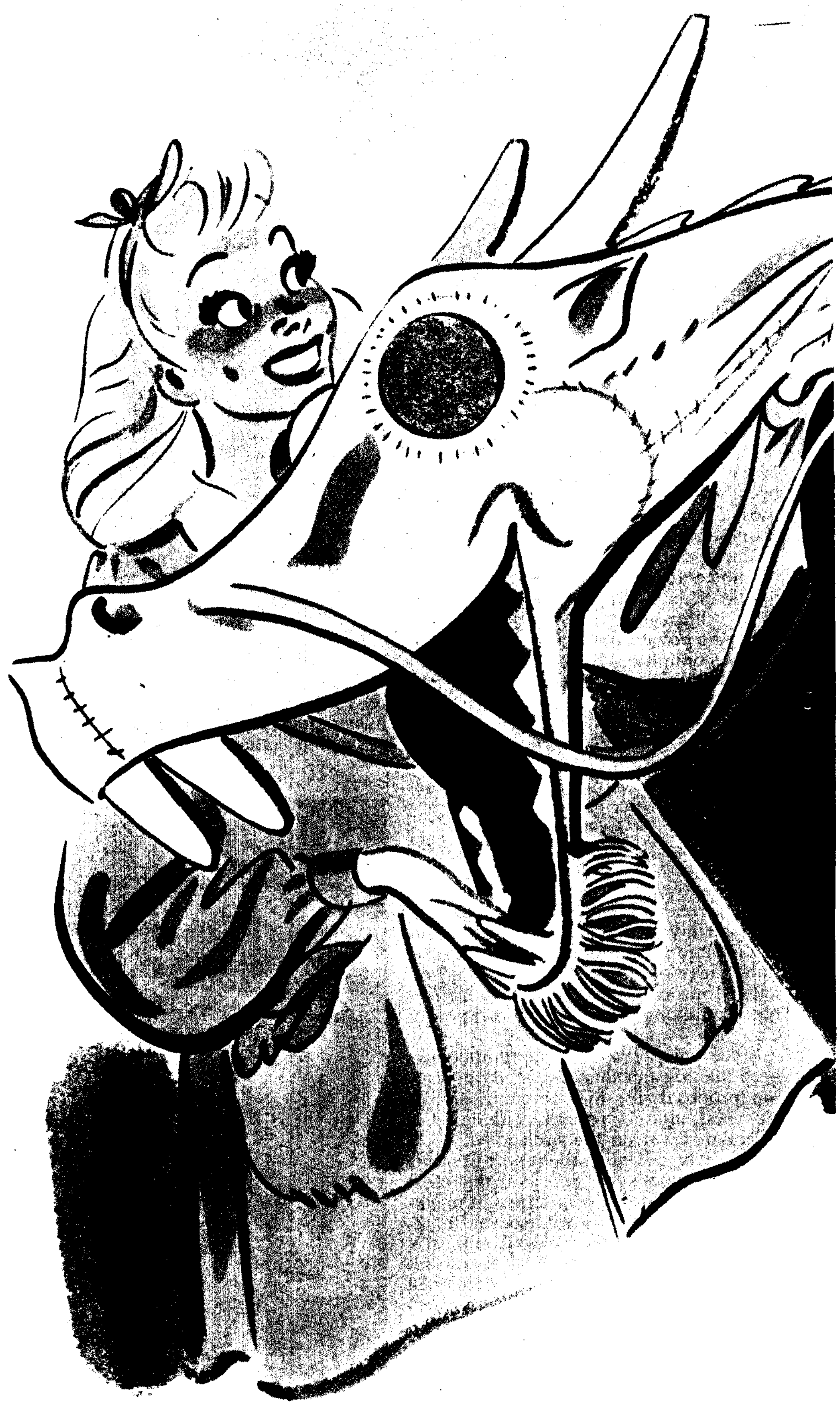
Despite the empty desks this is a fairly busy day in the Senate. During a filibuster, hall is virtually empty

Take Care When You Say Hello

BY MOSSER MAUGER

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Audrey was a girl who got what she wanted—even if it did take three men, a near-sighted mother and also a pink dragon to show her how



THE secretary looked up from her industrious typing in the little glass-enclosed office. "I'm sorry, Mr. Maverick is out to lunch."

"Out?" Audrey Woods said. Her small foot tapped impatiently. She was a flyaway type of girl. She had a comet quality; everything about her was impetuous and full of energy. "Will he be long?" she asked.

"Thirty minutes." The secretary smiled cheerfully; she was well scrubbed, solid, content, just like everything else here in the Maverick store. "You might wait," the secretary suggested.

Audrey grinned. A smile was too passive for her; and besides, Audrey used her eyes. Her eyes were very round, very brown, beautifully set in a small angular face deeply edged with pale lashes. Her hair was like that, too, pollen-gold, of a flyaway nature.

Her hat did little to control the hair which was wound into a braid. The braid did even less for control. Stray wisps of spun gold curled about her face. She wore a skirt of some dark material, and a white blouse with stiff cuffs. Audrey pushed at one of the cuffs now, glancing at her watch. "I don't," Audrey said hastily, "think I'd better wait. I'll probably be back. By the way," Audrey asked innocently, as an afterthought, "where is Mr. Maverick lunching?"

"Mike's, around the corner," the secretary said. Then, too late, she realized her mistake. "But you mustn't bother him," she protested. "He's a bear at lunch. He—"

Audrey wasn't hearing the warning voice. She was already halfway down the hall. An elevator arrived at her floor. Squeezed in at the very front of the crowded cage, Audrey was whisked down six floors, past the furniture department, the boots and saddle department, ladies ready-to-wear and the children's department. Audrey rode all the way to the basement where paints were sold. She sniffed impishly, not liking what she saw.

Looking over her thin shoulder to be sure the secretary wasn't following her, Audrey went out the back door. She remembered the back entrance from her childhood, when she used to escape her mother on hot summer days to buy ice-cream cones, then gulp them down in the dim coolness of the alley. Now, Audrey who was quite grown but not yet free of her mother, paused in the alley to brush her skirt and bang her hat down more firmly on her head. She was supposed to meet her mother for lunch at Mike's.

Mike's was the only sensible place in town to eat. This was a Western town. It believed that good men and true ate at home. Mike catered, however, to gentlemen who could not get home from their demanding businesses for lunch, and to families in from the range country for shopping.

Mike stood just within the door, chewing a toothpick and watching the girl at the cash register.

Astonishingly Mike didn't recognize Audrey. She'd been gone two years. She'd had those two years in New York. Audrey crossed her fingers behind her back, pausing in front of Mike, and with a perfectly straight face said, "I'm from the store. I've," swiftly, with a frightened lowering of her long lashes, "a message for Mr. Maverick. Which is his table?"

"You new?" Mike said sympathetically.

Mutely Audrey nodded.

"Right over there," Mike jerked his thumb toward a table in the far corner. A young man sat alone at the table. "Ease up on him, sister, slowlike. He won't eat you."

Audrey said breathlessly, "Thank you."

She wasn't feeling breathless. She was feeling amused. Wagon-wheel lights swung from the low ceiling. Audrey picked her way among the tables. She was expecting her mother any minute. Her mother and George.

THE worst of it was that Audrey liked George. But she couldn't marry him; no matter what her mother wished, she wouldn't marry George. Audrey wanted more than mere existence.

For a moment Audrey stood regarding Ken Maverick. Not aware of her, he kept on unconcernedly eating his cereal.

"Hello," Audrey said. She wrinkled up her nose with honest distress. "Do you actually like eating that stuff?"

He said automatically, "It's quick. I can eat in twelve minutes."

"Your secretary said thirty."

He glanced up then. He looked staggered. It was not what she wore, it was not the way she looked; it was the whole comet quality of her.

Ken Maverick was not a man easily staggered. He was handsome in a vague lean way; his chestnut hair curled, though he kept it clipped very short. His face was stone. The wide serious eyes denied youth. The generous mouth denied trust; it was a perfectly straight mouth, almost square.

He flushed now. His hand went to his firm chin. "I use the other fifteen minutes to get a shave. Take care," he added lightly, "when you say hello like that. People will think they know you."

She said, "But I do know you."

He rose. She was almost as tall as he. She took off her hat in a little gesture of friendliness. Then she put out her hand.

They shook hands politely.

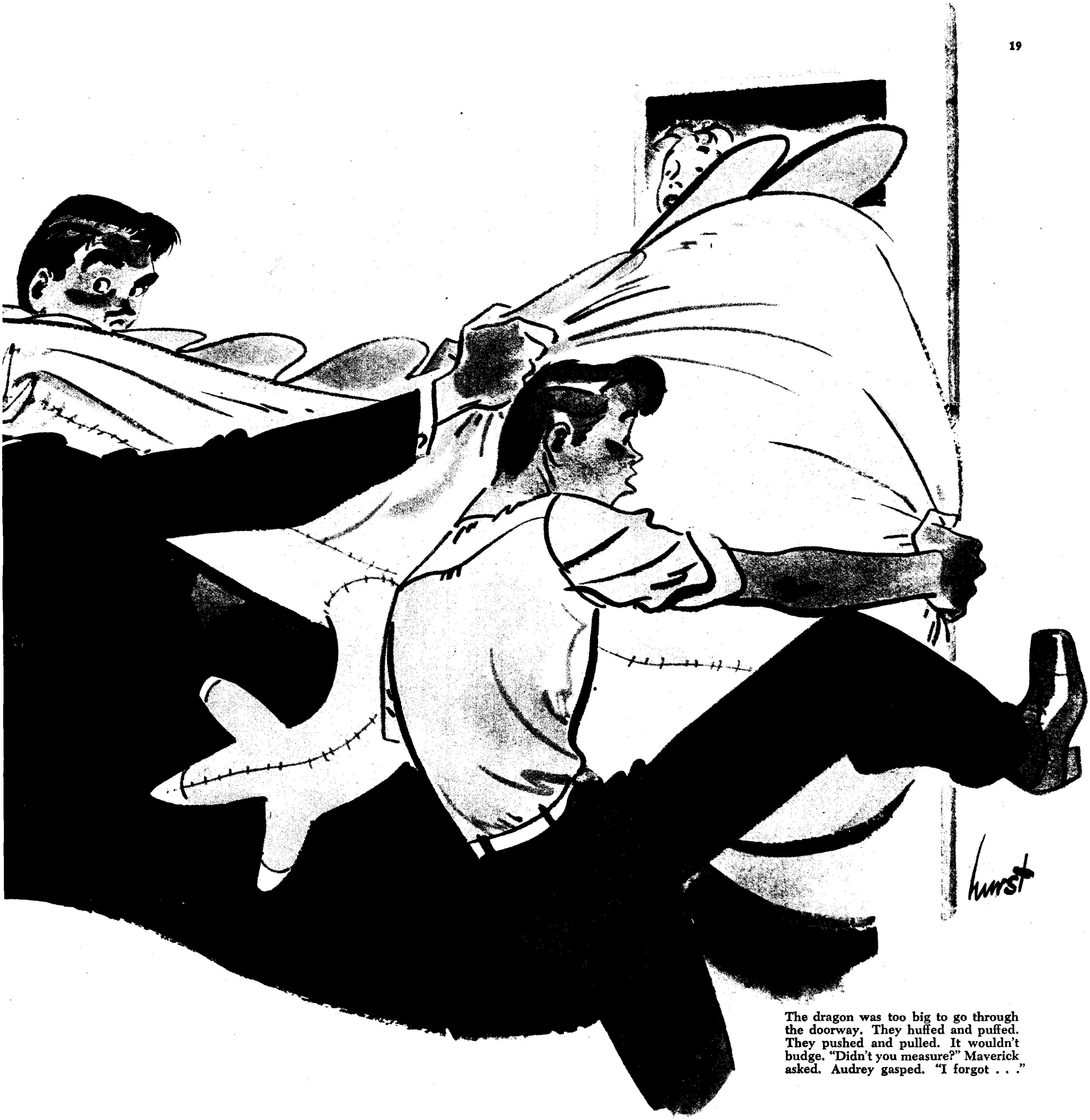
"I used to see you eating lunch here with your grandfather when I was a child," Audrey said. She glanced around fleetingly. There were no empty tables. "Do you mind if I join you? And once," Audrey said, sitting down beside him, not waiting for his dubious consent, "I danced one dance with you at dancing school. I was ten. I had a yellow tulle dress. Do you remember?"

He said shortly, "No," moving uncomfortably on his chair. His frown deepened.

"And now, of course," Audrey said, with disarming frankness, "I want to work for you."

"For me?" He put down his spoon and moved the blue cereal bowl gently aside. The frown became deep lines across his forehead. "Why me?"

She spied a waiter, and made motions. "I'm starved," Audrey remarked. "I want a steak and French frieds," Audrey told the waiter, briskly, "and a salad—



The dragon was too big to go through the doorway. They huffed and puffed. They pushed and pulled. It wouldn't budge. "Didn't you measure?" Maverick asked. Audrey gasped. "I forgot . . ."

and apple pie." Maverick kept regarding her skeptically. "You are a fool, Mr. Maverick," Audrey said sweetly. She grinned. "You have the finest store within five hundred miles of Kansas City. Yet the place looks like a well-scrubbed cow barn."

He stared. Obviously he was not used to people talking to him like that.

"You need gayness in your store. You ought to wear bow ties, Mr. Maverick. It would make you look like a choirboy."

He said stiffly, "I don't care to look like a—a—choirboy."

She shrugged a thin shoulder. She put her hat neatly down on the table beside her. "I've had two years in New York, studying art. The last three months I worked in a large store carrying out my decoration ideas. I want to prove what I can do. I want a week's trial on the Chinese Dragon nail polish promotion. I want to make your store look less like a barn."

He said desperately, his politeness not quite allowing him to shout, "We paint every year."

Audrey said, choking, "White!"

"Extensive decoration isn't store policy. My grandfather frowned on it," Ken Maverick said, his mouth firm, his mouth exactly like his grandfather's used to be. "A coat of paint is practical and all that's necessary."

"Practical, practical," Audrey flung up her hands. "I hate practical people," she told him.

Their eyes held. Their eyes were daggers, crossing points. Something happened in Maverick's face. Never before had he allowed anything to show in his face. Even as a little boy he'd held his face a mask against the world. Audrey remembered. But now, suddenly, energy reflected itself there.

"Listen," Audrey said, leaning forward earnestly. "I promised my mother that if she'd let me have two years of art in New York I'd come back and spend an entire summer here on the ranch. But I can't be there all the time with George. I should go wild."

He asked, "George?"

"A man," Audrey said. "He's run our ranch since Daddy died." Audrey sat back, relaxed. Maverick was entranced. She grinned slowly. "Do I get the chance? Will you let me try my idea of a pink dragon on one of the ledges behind the cosmetic counter?"

Flatly Maverick said, "How much will it cost?"

"I'd need a place to work," Audrey

(Continued on page 43)

MR. CHARM, OF WASHINGTON

BY BILL DAVIDSON

One of W. Stuart Symington's chief assets is his personality. He can even get along with Congress—an ability which he'll find useful as Assistant Secretary of War for Air

ONE day, during that turbulent month in Washington when Ed Pauley's nomination as Undersecretary of the Navy was being kicked around in the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, a Washington newspaperman came out with a classic crack. A cold draft had suddenly whipped through the committee room. This newspaperman turned around and said, "Don't look now, but while we were all up here in the parlor, somebody just strolled in through the back door."

The somebody he was referring to was blond, handsome W. Stuart Symington of St. Louis, Missouri, whom the Senate had just confirmed as Assistant Secretary of War for Air, a job of near-Cabinet rank and probably more important than the intended Pauley assignment. This was the third time in six months the Senate had had to confirm Symington for a new job. (He had been a member of the Surplus Property Board, and then Surplus Property Administrator.)

Symington stands six feet two and is forty-five years old. He is a Yale man and a member of a patrician old Baltimore family, yet among his friends are left-wing labor leaders and New York fight-mob characters. To forestall any criticism when he went into the government, he sold out all his holdings in private industry, at an estimated loss of several hundred thousand dollars. Yet he has enough to live comfortably with Mrs. Symington in a Washington hotel suite and still maintain their large home in St. Louis.

People talk about Symington's great wealth, about his friendship with President Truman, and about his wife, pretty Eve Symington, who was a society singer in swank New York night spots. These things, however, are relatively unimportant. The main reason Symington is now a key man in the government is that he is a supersalesman. Some Air Forces generals have already labeled him The One Man Lobby.

For months the War Department, and the Air Forces more specifically, had been losing ground before a campaign launched in the press and in Congress by the Navy. The issue was the Army-Navy merger, which the Navy men bitterly opposed because they felt it threatened their independence.

The War Department view was that the Navy was doing a brilliant job of promoting an unsound concept, while the Army was doing a poor job of selling a sound thing. Not even President Truman's known partiality toward the Army seemed able to counteract the effect created by Navy Public Relations.

Finally, in a desperate effort to save the game, President Truman reached down into his hat and pulled out The One Man Lobby. The headlines coming out of Washington since then indicate that the downward trend of Army prestige has been checked. In fact, just a short time ago, when Symington went to the hospital with a minor illness, Navy Secretary James V. Forrestal, Symington's lifelong friend, sent the following bantering message via a mutual friend: "Stay in that damned hospital for months. Maybe that will keep you out of my hair."

This ability to sell Congress is the first of two reasons why Symington has come as far as he has in the government in so short a time. With the present rift between Congress and the administration, a man who can get along with senators and representatives is valuable. And Symington certainly can do that.

As one senator put it, "That feller is Mr. Charm himself." He breezes into a committee meeting, well dressed and smiling. He is respectful, helpful, always candid and co-operative. He sits cross-legged in the witness chair, illustrates every point with an anecdote, and never attempts to gloss over unpleasantnesses.

At a hearing of the Senate Subcommittee on Surplus Property, for instance, he *(Continued on page 24)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

The Long Denial

BY VICKI BAUM

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

The Story:
Marylynn, the famous night-club singer, has been shot by **Bess Poker**, her manager. **Marylynn** is in a hospital; **Bess** is in jail. . . . In flashbacks, **Bess**, **Marylynn** and **Luke Jordan**, a song writer, are shown in their progress from poverty to success. They were an inseparable trio—**Bess** supplying the brains, **Marylynn** the beauty, and **Luke** the inspiration. **Luke** was married to **Marylynn** and later divorced from her. **Bess** was always secretly in love with him, but she projected her own dreams in **Marylynn**, whose life was always eventful and colorful. Success came slowly, but love came easy. . . . Now, as **Marylynn** lies between life and death, many men gather at her bedside: **Alan Huysmans**, an aging publisher she almost married; **Dale Corbett**, a young lawyer; **Sid Carp**, her press agent; and **Luke**, whose first concern, strangely, is for **Bess**. **Lee Crenshaw**, a total stranger to the others, appears and announces that he is **Marylynn**'s husband. Meanwhile **Bess**, in jail, has told the story of the famous Cypress Grove fire, in which she saved **Marylynn**'s life. **Bess**, who ever since the shooting has refused to defend herself, now learns that **Marylynn** is still alive; and she immediately calls for a lawyer.

III

EVERYTHING was white when Marylynn opened her eyes, but the whiteness did not come in one piece; it moved toward her in slowly swaying patches which ran into each other and then coagulated into something that opened an enormous mouth and said, "I'm Miss Cripps."

The return trip from unconsciousness had been long and exhausting, and Marylynn felt too tired to move as much as the tip of her tongue. But her lips were cracked and dry, and she was terribly thirsty. "Don't move, dear," said the apparition, which called herself Miss Cripps, receding and breaking up into pieces again. Marylynn focused her eyes on the snowy landscape before her. The endless plains were a white hospital blanket, and the hills would be her knees propped up on a pillow. Miss Cripps, then, must be the nurse.

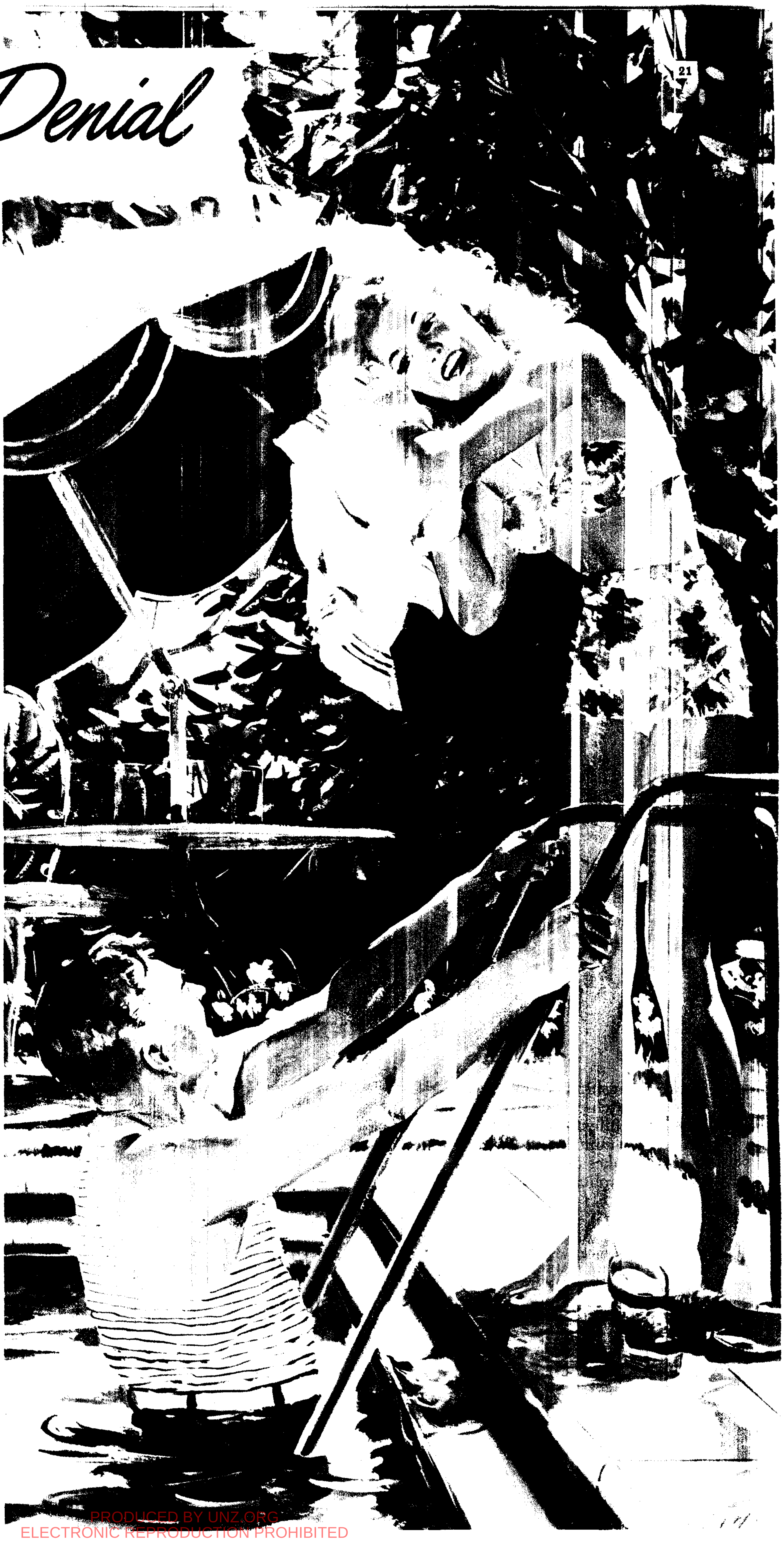
"Water," said Marylynn.

"Don't talk, dear," said Miss Cripps. "I'll get you a little sip of water, soon." Marylynn felt sorry for herself and wanted to say so, but she fainted again. When she came to, she brought along an amazing parcel of knowledge. She was in a hospital; she was badly hurt, although neither the nurse, nor the doctor, nor Poker would tell her for a long time how badly. They would keep her doped to make the pain bearable and that was kind of them. And they would want her not to remember the fire, which was silly of them, because she remembered every bit of it.

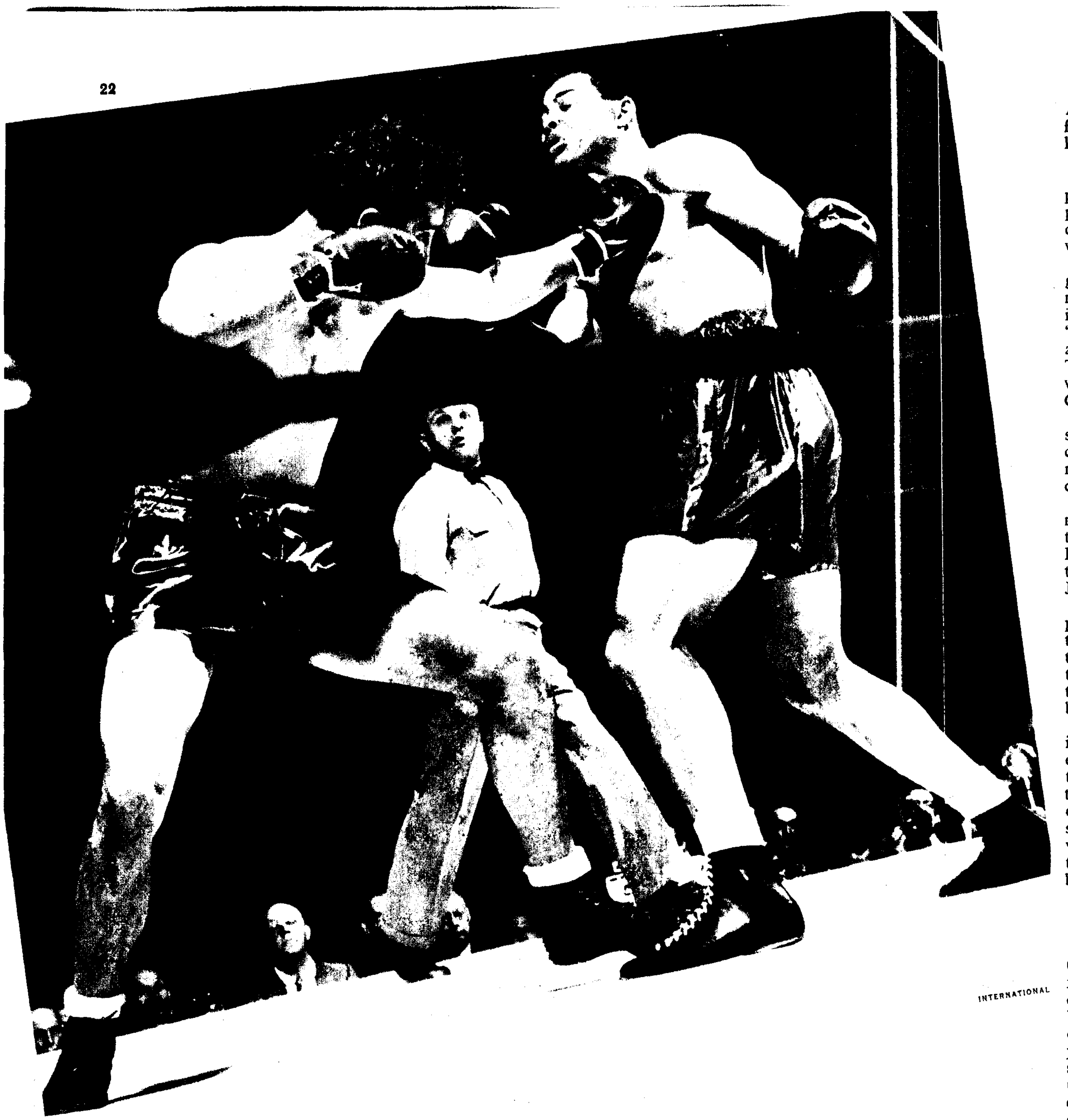
As she went on exploring the room, she discovered several arrangements which were not as they should have been. The name of the nurse was wrong, for instance; and the window should have been more to the left. And there were no bandages on her face. If they had taken off the bandages, it meant that she had been in this hospital quite some time and that it must be more than two months since the Cypress Grove burned down.

"Where is Emily?" she asked, because she knew that Emily, her doll, had been rescued almost undamaged from the fire.

"Don't talk, dear," said Miss Cripps. "Whom do you want to see? Emily? I'm sure she'll visit you as soon as you can have visitors." For how should poor Miss Cripps know that her patient's mind had not regained its grip on the present, and was still wandering through the confused details of a past accident? She took Marylynn's pulse, which was still racing, although it was down to 120 by now. A little color, too, had returned to her lips. *(Continued on page 67)*



For all the trouble the Old Boy made for her later on when she broke the engagement, Marylynn retained a pleasant memory of the months spent as his fiancée; the swimming, the loafing, the freedom from worry



INTERNATIONAL

An early round in the first Louis-Conn fight at the Polo Grounds in 1941. Louis knocked Conn out in the 13th round

HOW TO RUN A PRIZE FIGHT

BY BARNEY NAGLER

A championship bout like the return match between Joe Louis and Billy Conn may last only a few minutes. But promoting it takes months, and is a very complicated business

TIME was when Mike Jacobs, the fight promoter, kept his office under his hat. That was in the days when a Joe Louis fight drew a paltry $400,000 gate. When the Brown Bomber won the world's heavyweight championship from Jimmy Braddock in Chicago, Mike returned to New York and hired a secretary, his first. He knew the million-dollar fight between Louis and Max Schmeling lay ahead the next June and that he'd no longer be able to keep the records in his head.

Since then Jacobs has increased his staff in preparation for the night of June 19th, when he'll be called upon to handle $3,000,000 worth of business for the return bout between Louis and Billy Conn.

Never before has a businessman grossed three million in a single night, yet you can bet that Jacobs isn't very happy over the prospect. He'd rather play the game under the old rules—his brain for an office and a tax schedule that leaves a man more than ten cents on the dollar when he hits the championship brackets.

Give him a nice little $200,000 fight and Mike would do more for the family bank roll. The $3,000,000 event will bring him a great deal of prestige, but he doesn't care much for such a highfalutin commodity. Uncle Mike, as some of the New York fight writers call him, would like to be in Uncle Sam's shoes. "That man with the whiskers is going to get all the money," he says.

Not that Mike will head for the poorhouse after the biffing. He'll still be able to stuff about $100,000, minus personal income tax, into his strongbox, even after splitting the profits with Madison Square Garden, his partner. Great executives sweat through an entire year to earn as much as Mike will in one night.

A once-in-a-lifetime natural like Louis-Conn doesn't just happen. No sooner had Joe jammed a 13-round knockout down Billy's throat in the Polo Grounds in 1941, than Mike began dreaming of the return match. He would have settled for a million-dollar gate then, a double-or-nothing jump from the $451,743 lured into the box office for the first fracas.

But the Japs decided on a bigger fight than Louis vs. Conn, and so Mike had to wait until Joe and Billy doffed the khaki last fall. In October he surprised nobody at all by signing the champion and the challenger for the struggle. It was the old percentage story: 40 for the champion and 20 for the challenger.

The promoter tormented the fight writers by announcing he wasn't sure where the fight would take place, but that Philadelphia and Chicago were in the race for the lush attraction. In his off-the-record moments he conceded that New York's Yankee Stadium would probably be the scene—in June and, please, wouldn't the public hold their dough in reserve until the whole business was set.

The come-on worked wonders. From gunboats off the China coast to U.S. military installations in Germany, American boys began writing to the promoter. "Please, Mr. Jacobs," they pleaded, "put aside two tickets for me at any price. There's nothing we want to do more when we get home than to see Louis fight Conn."

Jacobs beamed, mumbled, "I told you so" through his store teeth and proceeded to announce, "We'll get a hunnerd each for ringside seats. Why, we'll draw $3,000,000."

It's not easy, however, there being many a slip between the ballyhoo and the slugging. Staging a multimillion-dollar prize fight is no fly-by-night production and nobody knows this better than Jacobs.

A firm building a skyscraper doesn't plot the course of construction any more thoroughly than Jacobs. After renting the Yankee Stadium for the fight, on a ten-per-cent-of-the-net basis, Mike must then do a construction job equal to the building of sixty one-family homes.

Within the stadium, which seats 82,000 in the stationary grandstands and bleachers, the promoter will build a field setup to provide places for 25,000 more customers, many of whom will dish out $100 each for roosting space. The temporary stands, built in the form of a bowl-within-a-bowl, will be entirely elevated to afford back-row customers a respectable view of the biffing.

A Hunt for Hard-to-Get Lumber

The field stands will cost Jacobs $40,000 and will involve the use of 600,000 feet of the best lumber available. In December, Jacobs began his hunt for lumber for the stands, and the entire output of two large mills for two months was purchased. The early buying was necessary in order to season the lumber before use. That was only the beginning. An even million steel bolts and 9,000 pounds of nails will be used to hold the field stands together.

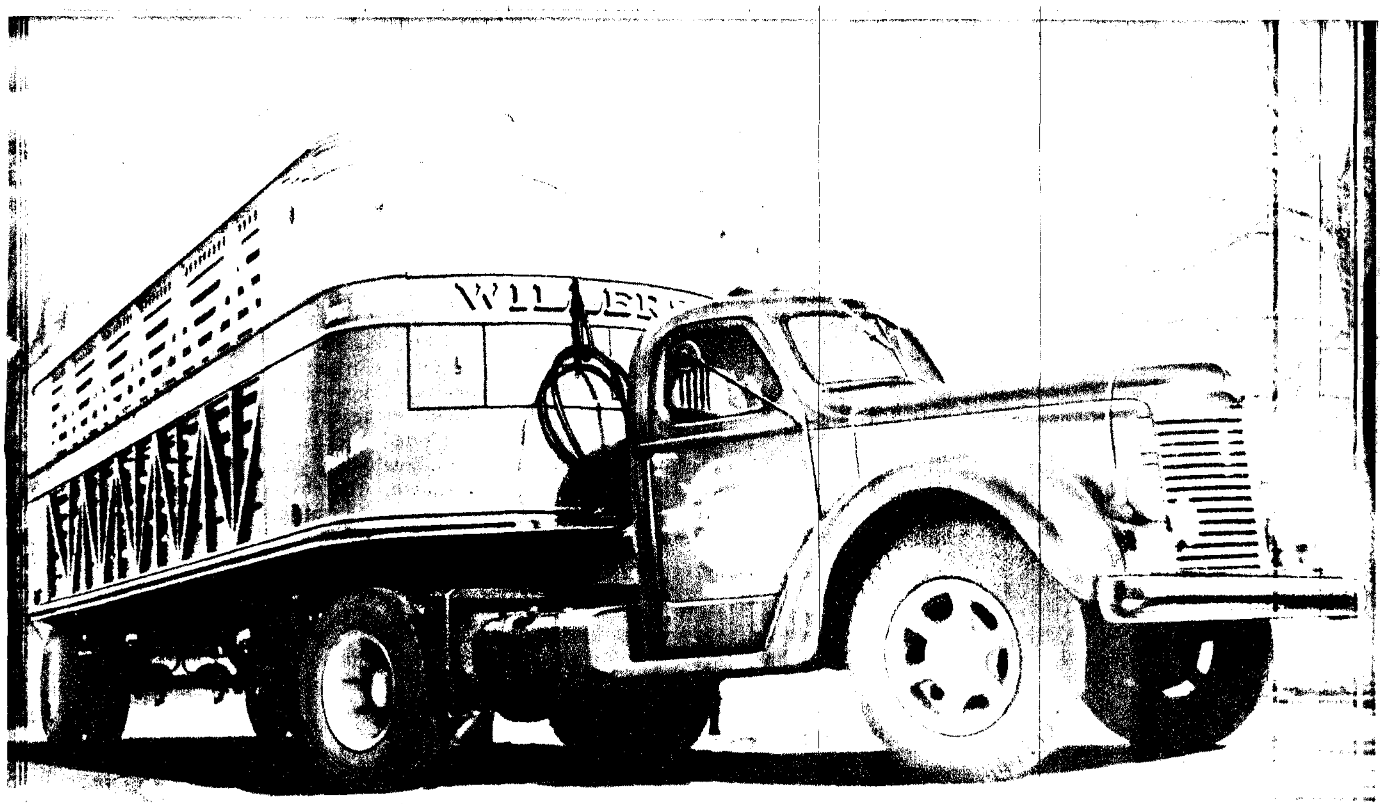
The front-row seats, for which Jacobs obtains a top price, cost little to erect inasmuch as they are virtually level with the field. But the farther back the ringside stands go, the higher are the construction costs and the lower the value of the seats. More lumber for bracing is employed in the back seats than in the ones close to the ring. Thus, a front-row seat retails for $100 and costs only a buck to set down on the field, while a last-row seat in the raised ringside sets Jacobs back $9 for construction and brings only $7.50.

Jacobs would like nothing better than to build a ringside section stretching back to the permanent stands at the Stadium, but he's trapped by the law of diminishing return. Moreover, the farther back the temporary stands go, the more seats in the permanent grandstands he'll have to kill. Blocked by the high ringside stands, many rows of grandstand seats become as useless as field glasses to the blind.

The blueprints for the field stands are worked into lumber and seats by one of Jacobs' most important hirelings, Ed Coronati, a New Jersey expert in grandstand construction. Coronati, who has built the stands along Pennsylvania Avenue for the last four inaugural parades in Washington, has been working on the setup for many weeks.

Out in his workshop near Park Ridge, N. J., Coronati directed hundreds of

(Continued on page 55)



One of 34 Internationals in the Willers fleet

Mrs. Willers leaves home for her office

Lady Truck Line Operators

These two women hold their own and more in a hard-driving, he-man business . . . . .

SHEEP, hogs and cattle aren't dainty critters to truck-haul from stockyards to packing plants. Petroleum products don't scent the air with the delicate odors of French perfumes. Truck transport is a hard-driving, tough-talking business.

It's a man's realm, truck transport, but give that realm a second look and this is what you find—important American truck lines are sometimes operated by attractive women.

One of these women is Mrs. Leone Willers, owner of Willers Truck Service, Sioux Falls, S. D. Sixteen years ago Mrs. Willers started with a second-hand truck. Mrs. Willers drove the truck herself.

Today Willers Truck Service operates 34 International Trucks and 35 livestock semi-trailers, in eight states. Forty drivers and five shop mechanics are employed. The fleet has hauled 10,000 animals in a single night.

Another lady truck-line operator is Mrs. Mabel Herman, owner of the Herman Oil Transport Company, Fremont, Neb., who became a truck operator when an accident robbed her of her husband. Mrs. Herman, like Mrs. Willers, started with a single truck.

By 1939 Mrs. Herman had become the leading petroleum transporter in Nebraska. Her biggest semi-trailers haul 5,400 gallons of oil on a single run. Each truck and semi-trailer averages 12,000 miles of highway travel a month. She employs 30 drivers.

Yes, these two ladies operate truck lines. They talk to drivers, mechanics, shippers and consignees in the language that each understands.

That's one side of their personalities. The other is charm, femininity, and taste in dress and decoration. And note this evidence of business acumen:

These ladies operate International Trucks almost exclusively, because Internationals deliver such economical, trouble-free performance.

And both of these ladies know the worth of truck service that keeps trucks operating at minimum cost per ton-mile—*International Service,* supplied by the nation's largest company-owned branch organization and by International Dealers everywhere.

Motor Truck Division
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago 1, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Tune in "Harvest of Stars" Sunday, 2 p. m.
Eastern Daylight Time. NBC Network

Mrs. Herman, right, entertaining friends

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FREMONT NEBR
GASOLINE
INFLAMMABLE

International truck hauling 5,400 gallon semi-trailer

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50 YEARS OF FINE PEN MAKING GIVE YOU THIS GREAT PEN FOR ONLY

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AT DEPARTMENT, CHAIN AND STATIONERY STORES

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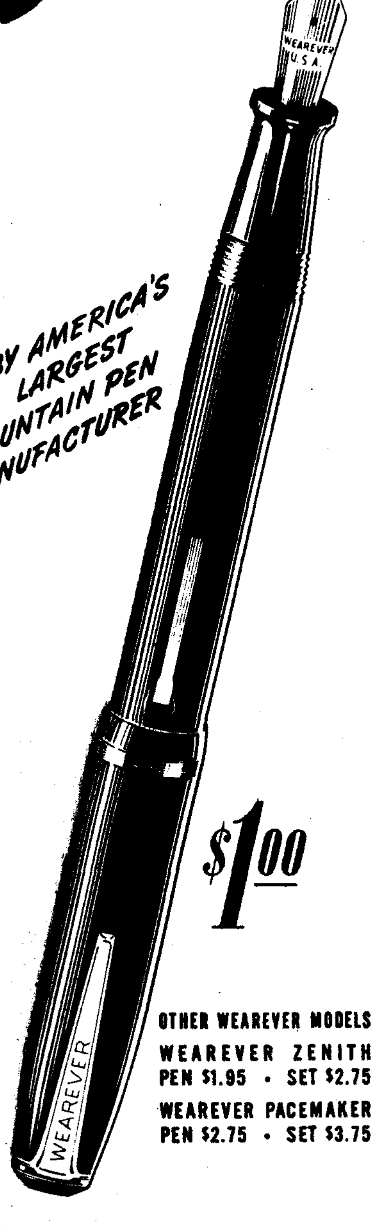


Mr. Charm, of Washington

Continued from page 20

was called in to explain why veterans had been treated so shabbily at two widely advertised sales of surplus property last fall at Fort Devens, Mass., and Fort Meade, Md. Hundreds of the ex-G.I.s had to stand in the rain for hours, and then were told to go away because there was only a handful of broken-down jeeps and trucks anyway.

Symington walked into the committee room, and before any of the senators could clear their throats and pounce, he said, "Gentlemen, I have had this disgraceful affair investigated thoroughly by Mr. Joseph Carroll, who, as you know, is one of the investigators of the F.B.I. Here is Mr. Carroll's report." Symington proceeded to fill in all the gory details. He then analyzed the debacle as being caused by a complete breakdown between the Smaller War Plants Corporation and the Department of Commerce. Then he outlined his plans for preventing a recurrence in the future. The senators, who a few minutes before had been ready to stretch Symington on the rack, came pretty close to applauding.

It is charm, too, which assists Symington in the second of the two attributes generally acknowledged to be necessary in a big Washington job today. As Kurt Borchardt, counsel for the Senate Military Affairs Committee, says, "Symington has an uncanny ability for getting capable assistants." How he does it, nobody knows, but at one time or another, he has had in his entourage the former Assistant Solicitor General Hugh Cox, whom Attorney General Tom Clark praised as a brilliant lawyer; Victor Sachse, young Louisiana lawyer who handled the complicated legal snarl when the Army took over Montgomery Ward; Merritt Penticoff, a Sears Roebuck merchandising executive; Dublin-born David O'Brien, who started as a telephone lineman and rose to be vice-president in charge of sales of the country's largest electric company; and Eugene Zuckert, a young instructor at the Harvard School of Business Administration, recommended by Supreme Court Justice William Douglas.

None of these men wanted to be in the government. Various agencies in the capital were after Cox when he resigned from the Justice Department last year. But he turned them all down. That was just about when Symington bounced into the office of Attorney General Tom Clark. "I've got to get a good lawyer, Tom," Symington said.

"Well," said Clark, smiling, "there's one just down the hall. But he's going into private practice in New York."

"What's his name?" said Symington.

"Hugh Cox," said Clark.

Hired in Thirty Minutes

Symington stalked down the hall, opened the door to Cox's office and went right in. He had never seen Cox before in his life. Thirty minutes later, Cox was signed up as Symington's assistant in the Surplus Property Administration.

Symington had wanted Zuckert to help him in his business in St. Louis, but the young instructor politely refused and went into the Navy. A few months later, Zuckert got a letter from Secretary of the Navy Forrestal, who does not often write personal notes to lieutenants (jg). The letter informed Zuckert that he was transferred to duty with the Surplus Property Administration—under Stuart Symington.

Perhaps the finest example of the Symington powers of persuasion came in the case of Merritt Penticoff. President Roosevelt had called Penticoff to work in the WPB early in the war. Last fall the executive resigned. He announced to one and all that he was going to spend three weeks just loafing in his suite at the Shoreham, and then go back to his $75,000-a-year job. But Symington was staying at the Shoreham, too. Every morning he met Penticoff at breakfast and chatted with him. The last day of the third week Penticoff signed up as another of Symington's assistants.

With these men working out the plays, and Mr. Charm himself carrying the ball in Congress, Symington did fairly well in the Surplus Property Administration. He first came into the government last June after an urgent call from President Truman, a frequent house guest at the Symingtons' St. Louis residence for three years before he moved to the White House.

Actually Symington is not a native St. Louisan. He was born on the campus of Amherst College in Massachusetts in 1901. His father, a lawyer from a prominent Baltimore family, was teaching there at the time. A year later, the elder Symington returned to Baltimore to practice law. That's where young Stuart was raised—in moderate financial circumstances.

He worked summers, whipped his way through the public schools and Baltimore City College, enlisted in the Army as a private in 1918, was sent to Officer Training School and, at seventeen, became the youngest second lieutenant in the United States Army. The war ended before he got his commission, however.

"Yes, he's tall. Yeah, yeah, dark. What? Now don't go asking a lot of questions"

COLLIER'S KIRK STILES

From the Army, Symington went to Yale, where he became an editor of the Yale News. His career was high-lighted by two items: (a) he forgot to take enough math courses, and therefore was not awarded his degree until the sheepskin mysteriously arrived in the mail a few months ago; and (b) he learned the value of verbal over physical persuasion when he tried out for the light-heavyweight spot on the Yale boxing team and some rude character clipped him so hard on the jaw that he fractured a vertebra in the back of his neck.

After college Symington went into business. First he worked in the shops of his uncle's ironworks in Rochester, N. Y., where he married pretty blond Eve Wadsworth, daughter of Representative (formerly Senator) James W. Wadsworth. Then he embarked on a series of enterprises of his own. In bewildering succession, he became president of a molding clay company, a car-lighting company, a radio loud-speaker company, a radio set company, a stainless steel company, a parking meter company, and an electric motor company.

In St. Louis, as president of the Emerson Electric Company, Symington first attracted national attention. Before he took over in 1938, Emerson was badly crippled by labor trouble. Symington looked the situation over. Then he said, "If you're going to have a union, you might as well have a strong union. In that way you get the responsible, reasonable fellows to deal with, and not the muscle men." So he helped make the union strong.

One day he called in the local heads of the United Electrical Workers and said, "Boys, how would you like to have a check-off system, whereby we collect the union dues for you out of the men's salaries every week?" The union leaders liked the idea.

Experiment in Profit Sharing

Next, Symington shocked the industrial world by coming out with one of the first plans to share profits with employees. He turned over 22½ per cent and later, when the earnings increased, 30 per cent of the net profits to the Emerson workers. The employees thus shared the company's profits and developed a personal interest in the company. This put the employees on the basis of common stockholders with the exception that the employees got paid their share whether the ordinary stockholders received dividends or not.

This plan put Symington in hot water with many conservative business leaders. Some described him as a hobnobber with Communists. But the Emerson plant itself proved to be Symington's best answer to the criticism. The company did very well financially, and Symington never had a union-voted strike after the plan was started.

In 1941 Symington was sent to England by the War Department to study the new power-driven gun turret on the British fighter plane, the Defiant. After he made his report, the War Department gave his plant a huge order to manufacture turrets for the Flying Fortresses and Liberators. This made the 41-year-old Symington the Brilliant Young Man of St. Louis industry. He became a leading light in the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce. It was at one of the Chamber of Commerce luncheons that he met Senator Harry Truman. And from that point on, it was a short step to Washington.

When Symington received that urgent call from President Truman last June, he rushed to the capital.

"Stuart," said the President, "I'd like to drop a load of coal on you." The next day, Symington's name was up before the Senate to be confirmed as a member of the vitally important Surplus Property Board.

Some of the load of coal dropped before either the President or Symington expected. It happened on June 14, 1945, at the Senate Military Affairs subcommittee hearing that was held to determine Symington's fitness for the post. Someone remembered that in 1942 some gentlemen from the Department of Justice had been very anxious to see Symington. They summoned him from the B-24 plant in San Diego, Calif., to St. Louis.

"Mr. Symington," the Justice Department people said, "We are investigating a case in which an automobile parking meter company, of which you were president, has got itself into a little antitrust trouble with the government. There are some important letters we can't seem to find. Would you be willing to give us the letters?"

"Sure," said Symington. "Sure. You can look at any letters I have of any kind."

The Justice Department men said, "Where are they?"

Symington said (and all this is verbatim from the testimony at the hearing), "Well, I think they are in New York. I never brought the letters West, I do not think."

The Justice Department men said, "Will you go to New York with us so we can see the letters?"

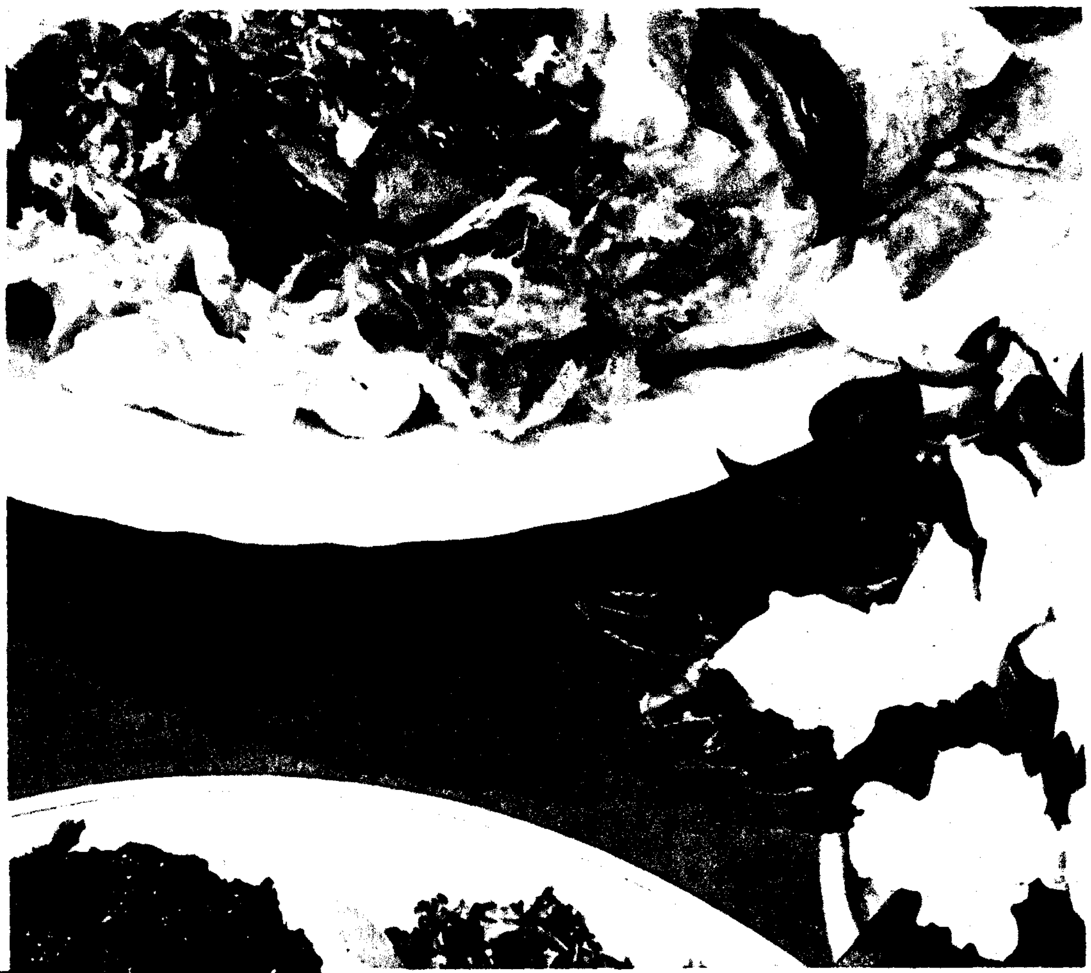
Symington said, "No, I won't. I have to go back and get to work. But I will give you a letter to my secretary in New York, and she will show you all my files."

The Justice Department people took the letter and left for New York. What they found in Symington's files helped convict

Good Old United Tastes of America

Here's a noble American dish—pot roast and vegetables. And here's a noble American whiskey...Seagram's 5 Crown...Two proofs of American leadership—*in standards of taste.*

For Seagram's 5 Crown is a treat for any man's taste. Seagram's long-acquired skills in working with "taste-whiskies"... blending smoothness and delicacy into them...give you an adventure in good taste you'll never forget.



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BLENDED WHISKEY

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CITRON SAFTEVAND

is Typically Danish

Citron Saftevand is made of lemon extract, sugar, water and citric acid. Bright yellow in color and highly carbonated, it is one of Denmark's most popular soft drinks.

MISSION ORANGE

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QUALITY BOTTLERS EVERYWHERE
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Naturally Good!

MISSION DRY CORPORATION, LOS ANGELES

several parking meter companies and officials of violating federal antitrust laws. One of the principal defendants in the action was Symington's ex-partner, Vernon L. Taylor, with whom Symington had gone into the parking meter business in 1937.

It was Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney of Wyoming who brought the matter up at the hearing which confirmed Symington for the Surplus Property Board job.

"This is a paragraph taken from the decision of the district court," the senator said. And he quoted: "In 1936, one W. S. Symington and defendants Vernon L. Taylor and John Howard Joynt formulated a plan to secure domination over the parking meter industry, then in its infancy. Defendant Joynt recommended the acquisition of a number of competing patents, since 'patents could be used to advantage in discouraging competition.' They agreed that the acquisition of patents would enable them to present 'an impressive array' and to 'bluff' their competitors. Symington and defendants Joynt and Taylor planned to regulate the parking meter industry by inducing only 'reputable' manufacturers to take business under the patents which Symington and the defendants planned to acquire. These licenses (allowing manufacturers to use the patents) were to fix uniform prices, terms and conditions of sale. All other meter manufacturers were to be refused licenses."

O'Mahoney stopped reading. He thundered at Symington, "You are not a defendant in the case?"

"No, sir," Symington said. He explained that he had sold out to Taylor in 1938.

"You are aware," O'Mahoney said, "that the objective of the law of Congress is that the surplus property should be disposed of in such a manner as to encourage free and independent enterprise and to discourage monopolistic acquisition of properties?"

"Yes, sir," said Symington. He explained how he had always fought monopoly in all his other business ventures.

"It would not be your inclination then," the senator went on, "to deal leniently with applicants who might wish to use this property for the purpose of fastening monopolistic control upon any part of the trade or commerce of the United States?"

"No, sir," said Symington.

That was the end of the hearing. Symington was confirmed by the Senate at the end of July.

A Debatable Point of Law

Symington was not named as a defendant in this trial, because he had co-operated with the government, and because he had been out of the parking meter company for more than three years. Besides, the action was a civil, not a criminal suit, and there still is some doubt as to whether it is illegal for a group to fix prices through patents.

After this verbal spanking at the hands of Senator O'Mahoney, Symington went all the way to the other extreme in fighting monopoly. The results in the disposal of excess war plants showed it. There was a government-built arsenal in a Pennsylvania town, for instance, for which a large electrical company put in an immediate bid. A few days later, almost bashfully, a small local concern in the same town put in the only other bid. The local firm's offer was $25,000 less than the electrical company's. Symington made a quick decision on the basis of which firm was going to manufacture items more important to the national welfare. The president of the small local outfit nearly fainted with surprise when the plant was awarded to him.

Symington's own big contribution to the national welfare came at this time, too. Shortly after he took over the Surplus Property job, he learned that aluminum was his biggest responsibility. During the war, the government had built many aluminum plants, all of which operated with alumina and patents belonging to the Aluminum Company of America.

A federal Circuit Court of Appeals, pinch-hitting for the Supreme Court, had ruled that Alcoa was a monopoly, at least until 1940. It also had ruled that any court action to break up the monopoly should be postponed until the Surplus Property Administration decided what was to be done with the new government-built aluminum plants. In other words, if Symington could lease the plants to Reynolds Metals, Henry Kaiser and other firms, then perhaps it wouldn't be necessary to break up Alcoa. The case couldn't go any higher because too many of the Supreme Court justices had disqualified themselves. So everyone sat around waiting for Symington to act.

Symington swung into the job with Hugh Cox, Irv Lipkowitz of the Justice Department, and Sam Moment, another old-time crusader on loan to Surplus Property from the Bonneville Dam project. On September 21, 1945, they made their report to Congress. The report said, in effect, that the government-owned aluminum plants should be disposed of in such a way as to promote competition in the aluminum industry, that the plants definitely should *not* be sold to Alcoa, but to strong, experienced companies that would compete with Alcoa.

A short time later, on a Saturday afternoon, a distinguished visitor dropped in to see Symington. It was I. W. Wilson, known as "Chief," the vice-president of Alcoa. "Symington," said the Chief, "we're very worried, not about our business, but because of our position before the public."

"You should be worried," said Symington. "Your name is becoming synonymous with monopoly."

"We know," said the Chief, "and we sincerely want to do something to dispel that."

With that encouraging start, the afternoon went very well. Symington went home to spend a happy week end.

But at the Senate aluminum hearing on Monday morning, he found that he was going to have a fight on his hands. Alcoa had placed a printed 45-page letter on the desk of every congressman and newspaper editor bitterly accusing Symington of forcing a government subsidy plan on private industry.

It was then that Symington forgot about charm and really got mad. He rallied his War Council and put them to work on a campaign of intense research to dispute Alcoa's charges and claims. Symington came up with some interesting facts. He discovered, for instance, that Alcoa's technical advances had not materially reduced the price of aluminum as they maintained. Aluminum cost 16½ cents a pound in 1911. It was 15 cents a pound in 1946. And at times during that 35-year period, it had been as high as 38 cents a pound (in March, 1917).

Symington threw all this at Alcoa in a blistering 50-page report released to Congress and the press early in January. Alcoa promptly repeated its charges. The following week, everyone agreed to sit in on a general peace conference in Attorney General Tom Clark's office.

This conference was something for the history books. Tom Clark sat there in his shirt sleeves. On one side of the table were Symington, O'Brien, Victor Sachse, Sam Moment, Irv Lipkowitz and Wendell Berge, head of the Justice Department's antitrust division. At the other side of the table sat the best brains of Alcoa, headed by Chief Wilson and the chairman of the board, Arthur V. Davis. The room was filled with tobacco smoke and talk. It was a poker game with nearly a billion dollars at stake, and Symington played his cards like a suave Dangerous Dan McGrew.

When the meeting broke up, Alcoa had agreed to come in with a new proposition within 24 hours. The whole issue was the Alcoa-owned patents for extracting aluminum from bauxite ore, without which the surplus aluminum plants were just so much real estate. The government had to have these patents before it could sell the plants to the other companies.

The next day, Wilson came to see Symington at his office again. "We have agreed," he said, "to release our patents to the government's Reconstruction Finance Corporation for such and such a fee."

Symington looked Wilson right in the eye. "Chief," he said, "as long as you've come this far, why don't you go all the way and really get credit for doing a good thing? Give us the patents for free."

"We'll *never* satisfy you," Wilson said. And he got up and left. But later that afternoon he called Symington on the phone. "Stuart," he said, "I guess you're right."

Aside from this major triumph, Symington did a fair job as Surplus Property Administrator. The sale of surplus goods to veterans was still snafued when he resigned. Time and time again, he told Congress, "We feel that the veterans' part of this Act is fundamentally unsound and organizationally wrong and should be changed."

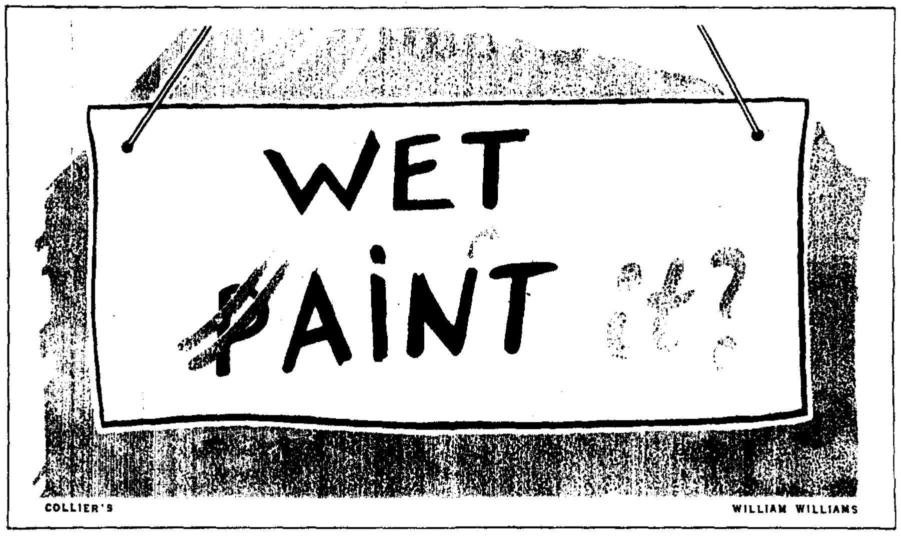
But Congress never did change the legislation and finally the government turned the disposal function over to the newly formed War Assets Corporation, which holds open sales now all over the country. This was Symington's final recommendation.

Today, as Assistant Secretary of War for Air, he holds one of the most important jobs in the country. The burning questions of strategic and tactical air reserves, the Air Forces' part in the Army-Navy merger, and airborne atomic warfare are all in his lap. So far he has taken a progressive stand, supporting civilian control of atomic energy and the Doolittle investigation of the Army's caste system. (His two sons, Stuart, nineteen, and James, seventeen, served as sergeant and private first class in the Army and Marines respectively.)

Some people in Washington do not care for Symington and do not consider that he is big enough for the job. But the attitude of much of Washington is that of a newspaperman at an interview with Symington recently. They were discussing the Army-Navy merger. "I'll tell you," said Symington finally. "Give me a pencil and paper, and I'll sell you on certain advantages of this merger plan in thirty seconds."

"Mr. Symington," said the reporter. "In thirty seconds, I'm quite sure you could sell me *anything*."

THE END



COLLIER'S WILLIAM WILLIAMS

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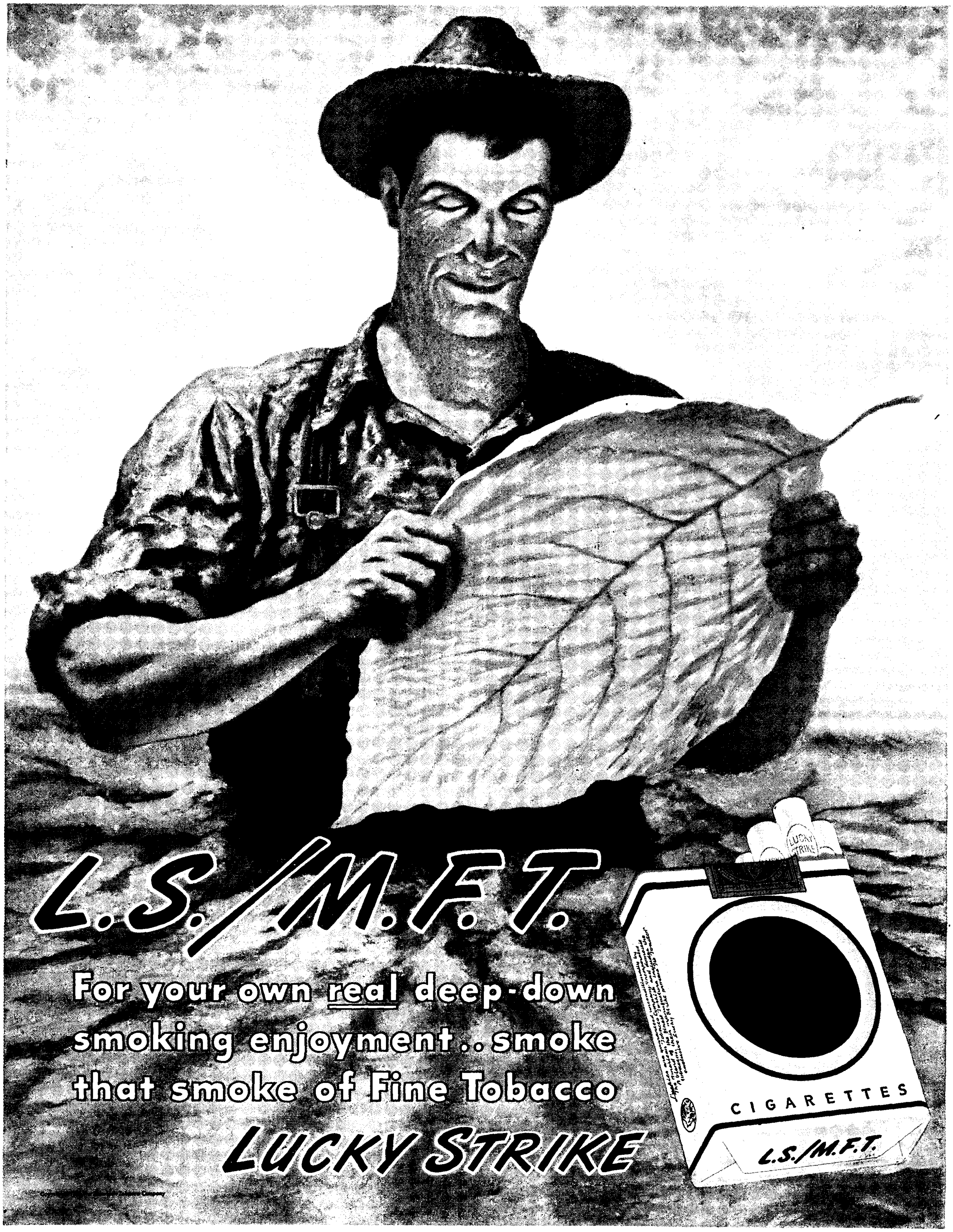
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smoking enjoyment .. smoke
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LUCKY STRIKE
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When the Lilacs Bloomed

BY NOLAN MILLER

Her world was suddenly so new, so perfect—and yet so overwhelming. The long, gentle spring. The stern promise of graduation. This strange, still undiscovered love

LEE was seventeen that spring, thoughtless and dreamy when out with Barbara Jean and Ruthie and the others in the graduating class, and—frightened.

They were all frightened. They were seniors—they were graduating. It was the end—at last the end. No Student Council meeting at the ninth hour. No funny cotton-top kid like Billy Carman waiting for Lee by the Lincoln statue in the lower hall. . . .

"Imagine not having to hear all Mr. Patterson's old jokes next September!" said Barbara Jean once. "Why, next September—it'll be just like any other month."

"And me, I was just getting so I could understand at least half what Mlle. de Gon yells at me—" Ruthie sighed.

They were bewildered—happily, wondrously bewildered.

It was a long spring, and warm, with a touch of the aching summer in it. These last weeks they could not do homework, could not stay indoors on the gentle, splendid nights. They were like bears turned out of their holes.

Young—young as if for the last time—they gathered under the lights in Bienvue Park, they romped on the bluff back of the old town, sat and watched the solemn river flow by. Here they lived, here the town had lengthened itself from the chance and mysterious seed.

WITHOUT school, books, order and rules, the town and life would be spare and strange. Another month, most of the boys would be off to camp, off to summer jobs. The girls would take jobs, too, or sit alone at home. And she—Lee thought this all the time, with dread—she would have her time occupied, as if it were a duty, by Grandmother George. . . .

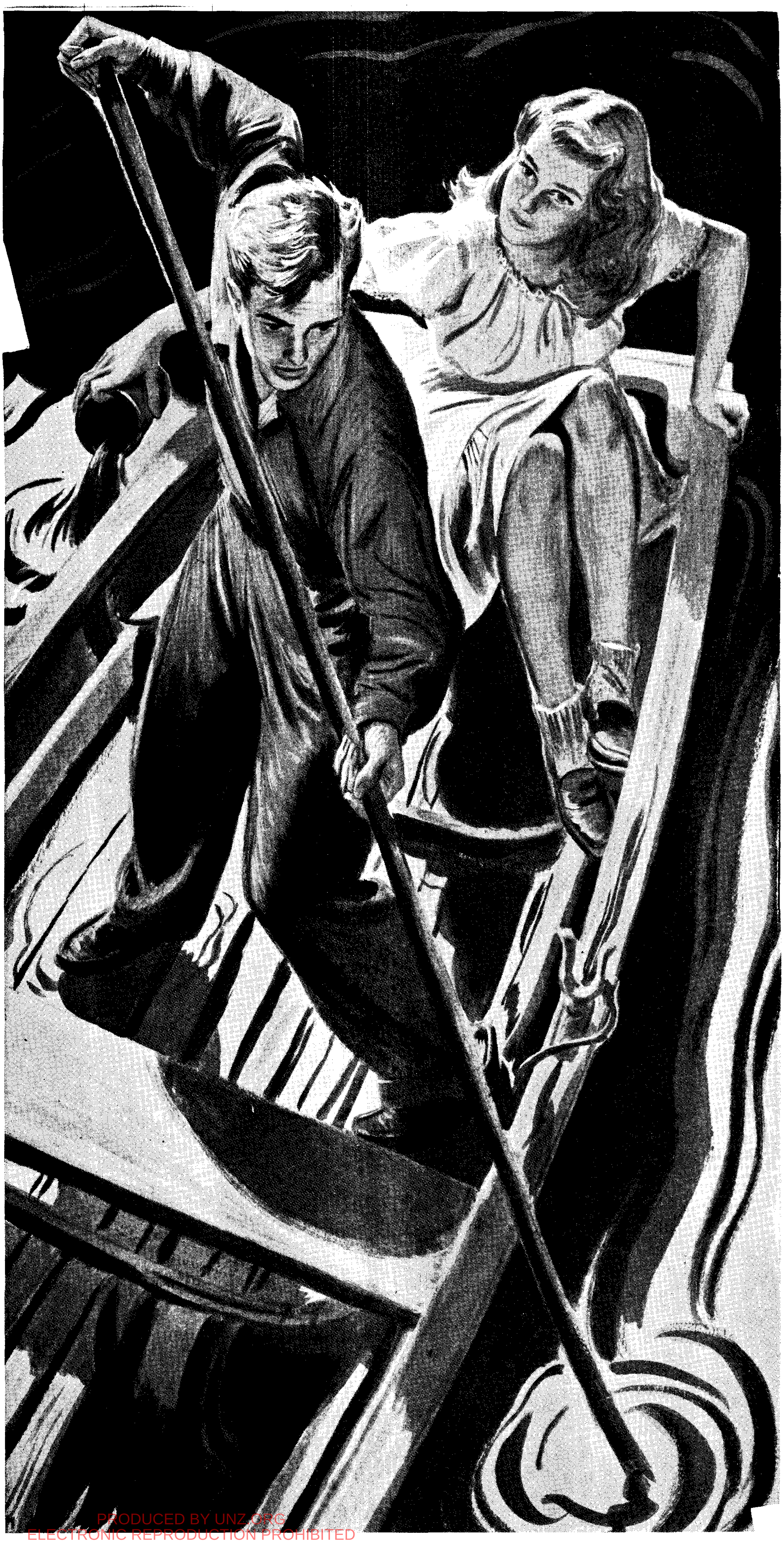
One Saturday morning as she drank up sleep in bed, Lee heard her mother and father talking in the kitchen. The register was open. Bacon smells, her father's slow, insistent voice—and through the windows, the spring perfume, river, earth and flowers.

"Not spoiling Lee," said her father, "we've spoiled my mother."

"You don't know what it means to be a woman her age. And so alone." It was her mother always arguing Grandmother George's part. Always a bit shrill Mrs. Caradice was at breakfast time.

"After all, it's up to Lee."

"Your mother's done so much for her." Early morning querulousness unmade the shrill voice; now it was almost a whimper. "I still think it was a mistake, Lee's not going down to *(Continued on page 34)*



"Oh, I never thought it would be like this," said Lee happily as she bailed water from the old hulk. "One night I was out here," Billy said, "I went to the island"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

"Are you sure your grandpa wasn't a mountain goat?"

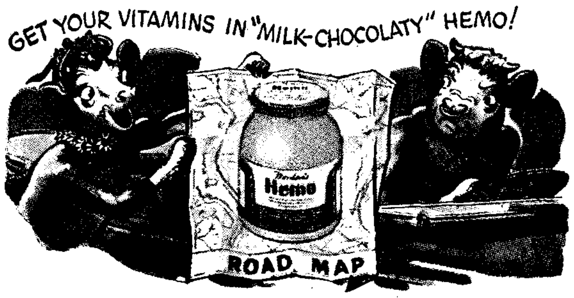
chided Elsie

"THAT'S A TWO-CENT INSULT, if I ever heard one!" bellowed Elmer, the bull.

"But I didn't mean it that way, dear," protested Elsie, the Borden Cow. "It's just that you've been leaping over these hills like a billy goat. And this old car is no yearling."

"Woman," said Elmer haughtily, "you forget *I* am at the wheel!"

"That's just what's worrying me," murmured Elsie.


GET YOUR VITAMINS IN "MILK-CHOCOLATY" HEMO!
Borden's Hemo
ROAD MAP

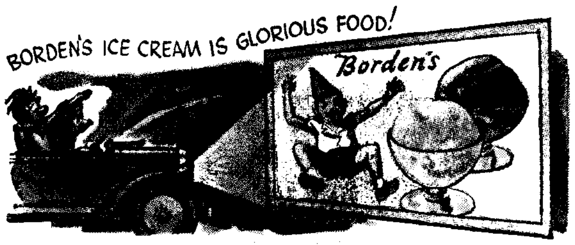
"At this speed no one can trust his reflexes—not even you. Suppose you met another car when you came around that curve on the wrong side?"

"I'd pull out and around it quicker than you can say *Hemo*," answered Elmer.

"Thanks for mentioning it," said Elsie. "Hemo *is* a wonderful word to have on the tip of your tongue when you want a delicious *milk-chocolaty* drink that's teeming with vitamins and minerals you need to feel really *alive*. But I'm afraid you'd have to do more than say Hemo if your own car had a blowout."

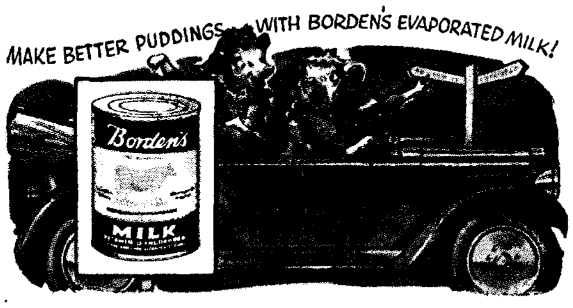
"DON'T SAY THINGS LIKE THAT!" quavered Elmer, slowing down. "What are you trying to do? Spoil the fun?"

"*Me* spoil the fun?" laughed Elsie. "Look at the fun I bring to meals and parties every day with my *Borden's Ice Cream*. It's glorious refreshment, and more *fun* to eat than any other food you know."


BORDEN'S ICE CREAM IS GLORIOUS FOOD!
Borden's

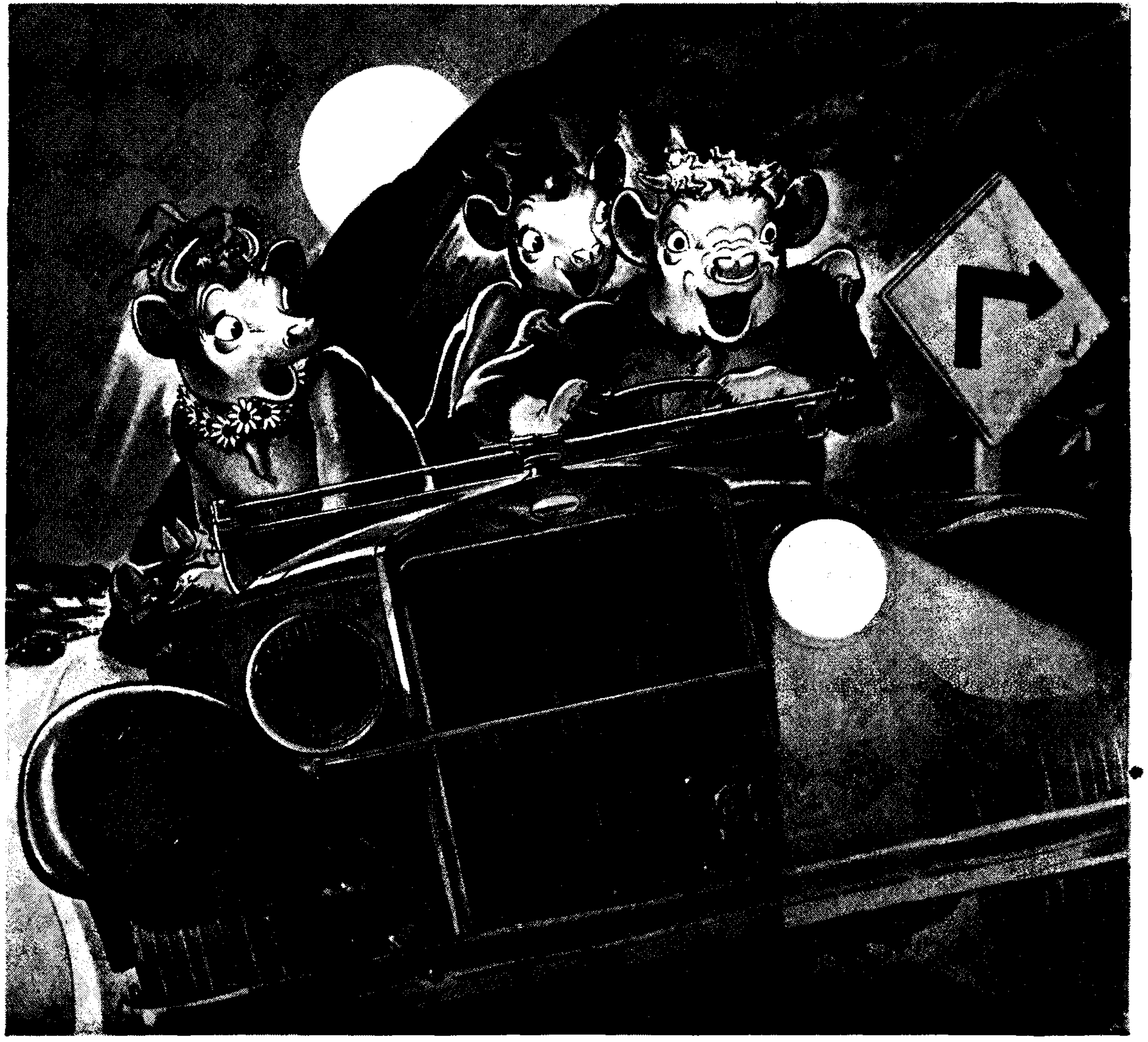
"I get it," snorted Elmer. "You get me to slow down so you can race on about Borden's."

"Oh, we don't *race* at Borden's," teased Elsie. "*We* hang up wonderful safety records. Why, last year our drivers covered 23,000,000 miles, *and not one fatal accident*. Isn't that fine, when you think that more than a million folks were injured in auto accidents last year?"


MAKE BETTER PUDDINGS WITH BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK!
Borden's
MILK

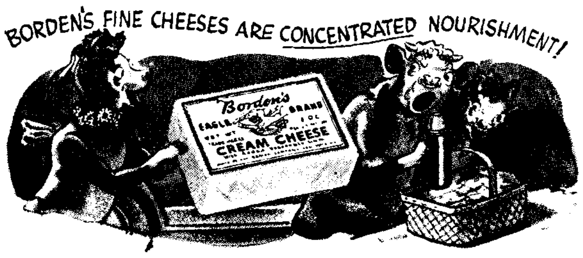
"A million!" gasped Elmer. "I knew there were lots of goofy drivers, but not a million!"

"Oh, many of them were good and careful drivers," corrected Elsie. "But they met up with someone who was driving with one headlight, or someone who didn't check his brakes, or raced on worn-out tires or on wet pavements, or forgot about the pedestrian."



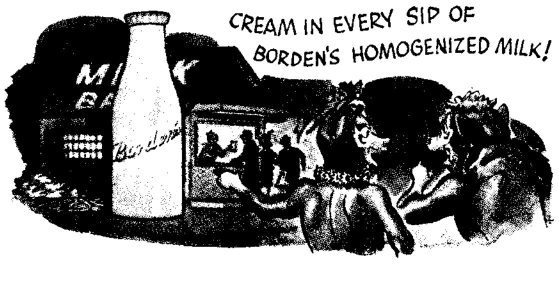
"Look!" snapped Elmer, "suppose you take the wheel, and see what kind of a job *you* do!"

"Oh, I'm no driver," smiled Elsie. "My job is selling fine foods like *Borden's Evaporated Milk*. It's so *safe* for babies, and has 400 units of Vitamin D in every pint."


BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES ARE CONCENTRATED NOURISHMENT!
Borden's EAGLE BRAND CREAM CHEESE

"AW, cut the groceries talk!" commanded Elmer. "I'm out for pleasure."

"You'll find all kinds of pleasure," twittered Elsie, "in *Borden's Eagle Brand Cream Cheese*. It's the creamiest cream cheese that ever nestled between slices of bread—or ever glorified a salad."


CREAM IN EVERY SIP OF BORDEN'S HOMOGENIZED MILK!
Borden's

"If that's your idea of bright conversation," barked Elmer, "I'll take a little silence."

"But, dear," teased Elsie, "nobody can keep silent when you mention Borden's fine foods. Why, they go into rhapsodies about *Borden's Homogenized Milk*. It's got cream and Vitamin D in every smooth, *safe* sip!"

"Wh-e-e-e-w!" sighed Elmer. "Why don't you tell it to the judge? See what he says!"

"Why, dear," laughed Elsie, "any judge worthy of the name will tell you safety comes first when you're buying foods—*and* when you take your family for a drive!"

"Pick up the marbles," said Elmer. "You win! We're going home—and *sl-ow-ly!*"

—if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!

Tune in

THE BORDEN RADIO SHOW

CBS

See your paper for time and station

© The Borden Company

The Deadliest War

Continued from page 11

General of the Department of Common Defense. Armed guards are set up at our water and milk supplies, but in many places it is too late; the saboteurs already have done their work.

Even while the military doctors are busy rounding up the civilian population for dozens of inoculations and issuing the masks and protective clothing that make the wearers look like men from Mars, the enemy planes, balloons and rockets come, spraying mists of germs over our cities. These are combined, of course, with poison-gas attacks and bombings, for now the enemy is playing for keeps. Our air defenses are functioning and not all the enemy planes get through, but those that do strafe our coastal installations with bullets that are infected with poison germs. Even the bomb fragments are tainted. If a bullet or a fragment even scratches a man, he is likely to die from disease.

The creeping horror is enhanced by the discovery, on the third day, that vectors—disease-bearing mosquitoes, lice, ticks, rats—have been turned loose in the country by saboteurs.

The enemy doesn't need the atomic bomb. When his troops swarm ashore on both coasts on the seventh day, they find American troops vomiting in the beach defenses, the civilians in the towns too weak to defend their homes. Their beachheads are secured.

The foregoing is an imaginative picture of what might happen to America if there is a third World War. Fortunately, it may remain fiction because in World War II, American scientists, working in the strictest secrecy, learned so much about germ warfare that, if we remain alert, any enemy thinking about attacking us with BW is likely to stop and consider what he would get in return.

U.S. Ready to Strike Back

BW is a comparatively slow thing which does not destroy the victim immediately. It gives him a chance to strike back if he is ready. And the United States is ready. Just as it has done with poison gas, this country, in order to be able to defend itself against possible BW attack and also to be able to retaliate in kind, has discovered perhaps more than any potential enemy nation about the defensive and, of necessity, the offensive phases of biological warfare. If the United States were attacked with biological agents, it would be able to take steps not only to protect itself, but to strike back with terrible vengeance.

Biological warfare is officially defined as "the employment of bacteria, fungi, viruses, rickettsiae (certain organisms, usually lice- or tick-borne) and toxic agents derived from living organisms to produce death or disease in man, animals or growing plants." Some authorities, particularly high-placed civilian officials, view germ warfare as a horrible and inhumane thing, which this country should use only in self-defense. Others, including many in the medical field, question the effectiveness of such a weapon and think the United States, if it stays scientifically alert, will be able to detect and control such attacks.

Still another school of thought, of which Major General Alden H. Waitt, Chief of Chemical Warfare Service, is an articulate spokesman, believes that BW can be employed with tremendous effectiveness and that it is unintelligent and inconsistent not to use germs, poison gas and any other weapons that will hasten the end of a war. They hoot at the theory that germs and poison gas are inhumane while atom bombs, incendiaries, bayonets and the like aren't.

Most authorities, civilian and military, are in agreement, however, that BW is a very real and significant menace; that it is something which any small "have-not" nation could cook up clandestinely, using university laboratories and even breweries and distilleries as secret factories, and that the United States cannot afford not to stay ahead of the world in this field of research.

Biological warfare experiments, which this country undertook in co-operation with Britain and Canada, were conducted during the war in an atmosphere of great secrecy. There probably were fewer inadvertent "leaks" about germs than about atomic bombs, as it was a smaller project and easier to "button up."

Military and naval authorities never have announced a list of the diseases in which they were dabbling. The Germans and Japanese, who were concocting their own biological agents, have a pretty good idea of what the obvious research channels would be, and any competent scientist can figure out the obvious goals. Lately, the Army has adopted a realistic attitude—one which benefits scientific research—by approving publication in scientific journals of a series of reports by its BW scientists, and these reports name a number of the diseases.

A Formidable List of Diseases

These are some of the identified or obvious diseases, and you can take your pick as to what to expect if germs are ever used against us.

Botulism. A form of food poisoning which can be, one authority says, "1,000 times more deadly than phosgene or mustard gas." It is spread by a spore, which breeds in rotten meat, spoiled olives, manure. In 12 to 24 hours after a man absorbs the toxin, paralysis sets in which in 60 to 70 per cent of cases causes death.

Brucellosis. Commonly known as undulant or Malta fever. It is transmitted by infected milk and disables man through recurring and protracted waves of severe fever.

Psittacosis. The dread "parrot disease" which, when transmitted to humans, causes fever, pneumonia, often fatal.

Tularemia. The so-called "rabbit fever," also severely disabling and, in 5 to 10 per cent of natural cases, fatal to man.

Cholera. The often lethal disease which hits man abruptly, causing great weakness, profuse diarrhea, cramps and vomiting, and shrinks the victim to the appearance of a mummy.

Plague. Man's age-old curse, spread by infected fleas and lice on rats and other rodents. In the fourteenth century it is believed to have killed 25,000,000 persons.

Encephalitis. The highly infective virus disease of the nervous system—miscalled "sleeping sickness"—which strikes the brain, causing death or permanent disability.

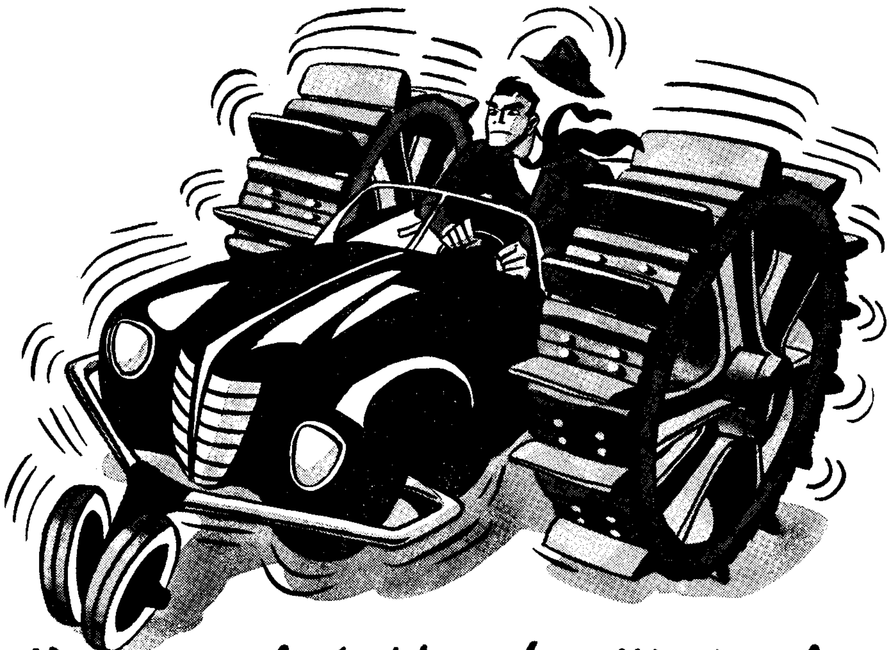
Anthrax. A disease spread by spores so hardy they can withstand boiling for several hours. It usually affects cattle and sheep, with 75 to 100 per cent fatality, but also occurs in man, causing malignant, discolored pustules, pneumonia or intestinal disorders.

Glanders. A rare and often fatal animal disease, usually affecting horses but sometimes occurring in man; extremely hard to control.

Rinderpest. A cattle disease capable, if uncontrolled, of wiping out a nation's entire beef supply.

Foot-and-Mouth Disease. A cattle disease that has been responsible for destruction of thousands of animals in the United States.

These are only a few of the possibilities. The respiratory diseases—pneumonia, influenza, cerebrospinal meningitis, etc.—and typhoid, tetanus and staphylococcic food poisoning must be considered, either by themselves or in combination with other infections, which would greatly confuse diagnosis and treatment. For instance, a BW agent designed for offensive use conceivably might combine typhoid, botulism,



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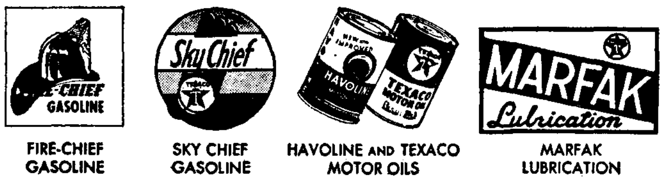

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pneumonia and three or four other diseases—not a pretty prospect, nor an easy one for doctors to diagnose and counter.

All of the country's leading authorities on the theory of biological warfare emphasize that the United States studied offensive uses of BW purely as a means of better understanding defensive measures. Not all of them, however, agree that it is wise to shun the offensive possibilities.

From these experts, the following picture shapes up:

Infectious disease is "a perfectly natural and common thing." It is the common cause of death, and, in the old days, authorities say, used to kill more men in war than bullets did. Of the infectious diseases, the respiratory group is the worst.

In considering offensive use of disease by artificial means, it is elementary, therefore, that scientists would select the most virulent strains of the most damaging agents, and would attempt to enhance their virulence by what might be called "unnatural mixtures." This can be done. The laboratory men can increase the staying quality of a disease. Typhoid, for instance, which usually is contracted through food or water, can be given both extra staying and spreading quality by dissemination through artificial mist; this way, you don't have to eat or drink the germ—you only have to breathe it. The dread anaerobe which normally spreads botulism through food can be made more deadly if conveyed through an open wound or the lungs; therefore, why not put it on a bullet or spread it by mist?

Scientifically, the problem has been: How to mix agents which ordinarily do not mix, how to enhance their stability, and then how to graduate production of such poisons from the test tube to the 500-gallon tank? Militarily, the offensive problem is: How to spread such agents by mists, bombs, shells or otherwise, and how to protect your own troops, by inoculation, protective clothing or otherwise, against "backfire" from your own germs?

Defensively, the medical and military scientists have tackled it from a different standpoint—immunity. Most infectious diseases produce some sort of immunity, but it is a relative thing which generally can be broken down by rare germs or complex mixtures.

A scientist would presume that the enemy, in attacking us biologically, would not choose a simple agent to which most persons are ordinarily resistant.

Could Disable Without Killing

All BW agents, a leading authority points out, are not necessarily horrible or fatal. They do not all produce agony or quick death. In conducting biological warfare, therefore, a nation theoretically could tailor its tactics to fit its purpose. It could, if it wished, select an agent which would disable a population temporarily, such as dysentery, or the staphylococcic agents which produce the type of poisoning commonly miscalled "ptomaine." In this event, an invading army might find the defending soldiers and civilian population physically too weak to resist but not in danger of dying.

Or the BW strategists could select diseases producing more protracted but nonfatal results. Undulant fever, for which no good vaccine is known to exist, would be a good example.

Finally, if truly vicious and positive results were desired, one could attack with the "killers"—both epidemic and nonepidemic. Cholera, plague, botulism, psittacosis, glanders, anthrax would provide such weapons.

Despite its horrendous new implications, biological warfare is by no means a twentieth-century innovation. Back in Biblical times they were poisoning wells, which is a form of BW. George W. Merck, who served as Director of War Research Service, the first agency created to spur our investigation of the potentialities of germ warfare, points out in his report to former Secretary of War Stimson that there was "incontrovertible evidence that German agents here in 1915 used bacteria cultures—glanders—to infect horses and cattle being shipped to the Allies."

In this war, postoccupational Intelligence reports show definitely that the Japanese were well along in BW research. We constantly were worrying about possible Japanese attempts to cause epidemics in this country by sending over germs in their paper balloons.

In mid-December, 1943, the Office of Strategic Services reported to the Joint Chiefs of Staff that the Germans were believed to be considering attacking the British Isles with rocket-borne BW agents. That report got the Allies into bacteriological research with both feet.

By June, 1944, the War Department was running the whole show. Chemical Warfare Service, with support of the Army Surgeon General's Office, was the kingpin, although Navy and civilian personnel were close partners. Research contracts on twenty-five "problems" were soon in full swing.

Meanwhile, since the country was at war, orders went out to all service commands to put ABW—antibiological warfare—operations into effect, both here and at overseas bases. Hawaii and the Canal Zone were deemed particularly vulnerable to poisoning of food, water and milk supplies by saboteurs, and Army surgeons imposed rigid controls.

LIFE LINES

I'd like to write about my youth
A book gay and informal,
But know quite well it would
not sell:
My parents were too normal.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

In this country CWS, now operating through what it called with purposeful vagueness its "Special Projects Division," had established four installations by the summer of 1944.

There was the parent research center and pilot plant at Camp Detrick, Maryland, formerly the site of an obscure National Guard camp and a "cow pasture" airfield near Frederick.

Then there was a plant designed for larger-scale production at Vigo, near Terre Haute, Indiana, and two field-testing facilities at Horn Island, near Pascagoula, Mississippi, and at Granite Peak, Dugway, Utah. The BW germ detectives also got together with the Army Air Forces in Utah to carry out certain realistic experiments with "simulated" germ bombs. Clusters of aerosol (mist) bombs, loaded with harmless but stain-producing organisms, which would spread exactly in the manner of virulent substances, were dropped. The organisms left their trail as they spread, and researchers could trace the results.

The Navy also had its own special project, known as Medical Research Unit No. 1, at the University of California. It worked especially on the problem of how plague could be spread by mist, and, using influenza research as a "blind" for its activities, actually was able to amass knowledge about the spread of influenza that has contributed greatly to development of a flu vaccine in which Navy doctors place high hopes.

Paradoxically enough, as usually is the case when man dabbles in new ways of increasing the horrors of war, civilization already has benefited—and stands to benefit more—from some of the discoveries of BW. In the animal field, a new method of large-scale production of a vaccine that absolutely controls rinderpest—the costly cattle plague—will alone pay for the whole deal. Valuable knowledge also was acquired on control of diseases of fowls.

In the plant field, through learning how to wipe out an enemy's growing food supplies, we discovered some valuable weed killers.

In the human field, we have a highly effective botulinus toxoid, and have advanced our knowledge of cures for anthrax, brucellosis, psittacosis, tularemia and other diseases. Science will benefit greatly by new knowledge in diagnosis and treatment of these cases, and by advancement of knowledge for large-scale production of biologicals which can be used for good or evil.

As Admiral McIntire says, "Out of all this horror will come good."

Working with the virulent agents that made up the basis of BW research was dangerous business despite the brilliantly successful safety measures. "Obviously," says Colonel Woolpert, the technical director, "we weren't handling the easy ones here; we were picking the most virulent." The Army doesn't give combat stars and Purple Hearts for laboratory battles, but, if it did, a lot of them would have been pinned on scientists' white jackets.

An Impressive Accident Record

At the peak, 3,900 persons—2,800 Army, 1,000 Navy and 100 civilian—were working in CWS's Special Projects Division. The accident rate was impressively low: only sixty cases—and no fatalities—of proven infection caused by accidental exposure to virulent BW agents.

Frederick, Maryland, a pleasant little town of 16,000, was a satisfactory home for a secret project. The town minded its own business in an admirable way. Even the local help, employed to hammer together the buildings and sweep the floors, didn't gossip—or, at least, not to any harmful degree. "We thought they'd been making colored smoke for airplanes," says A. T. Brush, editor of the Frederick News.

What is the potential strategic importance of BW as an offensive weapon? Such authorities think it limitless. As one pointed out, you can brew concoctions with germs "1,000 times more deadly" than poison gases; you can't see them, smell them, taste them or detect them, except by cultures, and, by the time you get suspicious and make a culture, half your population might be dead. Even General Waitt, the Chief of Chemical Warfare Service, a zealous advocate of the efficacy of poison gas since the last war, concedes that BW's potentialities are "far greater" than those of the "orthodox" poison gases.

General Waitt has firm opinions on BW. "I believe it to be a practical form of warfare which has great potentialities," he says. "Our nation cannot afford to neglect it.

"It is so futile," he continues, with obvious impatience, "to talk about the horrors of gas and biological warfare, and then condone atomic warfare. It is neither consistent nor intelligent.

"I am entirely out of sympathy with talk about the humanity or inhumanity of a weapon. The thing that really is inhumane is war. Furthermore, if you can outlaw a weapon, you can outlaw war."

Vice-Admiral Ross T. McIntire, Surgeon General of the Navy, agrees with General Waitt on BW's importance, but he is less pessimistic about the possibilities of defense against it. Rear Admiral Harold W. Smith, Chief of the Research Division under Admiral McIntire's Bureau of Medicine & Surgery, feels that BW is such an uncontrollable weapon, offering hazards to the invader as well as the invaded, that it would be used by an enemy only as "a weapon of desperation."

Also, Admiral Smith points out, an enemy hardly could use it in his own country as a weapon against an invader, because the danger of epidemic to his own population is too great.

The cost of BW research in this war, it is estimated, was under fifty million dollars. BW, compared with the cost of other weapons—the two-billion-dollar atomic bomb, for example—is relatively inexpensive.

That, also, is the great danger of BW in the hands of a poor, have-not nation, which could not afford an atomic bomb project.

THE END

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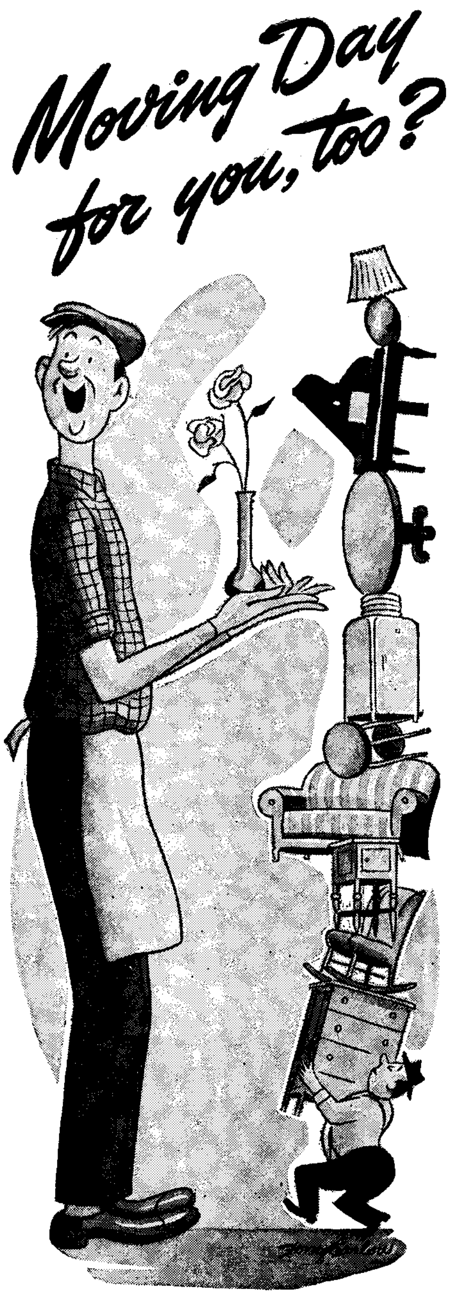
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When the Lilacs Bloomed

Continued from page 29

visit her when she was in Florida last January."

"But if it was only company she wanted," said her father, "why wouldn't you have done just as well? No, she didn't send for you. It was Lee. She's always wanted Lee." Then he said a thing that Lee was not to forget. "It's the easy way—the easy way I choose to live and want Lee to live—that's so hard for her to take."

Then Lee heard her father kiss her mother—a stone kiss, like that of mortal and angel on a gravestone; heard the coffee grounds swishing from the pot at the sink, the kitchen screen door sing.

Mrs. Caradice came upstairs. Lee could follow her busy motions in the adjoining room, the rustling of a dress, the black leather purse clicking open and shut. Getting ready, Mother was, to stand ankle-deep in Mr. Korf's fresh sawdust to buy the Sunday roast.

"I'm just leaving," said Mother, prying the door open with her head. "I *wondered* if you were awake."

"Yes," Lee said.

"Oh, dear—that hair of yours! It's up on end."

Lee laughed. She had a bushel of it, and after a night of wallowing, she knew she looked terrifying.

"Need a shearing," she said.

"You speak to Grandmother today—I'm sure she—"

Lee, attempting a yawn, looked cross. "No," she said. But she was grateful her mother had said "speak" to Grandmother, not "ask." Lee would do neither, would not need to. Grandmother George's eyes were sharp. Lee's last argument with her mother had settled roots that were holding firm. Never again would Mother likely say, "But, Lee, darling, Grandmother George can do so *much* for you."

That word. Much. It was the peg on which hung their differences. How could one live to do, not simply be, if encumbered?

"She talks to me on the phone every day," Lee's mother said. "I think she wants you to come out early today."

"Of course," Lee said.

Until she heard her mother again downstairs and shutting the front door, Lee did not throw back the bedcovers.

All the town was quiet this morning, purring like the wide river, mud-colored, mud-slow at its feet.

Lee felt tranquilly dopey. The sun collared her neck as she hung from the bedroom window. A young Negro boy with the odd name of Painter Trueblood had been hired by her father to dig the garden. He wasn't beginning yet. The dull spade held clenched in his hands was like an awkward dancing partner. Painter wore a round felt skullcap; with his sleek, shut face, he looked like a mushroom. On the frail, gray-brown stem of his body, he stood growing in the patch of garden.

"What're you going to plant, Painter?" she called down.

"'Taters, Miss Lee." He did not stir. Lee waited. There were things that must be done; he to his digging, she to washing, getting ready to go to her grandmother's. Now it was good like this, under the sun, to do nothing, be nobody. And yet grow. Be.

In Painter Trueblood's stillness was the peace that lay forever within reach. The dark boy, the girl with the wild hair—they were not needfully aware of themselves; they were a study in time, a breathing roundness on the deep, deep path of living, like the river, centuries old in its scar on the earth.

Lee felt the moment new and mysterious as a drop of rain, a cold lick of dew.

She chose clothes that would not irritate Grandmother George. Wore a hat, carried a purse, pulled on stockings instead of socks and loafers. I can please her in small things, she thought.

She looked as if she were going to church as she boarded the single-track car line that stitched through the long town. The bell was merry and the car windowed gay yards and viny sheds and arbors, glass-aproned stores and the bustling railroad depot and the fountain-pen factory.

Grandfather George, the third and richest of Grandmother's dead husbands, had left her a house so newly built that it was difficult to believe that anyone lived in it. Three blocks from the end of the car line, it drew sickly, transplanted trees and a hard gray wall to its virgin breast; its lawn seemed to have been dyed afresh each morning. A fine, sensible house it was, but crowded by too many flower beds and burgeoning shrubs and ornamental pink crabs and cherries, clipped yews and stunted pines.

Mrs. George came to meet Lee on the walk. With her bleached skin and hair and painted nails, she halted in a pose, looked no older than an ivory image unearthed from an ancient tomb. She bent only to take her granddaughter's kiss.

"I *knew* I heard the car," she said, clutching Lee closer. "It squeals so when it turns." Immediately she was craning neck and head to the side garden where she kept a man fighting the soil and feeding her expensive collection of plants and bulbs. "Things are beginning to look better," she asked, nervously, "aren't they?"

The house and the garden—the garden most of all—she never felt looked entirely right. Recently returned from a Florida of hibiscus and bougainvillaea, to her the Northern spring always seemed drab—too pastel. She craved color. Color and youth. She admired the bigness and brightness of things rather than spirit or perfume. Rather than essence.

Mrs. George examined Lee closely. "Well, it's soon to be over, eh?"

"What?"

"School I mean. Then I can see you every day."

For some time Mrs. George had appeared jealous of teachers and books, of discipline that was not hers. Once she had tried to argue Lee into giving school up, wanting her to live the winter with her at Hollywood Beach. It seemed to her unreasonable—unnecessary—that Lee should like being one of the better students. It was dedication to ideals that she could not comprehend, and what she could not understand she likewise persuaded herself had no real existence.

"This graduation—it's always a big affair, I suppose."

Lee's brow widened. "Oh, yes," she said.

"Your hair—"

Lee laughed. "You and Mother notice the same things."

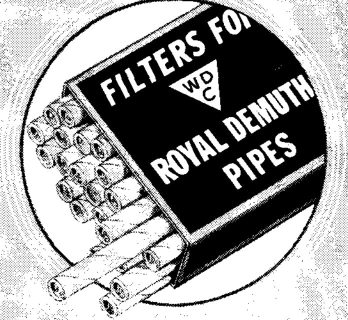
"We can notice a haystack," said Mrs. George.

The bright downstairs rooms of the house were of a design; with Grandmother passing through them, they disclosed purpose. The interiors were like those of a museum; the current exhibit was of the history of personal comforts—silky chairs low to the floor, commodes, footstools, rose carpeting—Grandmother the aggregate jewel of the collection.

"I'll get an appointment for you at Mrs. King's," Grandmother was saying, still on the subject of Lee's hair. "There's a new cold wave I tried—you'll have to have that—"

Lee accepted without resignation—Mother would be pleased, and she made the mistake of saying so.

"Your mother!" Mrs. George showed the tip of her tongue like an ill-tempered Pekingese. "What about your *father?*" He was her son; they no longer chose to quarrel frequently because they no longer chose to put themselves in each other's way. Mrs. George persisted in bitterness that her son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"chose" his oddly valiant, plodding poverty. "Doesn't your father ever notice how you look?"

She had never understood why such men had children. She herself rolled like a puppy in Lee's beauty. The Caradices were a plain lot—Lee was the reward of two generations, and not to be wasted.

"I've got something to show you!" Mrs. George was gone from the room only a moment.

The box, covered with silver paper, was enormous, and she tore off the silver ribbon without unknotting it.

"It even *smells* of New York," Mrs. George exulted as she dived into the sheaths of protecting tissue paper. "I sent for it."

It was a long, white, full-skirted dress—a cloud, a gay thing. Lee looked at it, held against her grandmother's jiggling body, almost with awe.

"But what for—"

"For graduation, silly!"

"But we're making our dresses in the sewing class," said Lee, gravely. "We've agreed all to dress alike."

"Good heavens! Why?"

"But that's how we do it—in a public school. That's the way we want to do it."

"But you *won't* do it. Why it's insane. Here's the loveliest dress I could find in New York—"

"But I *want* to look like the other girls, Grandmother. I do!"

"But you *couldn't* look like them, no matter how hard you tried."

She was so frantic that Lee was intensely sorry.

"There's the graduation prom. I might wear it there. But I'm not sure. It depends—it depends on the other girls."

"I simply cannot understand you," said Mrs. George.

I know, Lee wanted to say. But she was dazzled by the dress. She did take it, held it against herself, twinkled in the long mirror in the hall.

AFTER lunch, after Grandmother's nap, and then the game of Russian Bank, Lee said she must go home. They walked through the side garden where Mrs. George wanted to inspect the work going on.

A horrible thing was happening. The gardener with a heavy ax was crudely hacking down a long row of lilacs.

"They have to go," said Mrs. George with almost brutal satisfaction. "They won't bloom."

"But they're so tall."

"Nothing helps. Not a bud on them this year." It was a mistake, and she was obliterating it. She must have the biggest bloom possible or none at all. Nothing in the garden would satisfy her that did not do its stated best.

But it seemed to be the gardener who was now having the fun.

Briefly—as the man wiped sweat from his neck—a murderous glare passed between mistress and gardener. Then he took to his work again. And it was the lilacs in their innocence that cracked to ruin. . . .

Mothlike, the brief weeks passed.

There were wonderful hours. Lee and her friends—Barbara Jean Cox and Jane Underwood and the sleep-loving Ruthie—rocked on porches, they strolled down the riverbank, they sat on damp benches in Bienvue Park. And across the open space of the park would come the boys, like Indians, whooping at them. There was no steady pairing off. They had reached above the wild games of the younger ones at the drinking fountains, and had not yet strayed to the pier where moon-loving couples shared arms and secrets and public kisses.

Together, with or without boys, the girls taunted a late ten o'clock on a midweek night, pushed one another through the screen door at Hunt's, ordered Cokes, broke straws, leaned over as at a pool, sipping.

"Two lemon, one plain," repeated Deeky Hunt, grinning eagerly, his white coat speckled with chocolate sirup.

"Imagine me," said Lee, "not even *doing* my trig." Wednesday night. Bravely senior. And safely passed, for the Commencement List had been posted outside Miss Damon's office that afternoon. Safe, safe, all of them. Even Billy Carman, who'd worried her with that D in English.

No one heard her. Barbara Jean, without a gesture, held the prospect of Deeky Hunt, as she did every boy, shook it like a cold egg in a hen's nest.

"Lord, I may even have to ask *him*," Barbara Jean said, wanly.

"Don't be desperate," said Ruthie, shutting her tan eyelids. "I'll import a boy for you. I've got enough cousins over in Boxville to give us two apiece. Some of 'em a bit undersized, though, I admit."

"Lord, I wish they'd call off the prom this year. It breaks my heart—some of the boys still away."

Which awed them. An indifference so Olympian; it was shocking anarchy: for the prom was the one high moment—the long dress, the corsage, the lights and decorations in the gym and the loud music of an out-of-town band. . . .

"I suppose your grandmother is having open house?" Ruthie said to Lee, her eyes narrowed with pride that touched envy.

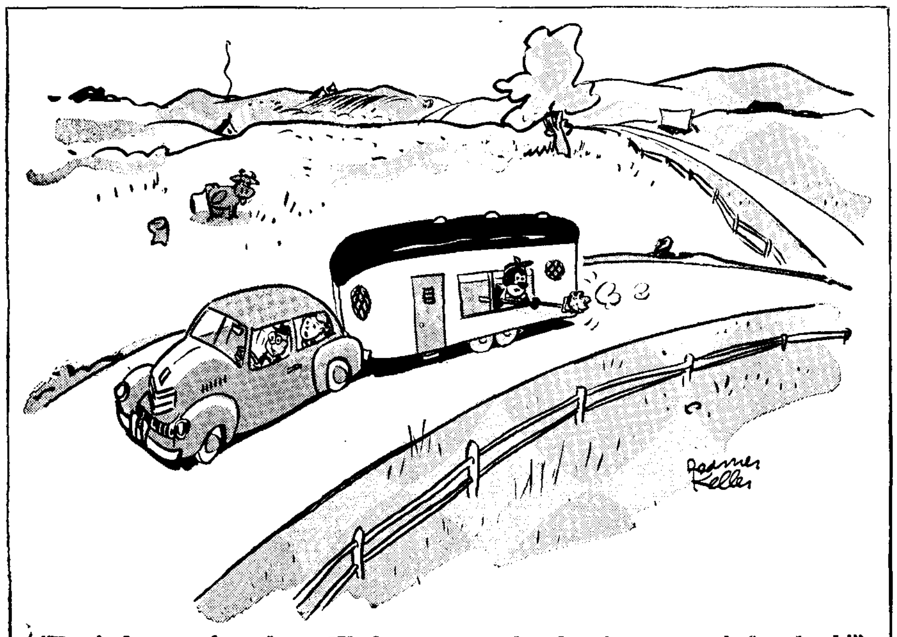
"She hasn't had *that* idea, thank God," said Lee.

Ruthie yawned.

"Oh, you—*you!*" said Lee. Sleep was disgusting. "Let's go. Let's see what Jane's doing. Let's not go home. Not yet!"

"Ja-a-an!" they howled outside. "Oh, Janie dar-r-ling!" Down the street, singing. But when they reached the Underwood house, Jane's bedroom light was out.

Another walk on the riverbank. A moon



"Don't drive so fast, dear. We have to pay the cleaning woman's fare back!"

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Keeps her
On the
Lovely side

Sun worshippers! Cast the spell of your SKOL Tan on all who see you this summer . . . use SKOL! Become gloriously SKOL Tanned, *quickly!* With SKOL you acquire your golden-bronze SKOL Tan not in tedious weeks of building up a tan—but in a few days.

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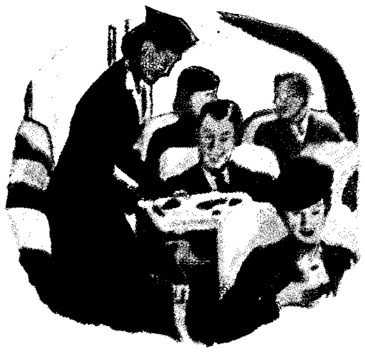

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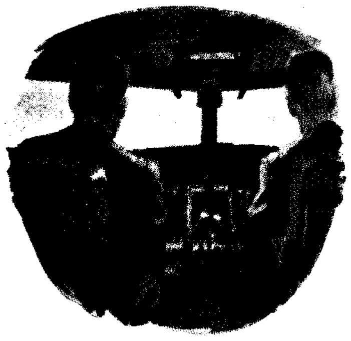
300 M. P. H. You're there before you know it, thanks to war-developed Pratt & Whitney engines and jet exhaust thrust. Reversible pitch propellers permit plane to taxi to and from passenger waiting station and thus speed loading. Ease of maintenance saves time, too!



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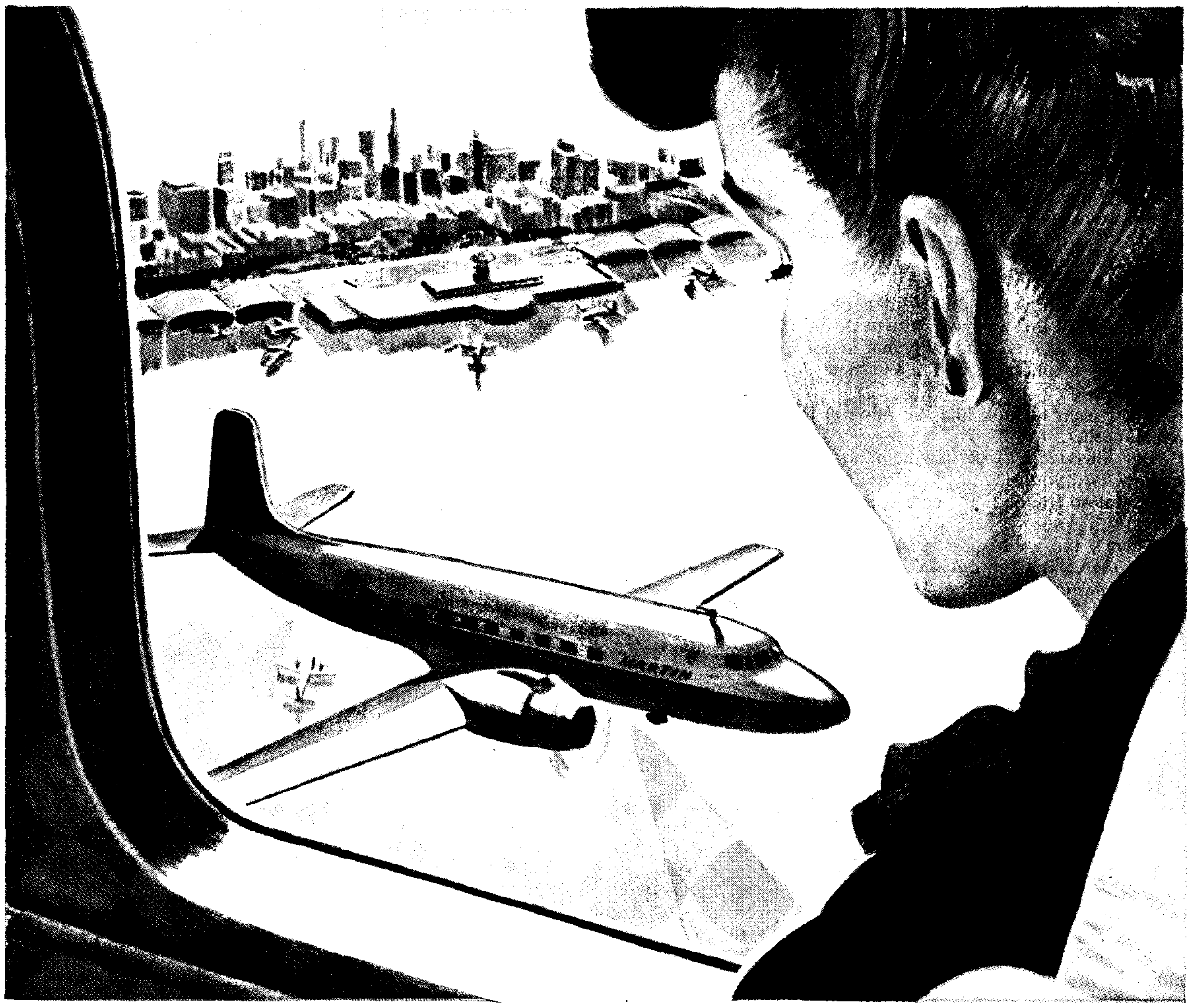

Yes, you're going places quicker when the new Martin transports enter service on the nation's airlines early in 1947. For these high-speed skyliners will drastically cut present schedules. They'll offer push-button comfort, millionaire luxury, at a cost anyone can afford. And these planes will provide double-checked dependability, thanks to radar, automatic pilots and a host of other war-born developments. To get there quickly, comfortably, economically, FLY . . . via Martin airliners! THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, BALTIMORE 3, MD.

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spangling the water. Hours and hours.

And next day, in classes which seemed trifling and silly—teachers too kind to be irritated—the dream continued. . . .

A note from Billy Carman stuck into the grill of her locker. “How about the movie tonight?”

“Yes!” underscored three times. And, teasingly, Lee imprinted a lipstick kiss on the folded note before she went down near the door of the boys' gym and mailed it back to him.

IT SEEMED later than usual that night when the movie was over. The main street was mostly dark and Hunt's drugstore, their usual after-the-show haunt, was locked.

“I feel crazy,” Billy said. “I don't want to go home. I don't think I can sleep.” He rubbed the freckles on his nose; they were an unfading constellation. “I think what I'd like to do is get a boat and take a row on the river.”

It was the hour which caused such a whim to be fantastical, but these were days and nights unhinged; the eccentric marked the deviation of all other nights, other springs—even other calm, mature lives.

“I know of plenty of boats, but what about oars?” said Lee.

“You'd really do it!” Billy exulted.

She began to insist on it.

“The oars I know are all locked up,” Billy said. “But we don't need 'em. There's an old wreck back of Anderson's garage. The current'll keep us close to shore—and I'll hook a clothes pole.”

Night touched the water; water flowed under the night, solid and unlighted by star or moon. Only a sprinkle of lights from the town remained constant and messageless, like pinpricks in a blind.

“Oh, I never, *never* thought it would be like this,” said Lee, exulting, though not without interruption, for the leak in the loggy old hulk kept her busy with a can. She soon had to take off her moccasins and socks, but they were already wet.

“One night I was out here,” Billy said, his white hair an undistinct blob, like a floating face, “I went to the island.”

“Alone?”

“Yes. Funny thing. Once I wanted to be alone, all the time. I never wanted anyone around at all.”

“Not even another boy?”

“No. I just thought I didn't like people. I didn't trust them.”

“What could have happened to you to make you that way?”

Perhaps she was too uncomplicated, but she had never felt like that; no bucking energy had ever mounted up in her that had made her hate another person. Things, perhaps. Cantankerous, obstinate *things*—or yourself. Perhaps she had always been too easy on others, had thought herself too imperfect; beyond the shell of self-love, she supposed, there was for some people a world of evil-doing and evil-making.

“Nothing—nothing—” Billy was saying. “Haven't you ever been *afraid* of people?”

No, she hadn't. Had never, singularly, been afraid of herself, of what her self seemed to be.

They were drifting. Billy pulled the pole in, laid it along the bottom of the boat. The water came in more slowly; she was not so busy.

They did not touch. Could not touch, although it seemed right they should. Not the idle hand-holding in movies, the affectionate pushing a boy gave a girl, roughhousing under the lights in the park.

The gentleness of breathing. The quiet—impenetrable closeness.

She wondered: Did she love him? She had never had such an exciting awareness of a boy, had never had such wanting. And such not-wanting, too, for this was perfect. This was a moment when she was sure of Billy's feelings as well as she had ever been sure of any creature's before. And it was not a matter of closeness or distance. Had she tried, had she *wanted,* she could have had this pleasant, continuing sensation with everyone. With Painter Trueblood in the garden digging. With her grandmother, a little cruel, a little more than unhappy, solitary and purposelessly vengeful in her glittering doll's house.

“You know—” Billy said.

“Yes?”

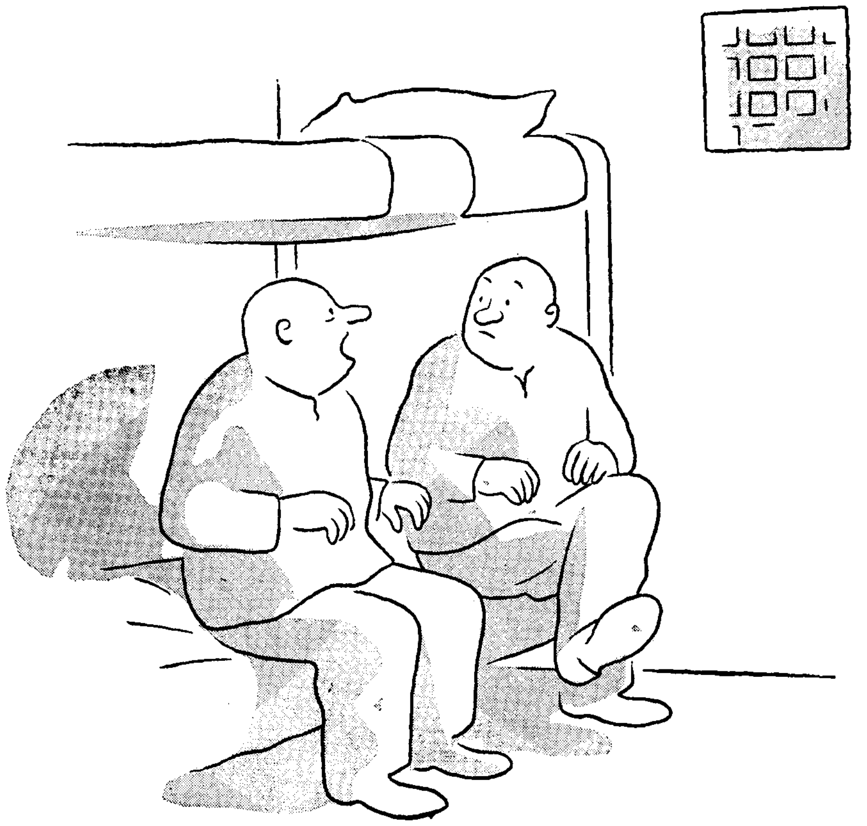
“We—the gang—we made that vow. We said we wouldn't go steady with anybody until we graduated. We sort of made an agreement.”

“Yes.”

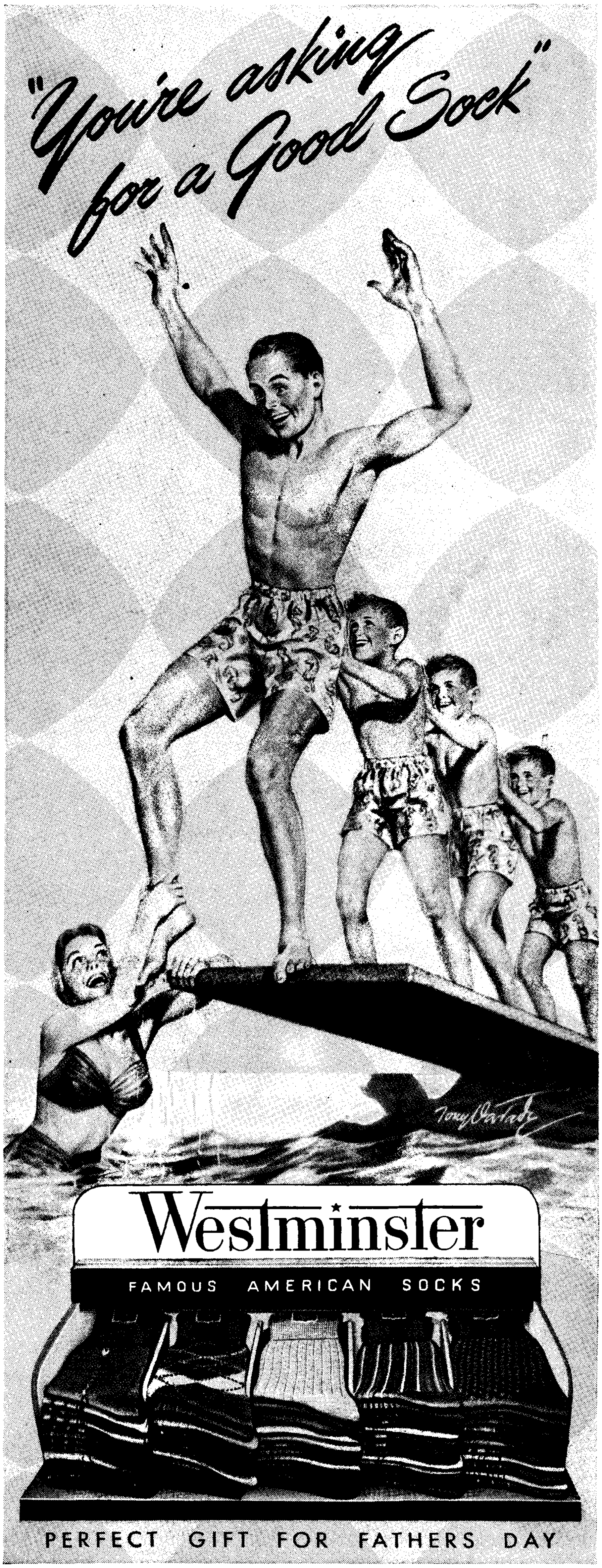
“Well, I don't want to change anything. But when I go away next month—I'd like—I'd like to *be* steady with you. I mean, I wish we could be steady about writing letters. I—” She could hear him struggling to speak; her heart could not be still. “I'd like to hear from you. Often.”

The last was said casually.

But it was only his way, a boy's way, and



COLLIER'S “It began as a friendly argument. I said ‘oversight’ and the Office of Internal Revenue said ‘evasion’” CHON DAY


“You're asking for a Good Sock”
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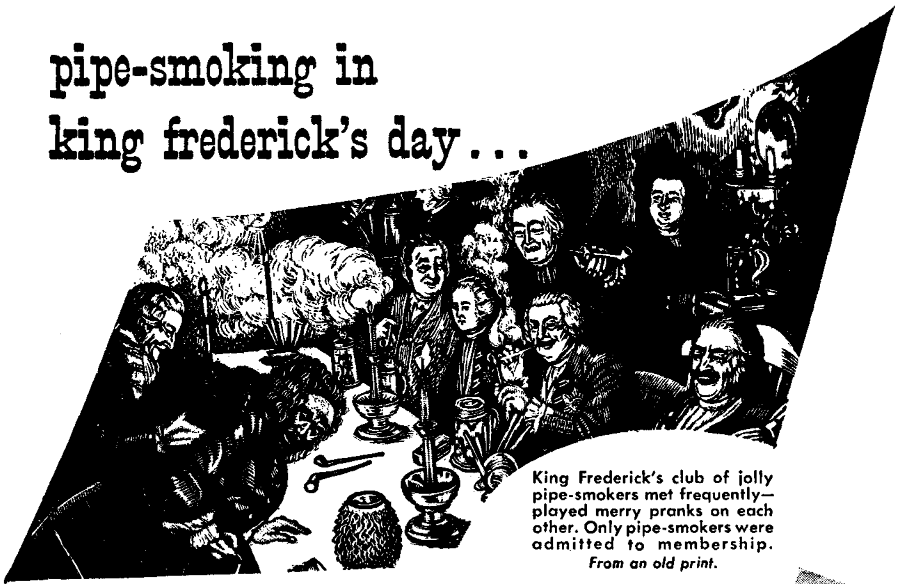
PERFECT GIFT FOR FATHERS DAY


pipe-smoking in king frederick's day...

King Frederick's club of jolly pipe-smokers met frequently—played merry pranks on each other. Only pipe-smokers were admitted to membership.
From an old print.

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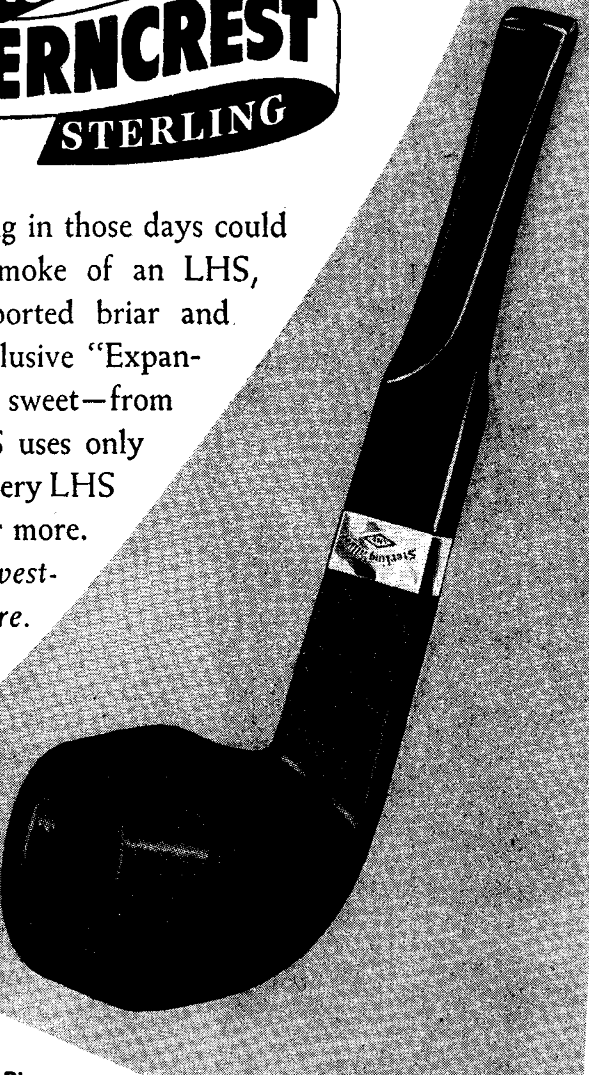

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it made her glad, not only that she promised, but also that she was kissed. The first moment on the shore, she with cold, bare feet—an awkward kiss, a boy's kiss. And it was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to her.

They did not even notice that the old boat floated off once they left it. They never saw it—no one ever saw or heard tell of it—again.

LEE'S father said, "Well." Then he looked at the noisy old clock on the mantel. He shook his head, not at Lee, but at time—at the black, inexorable hands that were time.

"Oh, dear—" said Lee, inexpressibly shocked. Shocked at her changed self, for hours had passed, she was still not sleepy, and she could not understand sleep or rest when peace was what she had.

"Your mother went upstairs hour and a half ago—"

"I'm sorry. But it's the last weeks, Dad. It's almost over. School's almost over."

"I waited up," said Mr. Caradice, like a man at the telegraph office, officially and coldly and professionally penitent. "Your grandmother called—about an hour after you left. She said she was lonely. She wanted you to stay with her tonight." He sighed, a curl of amusement in the corner of his sad mouth. "But I think it's too late now."

Lee still wondered, as she always had, that her father referred to "your grandmother" as he did; she knew that once there had been a serious quarrel; the chill of it always came in his voice—and it was disinterest as well as chill that still remained.

She curled herself at his feet. She was no longer a little girl, could no longer be one. Yet, in this way, she and her father were closer; there was no one else, not even Mother, for whom she felt an affection that was a spark that could make a fire.

She was now thoughtful. The seen distances were illusion; the unseen was vast and beyond the boundaries of reason. But between her and her father there was no space at all.

Once, she was remembering, the counting of a thing had been the greater part of understanding: the number of bricks in the front steps; and once, when very nervous, waiting to be called for a spelling recitation in the sixth grade, she had counted her coral beads. Seventy-nine. Exactly.

Now she counted the moments until she and her father would be brought unalterably together.

"How is your grandmother these days?" he asked, suddenly. "She's well, isn't she?"

"She's always well," Lee said. "Dad—I—we're going to have trouble with Grandmother."

"I don't want any more battles," he said. He sounded tired.

"There won't be," Lee promised. "I'll handle it."

"How?"

"Just easily. Just by being me. That's really all there is to it. I'm not going to wear the dress she bought me at graduation. That's part of it. She's given it to me, but I'm not wearing it. I don't want to be—to look different. I only want to be like the others."

"Did you tell her that?"

"Oh, no. It wouldn't do any good."

"What else can you do?"

"Well, she's talking about Maine in August. I won't go."

"You don't want to go?"

She smiled. "Of course, I do. But I'm never going to let her know."

"Then what?"

"Then—nothing."

"But all next summer—and next winter. What if it gets boring—if nothing happens?"

"What are the other girls going to do?" said Lee, simply. "I want to find out and I want to be unhappy the way they're unhappy. That's why I want to be like them."

"My mother," he said, "has a way of getting what she wants."

"Oh, no," Lee told him. "She never gets what she wants. She gets only what she has."

He was surprised—and a bit delighted. He wanted to know how she knew this. But he was a quiet man, and found quietness vaster by never making questions. If there were answers, the answers came unasked.

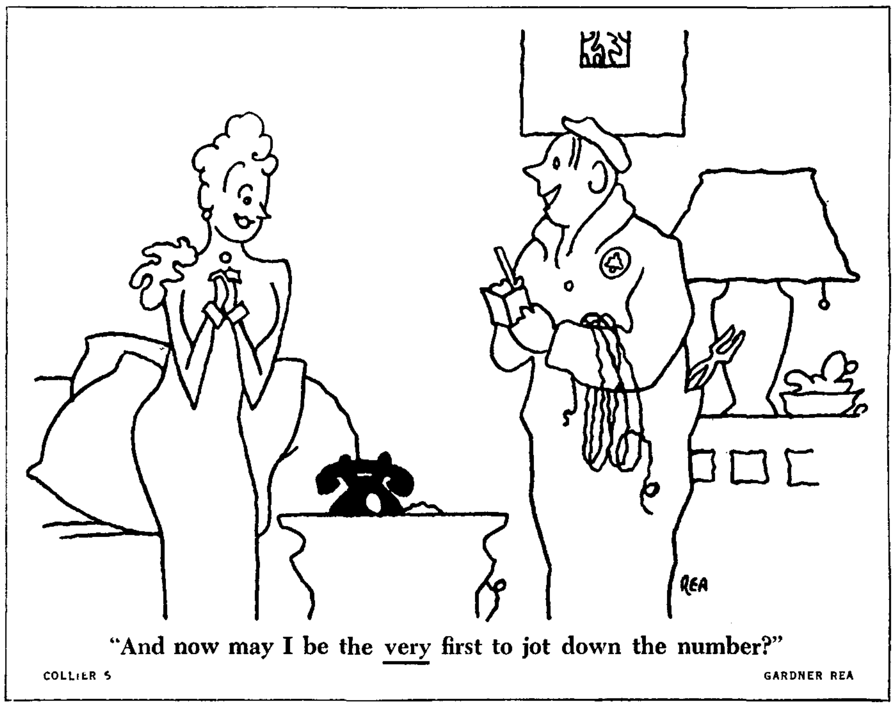
He reached over his head and turned out the lamp. "Why, look," he said, "there's a moon."

"It came up an hour ago," she said. "Didn't you know?" Then she kissed him and went up to her room, and in moonlight she undressed and then, still wondrously sleepless, she hung her head out of the window.

THE garden was finished, laid out in plots, ready to be planted. Painter Trueblood had left the spade like a black finger with a shadow standing at the end of the path. The tumbled earth wore a sweet smell, but stronger than that was the lavender scent of lilacs, thousands and thousands of them, blooming in all the back yards of the town.

Which was curious, Lee thought, which was curious. For the lilacs were gone, were brown, dry little hands in the leaves. And then she knew it was her memory bringing the lavender scent to her. And it was this kind of memory that she would always want, always have. The lilacs were gone, yet she could still have them, for they had been this spring, and she had lived it, lived it as it had been found.

THE END



"And now may I be the very first to jot down the number?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

WOMEN ARE CALLING IT—

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THE DRIVE THAT SHIFTS FOR ITSELF

American women like to be *smart* . . . in more ways than one. They like to drive a car that's smart in appearance, really new and smooth in styling . . . a car like the new Oldsmobile illustrated above. But women—and this goes for men as well—also feel that the "smart" way to travel is the *easiest* way. And that means Hydra-Matic Drive. Oldsmobile owners everywhere are enthusiastic over this famous "effort-saving" feature which General Motors has perfected. It saves them from gear shifting . . . *because gears shift automatically through all four forward speeds.* It saves them from clutch pushing . . . *because there isn't even a clutch pedal in the car.* The *new* Hydra-Matic Drive, with war-born improvements, makes *all* driving easier, safer, and infinitely more enjoyable—for men and women alike. It is offered, optional at extra cost, in all models of the new Oldsmobile . . . the *smart* car to drive!

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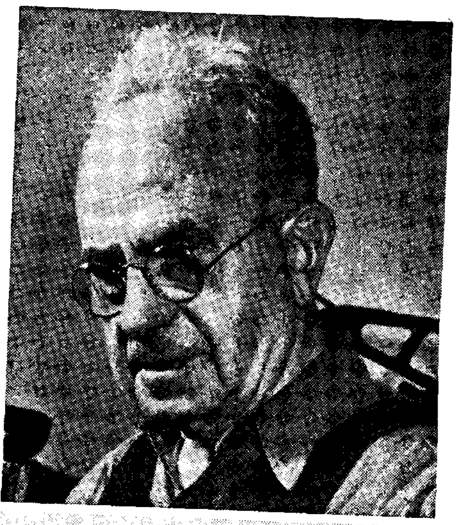
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Ralph Weeks, one of the leaders of Scranton's drive to buy its closed war plant, thinks the city's people "did the common-sense thing"


Charley Digerlando, who has run a little shoeshop on Hyde Street for thirty years, bought $200 worth of bonds to reopen the war plant

SCRANTON BUYS ITS

Like many another United States city with its big war plant shut down, Scranton needed jobs. So its citizens dug up the money, bought the plant and reopened it

SOMETHING has happened in Scranton, and the people start talking about it as soon as you get off the train. The old Pennsylvania coal town is the first community in the country that has bought up its idle war plant and put it back into operation.

It wasn't the city that bought it, nor the banks, local industrialists or leading citizens. It was the people: thirty-five hundred Scranton families put up the price for the peace-throttled property in an attempt to put their men back in jobs. While the government and the country's largest corporations are stalled in debate over what to do with most of our $16,000,000,000 worth of surplus war plants, Mike Reilly, Louis Kornfeld, Mrs. Ed Price and the other friendly, plain people of the Lackawanna Valley settled the problem in their town. They put up the $1,200,000 it took to buy Scranton's surplus war plant from the government, and it's back in operation today, turning out stoves, bathtubs and kitchen sinks for peacetime living.

Where did the money come from? Out of the city. Worthington Scranton, of the family that came to the valley a hundred years ago to set up a forge, put up $50,000. There was $100 from Janice Edwards, young civil service worker whose husband Ed was killed in action with the Eleventh Armored Division in Germany. There was $200 from Charley Digerlando, whose little shoemaker shop has been in the same location on Hyde Street for 30 years. Mike Reilly, the custodian at the county courthouse, put in $100; so did Mrs. Price, who's been doing her housework from a wheel chair for 30 years, and hundreds of Valley people like them. Of the 3,500 new owners of the plant, every one a Pennsylvanian, 2,000 put up $100 each.

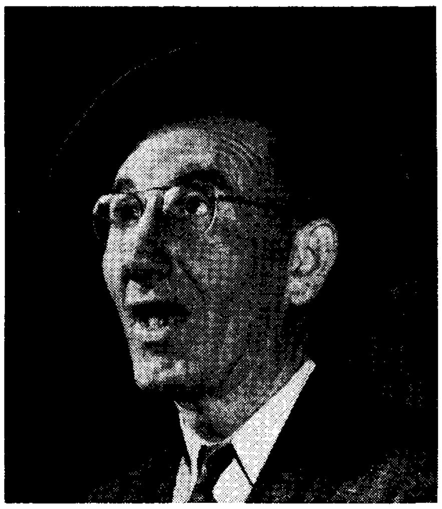
Six months ago it looked impossible to buy that plant; some of the smartest and richest men in town said it couldn't be done, and the banks didn't want to touch it. But the citizens of Scranton did it anyway.

Scranton can be proud. Its people not only put their own surplus war factory back in business; they lighted a beacon for other communities across the land, which are puzzling the same riddle of

Mike Demech, head of the UAW Local, worried about the jobless-ness that peace would bring, so on V-J Day he sat down, wrote a letter

"There certainly has been a change in this town," said Chris Colovos. "It was wonderful to see Labor and the commercial men work together"

Dave Markowitz, who runs a drugstore, knows that 3,500 extra jobs in Scranton will help his business by making more possible customers



Clarence White, of near-by Jessup, helped raise $19,000 during the drive. "Men at the plant brought $4,000 a week to our town," he said

OWN JOBS

BY SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

idle war plants and growing pools of idle men. At the war's end, U.S. taxpayers owned some 1,300 surplus industrial plants, representing 20 to 25 per cent of the nation's entire industrial capacity. This $16,000,000,000 in government-owned factories (over $1,000 for each man, woman and child in the United States) ranges from vast projects like Geneva Steel in Utah, the important Castle Dome copper plant in Arizona, the Dodge plant which sprawls over 35 Chicago city blocks, to modest buildings attached to larger plants.

Taking just the airplane factories, the government built or converted 350 plants at a cost of $1,500,000,000—and only 14 of these will be retained for the armed forces. Of the rest not many more than 30 had been sold by the spring of 1946.

Almost three fourths of the government's surplus plants consist of big operations: factories that cost more than $10,000,000 apiece. Besides aircraft and steel, they produced for war's needs magnesium, aluminum, jewel bearings, paperboard and paper products, machine parts, precision instruments, petroleum products, copper concentrates, radio equipment, metal castings, hundreds of other types of now scarce and badly wanted materials.

A handful have been restored to operation. Recently leased to Henry Kaiser was the government-owned aluminum plant and rolling mill near Spokane, Washington. Reynolds Metal Company took over the vast aluminum reduction works near Bonneville Dam. Willow Run and one other plant are preparing to turn out automobiles; an engine plant is now making tires; an airplane automatic pilot factory will produce candy and chewing gum; an engine parts plant, toys, and so on. These few show what can be done with the facilities now lying fallow from New England to California.

But the national headache is not only how to get the plants humming again, but who will run them. Most require large corporations to convert and operate them, but if all were taken over by the big fellows, it would further concentrate ownership of production. Should they be scrapped if they are not absorbed by private business, as some manufacturers suggested in a survey by the National Industrial Conference Board? But many towns need and want the pay rolls they furnish. Should the government itself run them? But that would be state socialism. And there is only one Henry Kaiser.

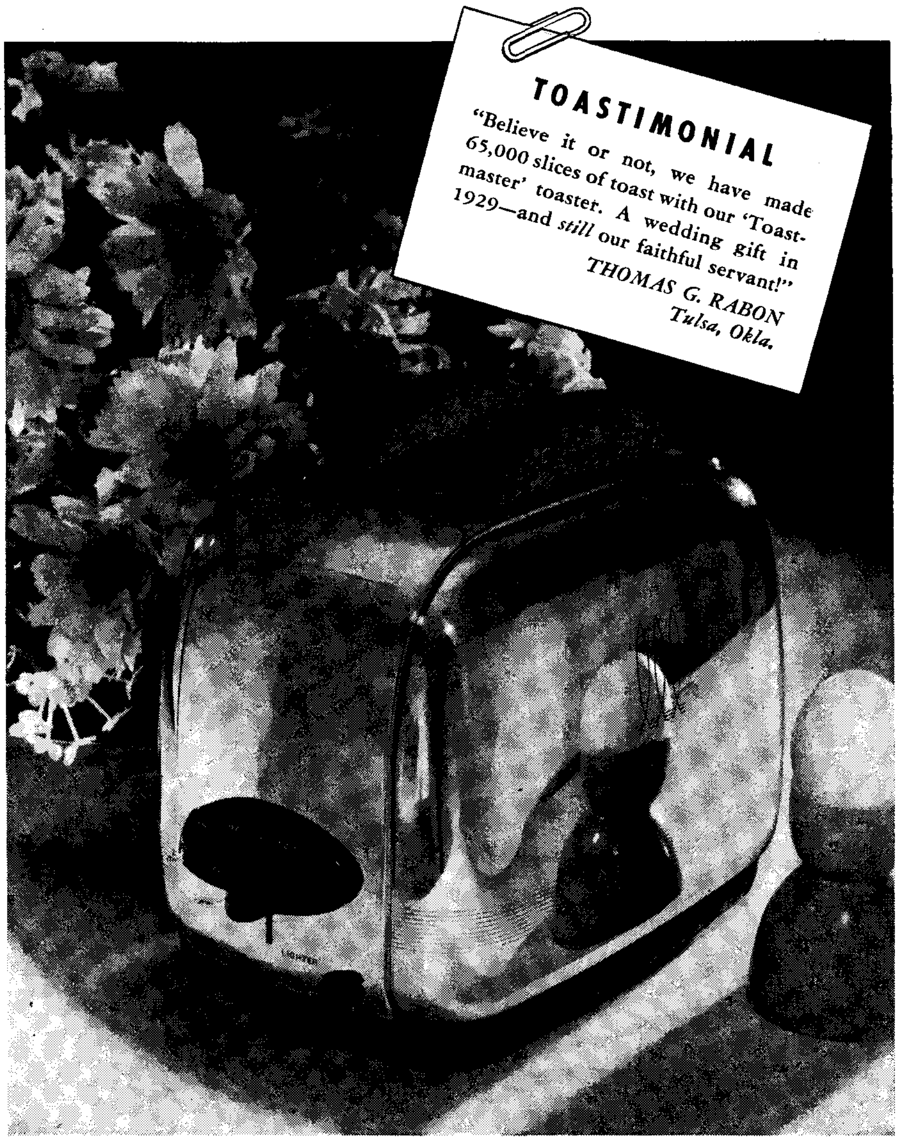
Because the people of Scranton waited for no legendary Henry Kaiser to solve

(Continued on page 52)

Valley people like Mrs. Ed Price, who has been doing her housework from a wheel chair for 30 years, put up the money that bought the jobs

O. E. McGregor, president of the Chamber of Commerce, arranged the meetings which first got the plant operators interested in staying

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN



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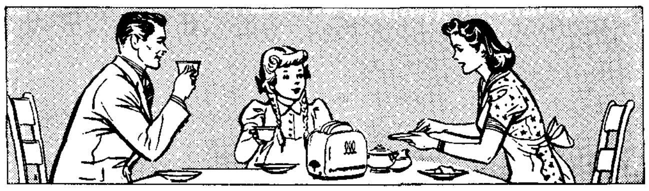
Perhaps your dealer can't supply you yet—but be patient. Though the demand is still far ahead of us, our production is steadily increasing.



BREAKFASTS ARE FAMILY FEASTS...WITH
TOASTMASTER *Automatic Pop-Up Toasters*

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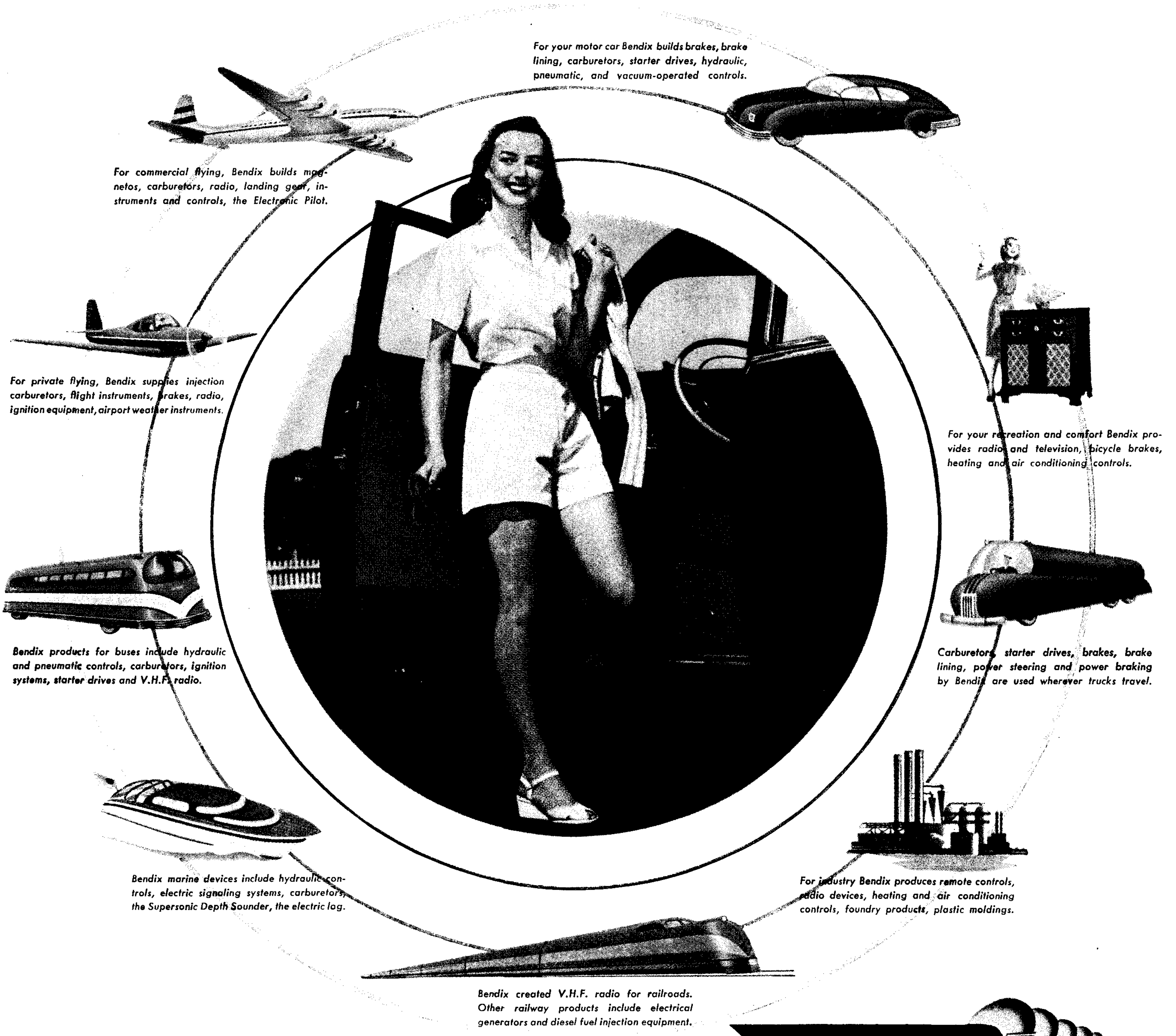

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First in Creative Engineering

Take Care When You Say Hello

Continued from page 19

said. "A table to stuff the dragon on and somewhere to mix paints. The first week I'm on trial, for free. If I sell twice as much of the new shade of nail polish as you've ever sold in a week before, you have to hire me."

He looked over her head. He was considering. "There's a room in the basement we used to store shoes in . . . a table could be moved down," Maverick said. "There are two windows. You'd have daylight."

She had won. Her heart leaped up joyfully.

Audrey said, "Fine. I'll need cotton for stuffing. Things like that."

He nodded.

THE waiter arrived with her food. Happily Audrey shook out her napkin. Then she glanced up, and caught Maverick regarding the steak hungrily.

"Have it," Audrey insisted. "Order me another."

Maverick smiled. He had a charming smile. Smiling, all the self-consciousness left his face. He shook his head. "I haven't time."

Audrey laughed. She caught sight of her mother and George Nathan making their way to the table. "You'll have time, Mr. Maverick! Because now you'll have to be polite to my mother. My mother and your mother," Audrey added in a stage whisper, "are best friends."

"My gosh!" Maverick said. A slow dull flush touched his cheekbones. "What's your name?"

"Woods."

He rose hastily. Audrey popped a potato into her round mouth. "Mother, Mr. Maverick. Mr. Nathan, Mr. Maverick."

Manfully George shook hands. George was somewhat bandylegged, but he was tall enough and rugged enough to offset that. He removed his hat, bowing mildly for Audrey, a twinkle in his nice sheep-dog eyes. A ridge showed in the black hair over his ears where his hat had rested. He looked forty, and he was frankly forty.

"Mr. Maverick," Lola Woods repeated, raising her eyebrows playfully at her daughter. "But we always call him Ken, Audrey Jean. Don't we, Ken?"

Audrey said, "I work for him now."

"How nice." Lola Woods sank into the chair Ken Maverick held for her. She turned her whole attention upon him. "I do hope it will keep her out of mischief. And how is your mother, Ken?"

"Still in California with my married sister."

Mrs. Woods thrilled: "I heard she had twins. Your sister, I mean, Ken."

Maverick nodded, sitting down.

"Wonderful, positively wonderful!" Lola Woods said. "And your father never came back from Alaska?"

"No." Maverick motioned for the waiter.

"Poor Kenny. He hated the store," Mrs. Woods said, managing somehow to be more youthful than her daughter. Her hair was the color of snow. Her hands were smooth and small and delicate. "He skipped off to Alaska and left you as a hostage to your grandfather. Poor Kenny!" Mrs. Woods shook her head sadly. "Audrey Jean, do read me what's on the menu. I'm starved."

George said, in his deep voice. "You ought to get glasses, Lola."

"Really, George," Mrs. Woods protested. "You know I'd look horrid in glasses."

"My mother was the same way. Vain," Ken Maverick said softly, under cover of what Mrs. Woods was saying to George Nathan.

Audrey grinned. "Terribly vain."

"Do you really want her to get glasses?" Maverick asked.

"Do I," Audrey groaned. "I have to trot after her and read price tags. I have to read menus. When I don't, George does."

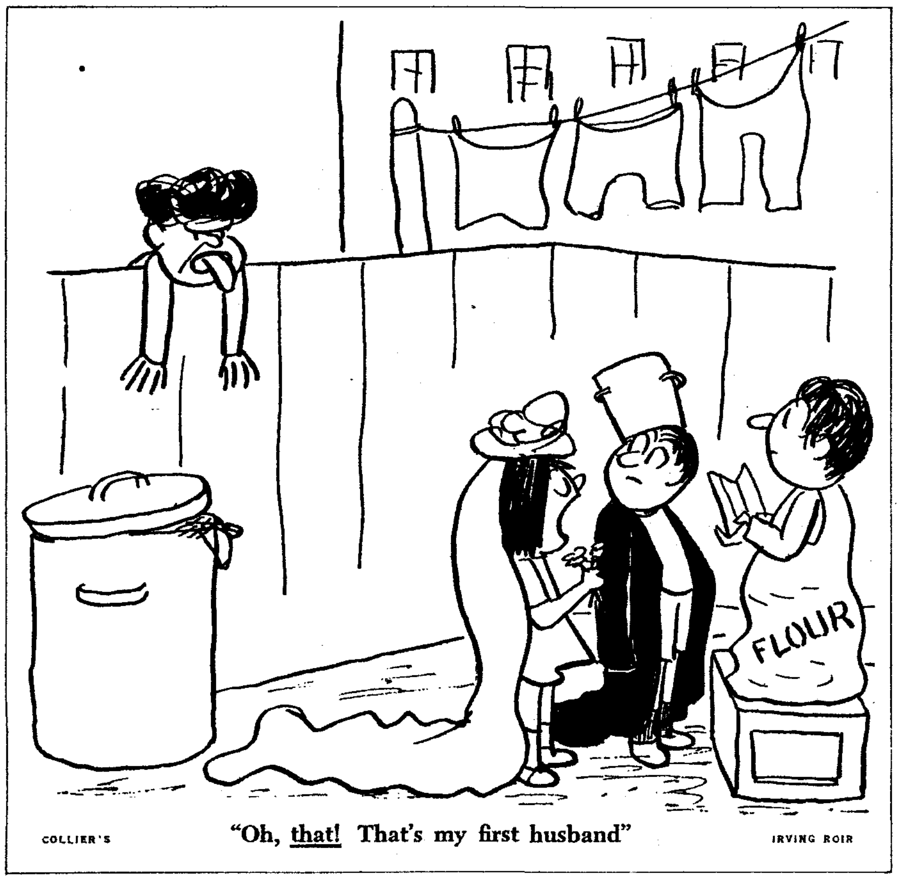
Maverick said, "Watch this." He forestalled the waiter's innocent distribution of menus with a gesture. "You'll have to read it. The lady there can't."

The waiter clucked his tongue wisely. "Never you mind, lady," he said; "there's fine things besides reading." And he read the menu off.

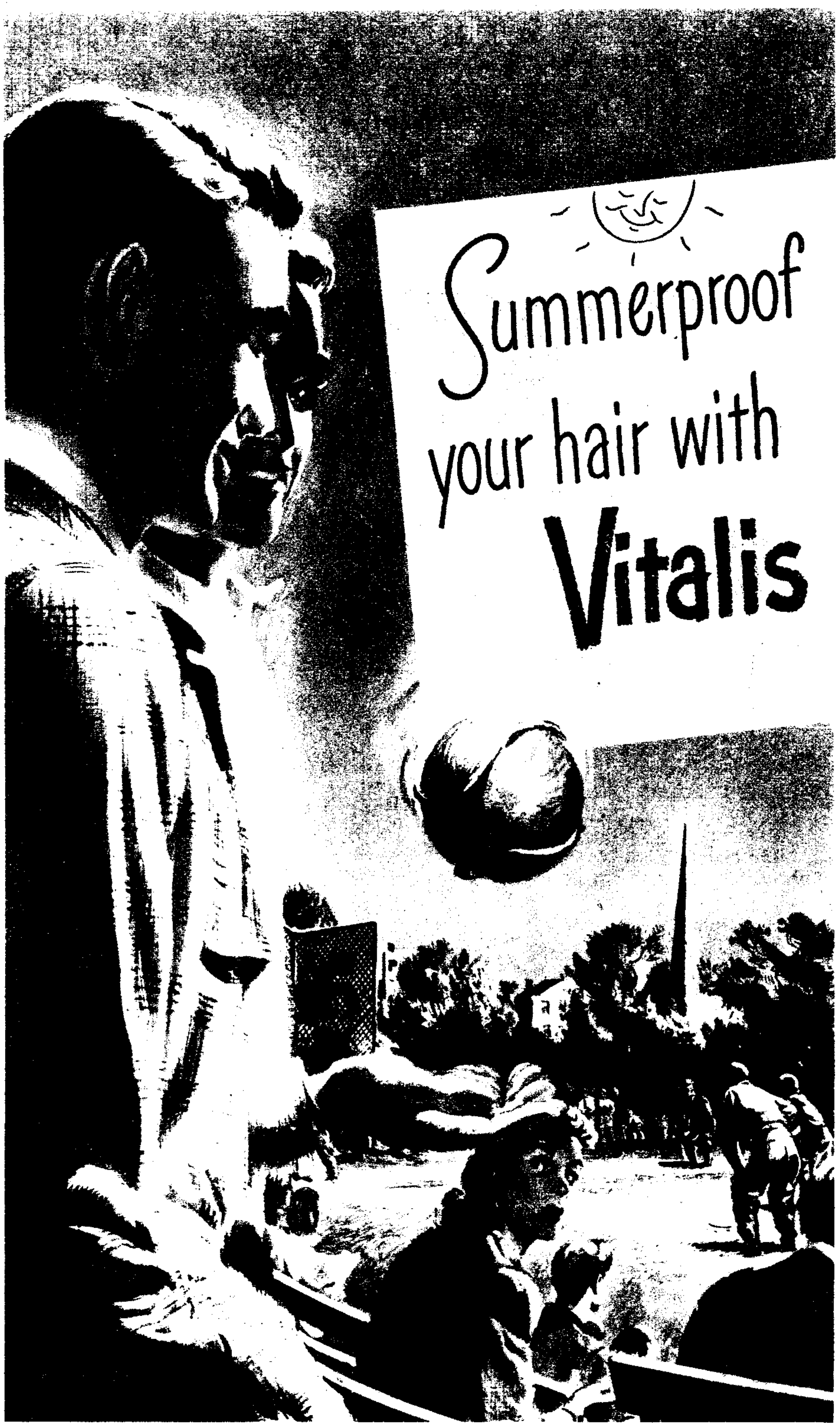
Lola was furious, but all that showed was a very icy glow in her eyes. Audrey had to bite her lips to contain her laughter.

They all had steaks. Even Maverick ate heartily.

"Ken," Mrs. Woods insisted, "you must come and spend the week end at the ranch. You can bring Audrey home Saturday. Won't it work out nicely, Audrey Jean?" Mrs. Woods did not remember her peeves very long. She was shrewd, shrewd beyond words; she was using Maverick now to get Audrey home safely for a week end with



COLLIER'S "Oh, that! That's my first husband" IRVING ROIR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George. Audrey understood that, and wanted to be angry.

She was only amused.

Nevertheless Maverick was almost too much for Lola; "I'm sorry, Mrs. Woods. But it's store policy not to mingle with the help."

"Help!" Mrs. Woods made her eyes wide. "Really, Kenny. I am not help, even if Audrey is."

Maverick's eyes went to Audrey, and then fled quickly back to his plate. "Besides, I'm busy," he said.

"You're too busy." Lola Woods laughed her little tinkling laugh. "You're positively peaked, Ken. I'd hate for your darling mother to see you."

George said mildly, "You'd better come."

"George, he will. Of course he will," Mrs. Woods decided gaily. She looked at Audrey triumphantly.

Maverick would come, Audrey knew. Maverick was unsubtle, simple and practical; when the waiter brought the check he signed for it quietly, waving George's really sincere protests aside. That was Monday.

THE next morning Audrey went to work. She did not see Maverick. His secretary, Miss Tillie, had been informed about her and gave the proper chits so that Audrey could get materials. Nothing happened in the store, Audrey discovered, that Maverick was unaware of. People everywhere quoted his opinion. His opinion, expressed shyly by his help, suggested that Audrey was mad—but pretty.

Audrey swallowed that.

The first entire day Audrey spent sweeping out cobwebs and washing the twin alley windows in the basement workshop which was far removed from everything. She actually had to approach it through a tall tunnel of stock boxes. But that did not matter. Nothing mattered. She must prove that she could stand on her own.

Tuesday Audrey worked, and Wednesday and Thursday and Friday. She drew the pattern for the pink dragon, bent over her worktable, alone; she cut the pattern out of heavy muslin and painted it in a fairy manner, in a manner Kate Greenaway might have envied. That had to dry. Then Saturday, Audrey worked up in the store making ready for the dragon; she drew jade-green Chinese characters on the posts facing the cosmetic counter, Chinese characters expressing good luck and long life.

Not once did she see Maverick. She was so engrossed that someone had to remind her to go to lunch. Then she remembered: she was lunching with Monty Garrett. Monty Garrett was new in town, and fun.

Not stopping to scrub off the paint properly, she ran every step of the way to Mike's. Monty caught her wrists. "Whatever have you been doing, Audrey?"

"Painting."

Monty had a small brown mustache. A cattle buyer from Kansas City, he had bought cattle from her mother several weeks ago; and thereby gotten acquainted with Audrey.

He kept her wrists there on the table-top, regarding the childlike unwashed blobs of paint, and asked her if she wouldn't please let him look after her from now on. It was a proposal.

"You're sweet, Monty. But, no."

He shoved back his straw sailor. "Honey, you wouldn't be stuck here. I'd take you to Chicago for opera in the fall. I'd build you any kind of house you want," Monty pleaded. "I'd cherish you and—and—"

Monty wanted to lean on her. She kept her face very still. She felt humble and somehow lost, yet all the while laughter bubbled in her. It was so funny; it was so funny she wanted to cry. . . .

The afterglow of the proposal stayed with her all afternoon. She worked like a beaver, and when she came out the side entrance of the store, she was startled to see Ken Maverick parked there. His chestnut hair shone in the sunlight.

He reached across and opened the door of his battered old convertible for her. The top was down, and under the mud and dust it was probably cream-colored.

"I'd forgotten," Audrey said, slipping into the seat. "This is Saturday evening, isn't it?"

"You're mother hadn't forgotten." Maverick drove with quaint recklessness; it surprised her. "Your mother wrote me three notes."

Audrey said fondly, "Mother is deadly."

"All women are deadly," Maverick said. "They're built that way. They have to know how to get things, and they keep the family intact. It's men who are idealists. Men know that the world goes round on ideas."

Audrey was only half listening. They passed the bus Audrey would otherwise have ridden home on, and she waved at some of the passengers she knew. Then she settled back, giving herself up to the motion of the car, through the hot June evening. "I haven't seen you around," she said.

He said, "I've been in St. Louis, buying."

Audrey said, "Nobody mentioned it."

"Nobody knew it." He must have turned his face toward her because his voice altered. But she wasn't watching; her head thrown back, Audrey was looking up at the whirling, moving, geometric cloud puffs in the sky. "My grandfather always told me that when the cat's away the mice will play," he said.

"I'm all for the mice, Mr. Maverick."

Maverick said, "I wish you'd cut out that Mr. Maverick stuff."

She was almost dizzy watching the restless clouds from the speeding car. She said faintly, "I suppose this is the way you feel when you fly alone over the earth."

"Over ocean," Maverick corrected. "I was a Navy flier. Two years."

Audrey taunted: "Who ran the store?"

"Aunts, cousins. I live with 'em."

"In a great house on the only hill within a hundred miles. I suppose you have diamond-studded footstools and inlaid-gold bathtubs," Audrey said.

"My grandfather," Maverick said carefully, "came here in '83 on a railroad gang. He got in a fight; his clothes were torn. There wasn't a store to buy new ones in, so he decided he'd open one for the territory. He went to see the railroad superintendent to ask permission. Happened," Maverick said, warming to his story, "that he saw the superintendent's daughter who was visiting her dad. That was my grandmother. They started the store together, ordering things out of a catalogue."

Audrey hugged her knees. "I would have loved that." She looked at him directly. "Tell me about flying alone."

HE TOLD her. He talked well and earnestly. They went from flying to Shelley, to baseball, to chocolate ice cream. They discovered they liked chocolate ice cream, and April as a month, and rain, and gray as a color. "Except gray beards," Audrey giggled. "They tickle."

"My grandfather's always did," Maverick said, "when he kissed me." The slow flush spread over his cheekbones. "When I was a very little boy."

I'm glad, Ken," Audrey nodded soberly, her hair streaming in the wind. "I was afraid nobody'd kissed you when you were a child."

He noticed the name. He noticed the tone.

Their talk went on. It was rare good talk. A magic grew between them. They were friends.

The Woods ranch house lay low and rambling, set away from the highway, in a clump of dusty cottonwoods. Maverick pulled the car around in back.

Audrey shaded her eyes against the sun. She saw three horses saddled in front of the barn.

"Would you like to ride, Ken?"

He said stiffly, "I don't. Never had time to learn."

"Swim?" Audrey grinned at him eagerly. "We've dammed up the creek there near the barn. It makes a fine swimming hole."

"I can't swim either."

"Well—" Audrey was at a loss. "We'd better go in and find mother."

Her mother was in the screened summer

kitchen, in the midst of making strawberry jam. The sweet tangy flavor was everywhere. Her mother gave them both her hands, greeting them at the screen door. She sent Audrey a veiled look. "You did come, darling. You didn't stay in town after all." She added, delighted, "How nice, Kenny!"

The cook was stirring the bubbling copper pot but Mrs. Woods was capping berries. She managed to look cool and wonderfully clean, sitting down again in the cane rocker.

George was there too, in his shirt sleeves, and capping berries. "George, I told you he'd come." Mrs. Woods fluttered her delicate hands.

"Mighty glad to see you, Maverick," George said politely. But his nice sheepdog eyes followed Audrey.

Audrey collapsed in a little heap on the floor in front of her mother's lap, and began capping berries. "Darling, how nice of you to help," Lola Woods approved. But don't sit on the floor, Audrey Jean. You'll be so stiff you won't be able to dance a step with George at the Munsons' tonight."

Maverick cleared his throat. "I'd like to help," he said, and when he had been provided with a knife and a pan and a chair and a frilly apron he asked, "What dance?"

"A real old-fashioned square dance," Lola Woods said, smiling. "They have one in the neighborhood every Saturday night, Ken. George is taking Audrey."

Maverick glanced up from his concentrated effort. Wind moved his short damp hair. "Who am I taking?"

"You may take Mamma," Audrey said.

AUDREY'S spirits revived at the sound of the music from the Munson barn. There was a fiddle and a concertina. There were always more men than women, so Audrey and her mother were welcomed gleefully. Audrey wore a little basque dress, brilliantly copper-colored. Audrey was the brightest thing there.

For hours and hours, it seemed, she danced. The dances she especially enjoyed were the three dances with Ken Maverick. He said little, but there was the magic between them.

Finally George got hold of her. "Let's sit this one out," George suggested. He mopped his flushed face with a white handkerchief. Gratefully Audrey acquiesced. Then a little warning bell rang in her head, but being ready to drop, she ignored it. They found some feed bags spread out on hay in a dim corner and sat down. Audrey's small foot tapped to the music.

George Nathan asked her to marry him. He said all the things she had known he would say. He said that he loved the ranch. He said that he loved her.

"Oh, George, no. No!" Audrey said. "George, hush. Please hush."

He swallowed hard. "But your mother wants it. It would be so practical, Audrey. Maybe you're just fond of me now but I assure you that marriage . . ."

Monty wanted to lean on her. George wanted to own her.

She fled. She was not aware at first that Maverick was following her. When she saw him, she slowed down, and they walked toward the corral. There was a large lemon moon. Audrey said furiously, through her teeth, "If you ask me to marry you, I shall scream."

Maverick laughed. It was the first time she had heard him do that. His laughter was a low chuckling, confident, easy, sound.

THEY halted. Audrey leaned against the corral rail. Maverick stooped slightly, and kissed her. He kissed her gently, then altogether thoroughly, keeping his hands in his pockets.

"You've had practice," Audrey said. She got her eyes open. Furies of delight were still racing up and down her spine.

Confidently, he said, "Half the girls in the state have tried to marry me."

She put up her face. "Again," Audrey commanded wistfully. "I didn't think you mingled with the help, but—"

"Who ever called this mingling?"

George came upon them from out of nowhere. "I needed air myself," George exclaimed. His voice sounded innocent enough.

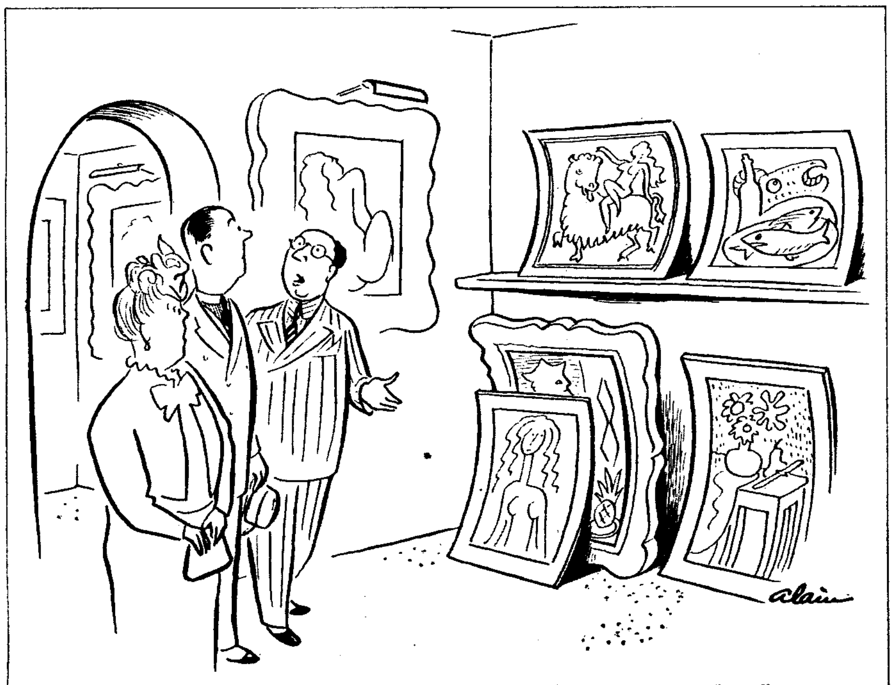
They stood there in the moonlight, awkwardly. George did not go away. Obviously he had talked to Mrs. Woods again. George still thought he had a chance.

That night and all the following day George trailed them stubbornly. Audrey felt that she was on a carrousel. Once, sitting on the bank at the swimming hole, admiring the faint golden down on her knees, Audrey glanced up and caught Ken Maverick's eyes on her mockingly. She looked down hastily at her bare knees. But he was otherwise an amiable, slightly blundering house guest. When he left Sunday afternoon, Audrey complained of a headache. Going up to her room, she fell into an exhausted sleep and slept the clock around. . . .

George and her mother drove her to work Monday morning. They were going in to buy feed. "Have lunch with us, darling. And bring Ken," her mother said. "I want to show him my new—ah—well, darling, bring him."

Audrey maintained a rapt silence. She was listening to something within herself.

By eleven o'clock Audrey had the dragon



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stuffed, and ready to be put up. Rosy with triumph, she hurried upstairs to ask Miss Tillie for aid in carrying the thing. She needed two men, at least.

Maverick was there in his glass-enclosed office. He advanced toward her from around his desk. "I seem to remember," Maverick said firmly, "that I have some unfinished business."

"Ken, Ken! You're conceited."

He said, "Undoubtedly."

Audrey said wildly, "Everybody can see us."

"Who cares?"

She retreated down the hall. Each step toward the elevator he followed her. Audrey noticed that he wore a bow tie. He looked trusting and hopeful, exactly like a choirboy. His face was not stone for her.

"Your hair. Do you know how lovely your hair is?" He made as if to touch it. She escaped into the elevator. He shoved his way in after Audrey.

People were listening avidly, as the elevator descended.

"I need two men, Ken, to carry my dragon to the ledge on the first floor." Audrey avoided his eyes.

"Oh—" Maverick said vaguely, "the dragon."

She had put him off. She had distracted him. Down in the basement, he collected two stock boys and they went, all of them, into her small workroom.

And then the dragon could not be gotten out. It was too big to go through the doorway. They huffed. They pushed. They pulled. It would not budge.

"Didn't you measure?" Maverick asked.

Audrey gasped, "I forgot. I never thought . . ."

"Could you cut it in half, perhaps?"

"No! Oh, no. That would ruin it." Her enormous eyes widened. Her defeat flooded in upon her. "But it is ruined. It's all wasted. All that work, all my plans!"

She wept. She leaned against the wall and sobbed, helplessly.

Maverick gave a quiet order to the boys. "Audrey, Audrey," he objected, "be patient."

"I'm impractical. I've always wanted too much," Audrey sobbed.

A carpenter appeared. He began sawing away at the window frames. "Is sweetness impractical?" Maverick asked angrily. "Is being kind to a small boy, scared and awkward, who would otherwise not have had a dancing partner that first awful evening at dancing school being impractical? Audrey" —he touched the sleeve of her blouse—"Audrey, don't you see? The dragon will go through the window space."

She wept. She wept afresh because now she was hopelessly shamed before Ken Maverick. Monty had wanted to lean on her; George wanted to own her. Ken wanted nothing. Nothing, nothing. Her heart rocked within her. Now she knew that she loved him.

Audrey dodged past Maverick. She ran for the back entrance and the alley and Mike's. She stood a long while in the alley regaining her composure. Her mother and George Nathan were already at one of Mike's tables, waiting.

Tears still clung to Audrey's thick pale lashes when she joined them.

"Audrey Jean," her mother greeted her. "Whatever is the matter? Oh, there you are, Ken. Surprise, Ken! Surprise!" Mrs. Woods laughed her tinkling laughter. Lola Woods was wearing a purple-rimmed pair of glasses. "I got them so that when George and Audrey are married—when! mind you —I won't be in the way."

Maverick said, "Why don't you marry George yourself? He's more your age." Then his inherent politeness asserted itself. "You'll have to excuse us a moment, Mrs. Woods . . . Coming, Audrey?"

AUDREY went with him wordlessly. He led her to the alley again and kissed her. It was such an important thing that they both laughed with a kind of startled joy when it was done, like children caught in the topmost branches of a tree eating the ripest fruit. She collapsed in little pieces against him, a puzzle scattered out of a box, and slowly came together. This was the answer to her eternal hello. This was what she had wanted, this was someone knowing her wholly at last.

"That wasn't necessary," Audrey said.

"But it was nice."

"Your grandfather wouldn't have approved."

"He told me to wait for a woman like you."

She looked at him through her pale lashes. "What kind of woman am I?"

Maverick said, teasing her, "The sort who makes a dragon too big to—"

"And I'm fired?"

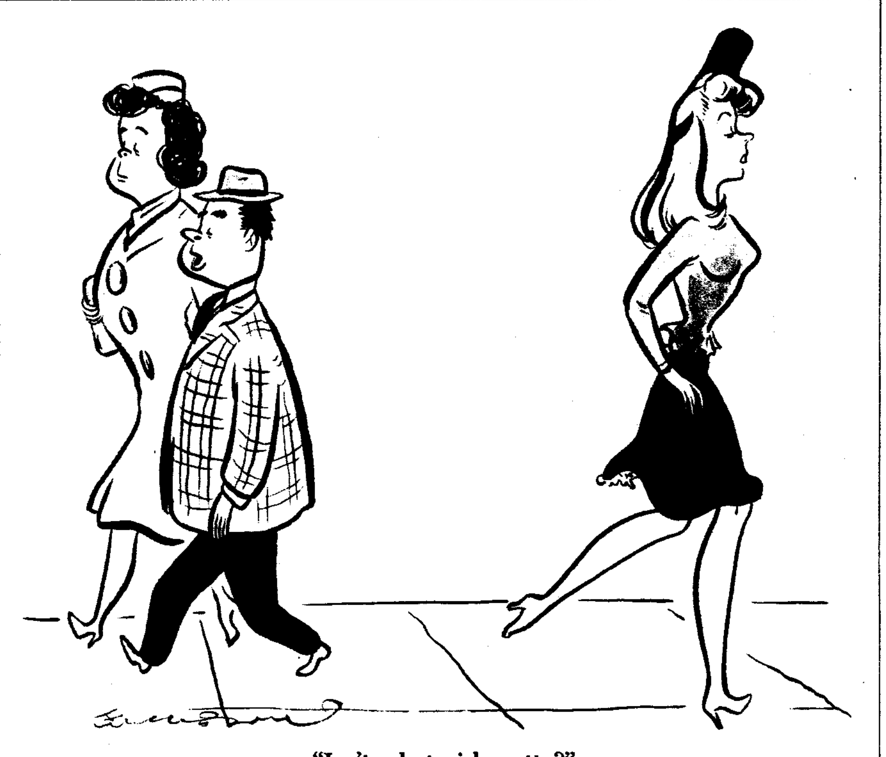
"On the contrary," Maverick corrected gravely, "hired. You aren't," Maverick said, "as impractical as you think, Audrey. When we sawed out the window we found termites."

Audrey repeated, "Termites!"

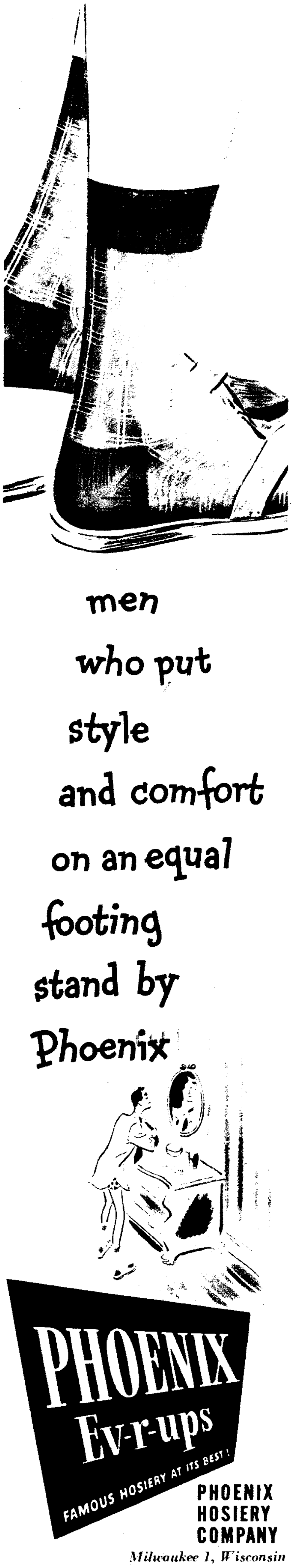
He glanced over his shoulder to be sure no one was near. "Shhh! The building might have fallen to pieces if you hadn't found 'em in time!"

Laughing, they started back toward Mike's.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Isn't what girl pretty?" FRITZ WILKINSON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D-Day on Capitol Hill

Continued from page 17

their action on that legislation, and the voters will then have a chance to send men to the Senate under instructions to repeal any legislation that the people do not want.

There is no way to smash a filibuster but to exhaust the filibusters by forcing them to speak day after day for twenty-four hours a day.

In a very real sense a filibuster is an endurance test. If a majority of the senators really want to free themselves from the dictates of a willful minority they must be willing to take the time and undergo the physical strain that may be necessary to abolish once and for all the filibuster travesty.

If a majority of the present Senate really doesn't want to make that fight, then the voters should start finding it out in the 1946 elections. They should see to it that they send back to the Senate men pledged to make that fight. For my part, I am determined that the fight shall be made. But it cannot be made without the assistance of senators in both parties. It will not be a pleasant fight. But with demonstrated public backing, it undoubtedly would end quickly.

For the Dignity of the Senate

When continuous sessions were proposed as the only effective method of beating the recent FEPC filibuster, the criticism was made that the procedure was beneath the dignity of senators. That, of course, was pure nonsense. Nothing could be more undignified than the manner in which the Senate record is disgraced with long-winded ranting and meaningless talk during a filibuster. My proposal for continuous sessions of the Senate has been criticized as too dramatic. That argument is without weight. It is highly important that this issue be fully dramatized in order to impress upon the American people its vital importance to their legislative rights.

There are two reasons why it is important that the fight to pass an antifilibuster resolution should be waged at the beginning of the next session of Congress. First, it should be conducted concurrently with the fight to establish majority rule in the House in order that public attention may be focused on the same basic issue, namely, the need of democracy in both Houses of Congress.

Second, if the resolution is followed by a filibuster, it will not hold up any other legislation, since none will be ready for Senate action. It would be very difficult to break a filibuster near the close of a session, because the unity of action required on the part of senators is difficult to obtain when so many of them are anxious to recess and go home. It is likewise difficult to wage a successful fight against a filibuster in the middle of a session, since the argument is always made that taking the time to defeat a filibuster blocks action on other legislation vital to the welfare of the country.

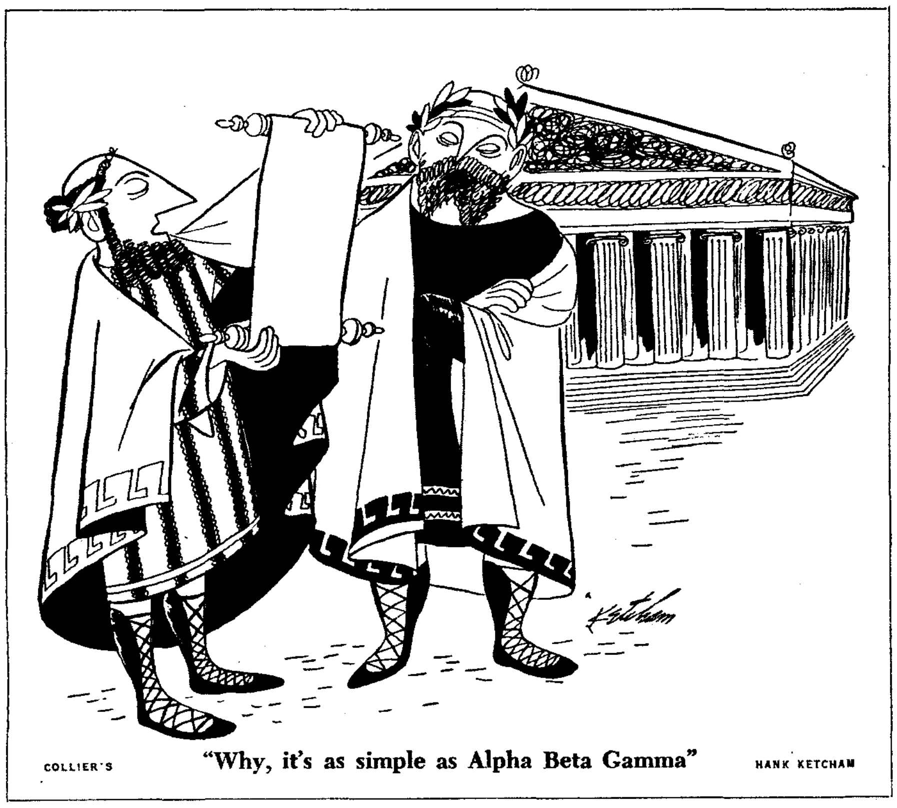
One rule in political strategy, as in boxing, is never to telegraph your punches. But this fight involves more than political strategy. This is a fight to establish the people's rights to democratic procedures in their Congress, and it is important that the people themselves should become understanding participants. Everyone should know months ahead of time that January 7, 1947, or whatever day Congress reopens, will be D-Day on Capitol Hill—Democracy-Day for reasserting and re-establishing majority rule in the Congress of the United States; Duty-Day for all members of Congress to restore representative government to the legislative processes of Congress.

If majority rule is to characterize the procedures of Congress, the voters of this country must make that clear to Congressional candidates in November. Either we are going to re-establish the principle of majority rule in our Congress or we are going to continue to drift into government by minority interests and bloc pressures. This is another test of liberalism versus reactionism.

It is important that the American people recognize that our form of government can protect their rights only so long as they keep it strong and effective. Representative government is not a machine that works automatically. It is but a set of rules and principles which the people by their own consent have decreed shall be binding upon their own conduct. These principles cannot work unless they are administered by men and women responsive to the will of the voters who elected them.

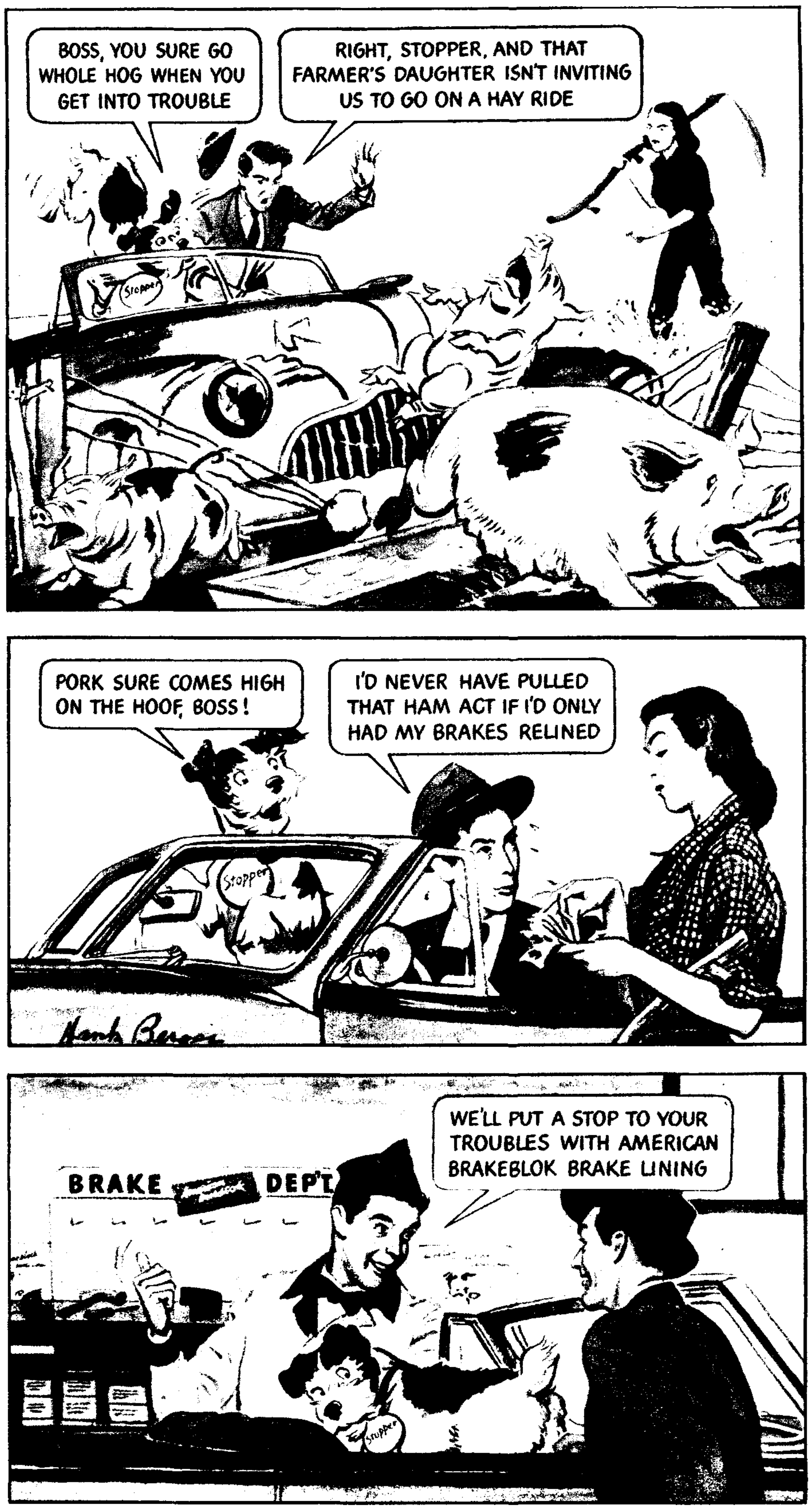
The people must be ever watchful against institutions—like the filibuster and powers of the House Rules Committee—which permit the perversion of free government by self-seeking men. If the people relax their vigilance, they may lose the fruits of democracy which promote the greatest good for the greatest number within the framework of our private-property economy.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Why, it's as simple as Alpha Beta Gamma" HANK KETCHAM

Lesson from a farmer's daughter!


BOSS, YOU SURE GO WHOLE HOG WHEN YOU GET INTO TROUBLE
RIGHT, STOPPER, AND THAT FARMER'S DAUGHTER ISN'T INVITING US TO GO ON A HAY RIDE
Stopper
PORK SURE COMES HIGH ON THE HOOF, BOSS!
I'D NEVER HAVE PULLED THAT HAM ACT IF I'D ONLY HAD MY BRAKES RELINED
Stopper
Hank Berger
BRAKE DEP'T
WE'LL PUT A STOP TO YOUR TROUBLES WITH AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK BRAKE LINING
Stopper

STOPPER SAYS—"If you can't stop, don't start! That's my motto. Why learn the hard way? It doesn't cost much, and it takes only a little time, to protect your car with American Brakeblok Brake Lining—the fine brake lining that many leading automobile manufacturers use in new cars and trucks."

American Brakeblok
BRAKE LINING

AMERICAN
Brake Shoe
COMPANY

Plates out for turtle pie, a specialty of the Bahamas. The pie was baked in the turtle shell by Mrs. Beatrice Devard, champion turtle-pie maker of Nassau

Banquet on the Beach

BY RUTH CARSON

Nassau cooks know how to pamper healthy seaside appetites. You can borrow some of their secrets for your summertime shore dinner

ALTHOUGH Mr. and Mrs. Graham Patmore are a business couple who love to travel and who love to eat, they do not shriek for steaks and chops and good old American ice cream when they visit a foreign country. They'd rather try something new, something they don't get at home.

When the Patmores took a vacation in Nassau, Collier's editors knew what would happen. Native delicacies would surely be the Patmore dish. So we propositioned Mrs. Patmore, who is Marian Stephenson, photographer, in professional life, to do a little work that would help vacationing Americans this summer. How about a beach picnic, Nassau style, with pictures and recipes to show the natives up here how it's done?

Well, Marian loves a picnic. So did the guests she corralled, as you can see from the pictures. Incidentally, they are wearing the latest American swimming suits, which she took with her for the party. Nothing is too much trouble for Marian. Only she says it isn't trouble, it's fun.

One of the high spots of a Nassau beach party is fish chowder, especially a fish chowder with hot sherry sauce, made by Mr. Sam Reming, Chowder King of the Bahamas. Mr. Reming is a gracious colored gentleman of slight build and seventy-some years, who has made chowders for the big clubs and private parties of Nassau almost as far back as he can remember.

Another gala dish is turtle pie. Little individual turtle pies can be made in small dishes, like any meat pie, but if your party is big enough the real ticket is to have the pie made right in the turtle shell. This is just what Mrs. Beatrice Devard, champion turtle-pie maker of the island, whose mother was the island's turtle-pie maker before her, did for the picnic. Mrs. Devard also made some turtle meat balls, heaped up on a big platter under a cover to keep them warm. But they were such wonderful eating that by the time Mrs. Patmore got through with her other pictures, there wasn't even one meat ball left to have its picture taken for you.

Another great delicacy of the island is the conch salad, colorful and refreshing with its mixture of creamy white conch meat, ripe red tomatoes, pale green cucumber, shredded bright green and red pepper, freshened with lime juice and garnished with slices of lime.

No picture can do justice to the Bahama grits served with the turtle pie. Grits are very coarsely ground yellow corn, obtained by putting the dry corn through a grit mill and blowing off the chaff. (The mills used in the Bahamas look like meat grinders, are imported from Connecticut.) Our water-ground corn meal, though not so coarse, would do in lieu of this, cooked up with bacon, onions, peppers and tomatoes into a dry, fluffy concoction resembling rice pilaff.

There was fruit for the picnic, too, and beer and cases of soda pop. The picnic was by way of celebration, anyway, for this was the first beach party since before the war, when beach parties used to be a real part of Nassau life.

A good thick fish chowder is a fine dish for a big picnic party because it can be cooked ahead and reheated on the spot. Chowder improves with reheating. It's inexpensive. It's satisfying, even to appetites whipped up by the sea air. And it's delicious, made the way Mr. Sam Reming makes it.

Mr. Reming has one essential for his chowders which you may have to borrow, and that is a giant pot. His is a fine iron pot lined with porcelain, especially imported from the States. But a less elegant one will do, provided it is big enough. For the picnic party of thirty-five, these are the ingredients he used:

4 good-sized grouper fish, to yield about ten pounds of meat. (We

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARIAN STEPHENSON

Above: Sam Reming, Chowder King of the Bahamas, serves one of his helpers. Above, right: The popular conch salad of Nassau. The decorative conch shell is a favorite doorstop here in the States

could substitute halibut, cod or haddock.)
8 lbs. potatoes
2 lbs. onions
2 lbs. hardtack (Pilot crackers or the like)
½ lb. butter
1 small bottle Worcestershire sauce
1 lb. fat bacon, unsliced
½ lb. salt pork
18 limes (or lemons)
2 cans tomatoes
½ bottle dry sherry
2 lbs. carrots
10 small hot red peppers (2 for chowder and 8 for sherry sauce)
½ lb. flour
Pepper
½ lb. coarse salt
Water

The day before the picnic, Mr. Reming cleaned and skinned the fresh-caught fish. After the bones are removed, the meat is cut into two-inch chunks, rubbed with coarse salt, and sprinkled with pepper. Then it is put in a pan, covered with lime juice, and stored away on ice. Nassau cooks use lime juice for everything. They freshen their fish-cleaning water with it. They squeeze it over salads, over meat balls, over fruit.

The next morning Sam was up early to cook his chowder. Now the bacon and half the salt pork are cut into small pieces, fried until light brown, then removed to a bowl, chopped and put aside.

Into the fat left in the huge frying pan or kettle goes a quarter of a pound of butter. Add finely sliced onions and cook for a few minutes. Then stir in ten to twelve tablespoons of flour, stirring until smooth and light brown. Slowly add two cans of tomatoes, stirring smooth and bringing to a boil. Now half a cup of Worcestershire sauce, half a cup of sherry, two very finely chopped hot red peppers (you could use cayenne instead, or Tabasco sauce), and five to seven quarts of water or fish stock. Season with salt and pepper and stir constantly until it has boiled for a few minutes.

Then the carrots and celery are diced and the potatoes are cut into inch-square chunks. Now, for the final brewing, Sam Reming places on the bottom of his big kettle five or six thin slices of raw salt pork. Over this a layer of fish, a layer of potatoes sprinkled with chopped bacon and pork, a layer of carrots and celery, a layer of hard crackers, and several cups of the liquid concocted above. The rest of the fish and vegetables, in alternate layers. The rest of the liquid. The remaining quarter of a pound of butter, dotted over the top. A slow cooking, until vegetables and fish are done.

On the beach, Sam heated the chowder piping hot again. And he ladled it out himself, making certain that each guest got his full portion of each special thing that went to make up this thick,

Sam Reming cooks fish chowder at home for big parties, carefully blending together over a dozen ingredients. Chowders may stand, then be reheated, enhancing the flavor. This, Sam does on the spot, calling the guests to come get it

30,000 MILES

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delectable brew. Then, into each bowlful of chowder, a dash of hot sherry sauce.

"This sauce is wonderful," says Mrs. Patmore. "All you do is add eight or ten small hot red peppers, whole, to a pint of sherry, and let it stand. It should stand at least a day. It keeps indefinitely, so you can always have a bottle handy in the kitchen. Just leave the peppers in."

We must warn you that Mrs. Patmore is given to hot seasonings. Caution is indicated in following her directions. You can always start slowly, and add more.

Turtle pie and meat balls involve wrestling with a turtle, unless you can get a can of turtle meat. But for those adventurous cooks accustomed to dealing with turtles on the hoof, Mrs. Patmore brought back directions. Mrs. Devard baked her turtle pie in a zinc-lined wooden oven. The following proportions may not be exact, for Mrs. Devard is no cookbook cook. But any good cook knows how to judge proportions as she goes along. Here are the ingredients, more or less, for turtle pie and meat balls for a party of 35:

About eight pounds of turtle meat. Wash in water containing lime juice, cut half of the meat into medium small pieces, salt, pepper, and store on ice until needed. (Save remaining four pounds to be ground for meat balls)

10 or 12 medium-sized carrots, diced
2 or 3 pounds firm tomatoes, skinned
1 lb. onions, finely chopped
2 large sweet green peppers, cut up (1 could be sweet red pepper)
2 lbs. potatoes cut into one-inch cubes
1 hot red pepper finely minced
½ lb. fat, preferably butter, but margarine or vegetable shortening could be used.

Put peppers, tomatoes and very finely minced hot pepper through grinder with coarse blade. Add to bones, skin and any trimmings of turtle meat. Add 3½ quarts of water, salt and pepper to make stock. Cook to reduce to 2½ quarts. (Use turtle soup instead, if your turtle comes out of a can.)

Bring on the Gravy

Melt about 5 tablespoons of butter or fat in a pan. Add half the finely chopped onions, cook a few minutes, add 8 tablespoons of flour, mix until smooth and brown. Stir in the turtle stock, which has been strained through a coarse sieve, bring to a boil and cook for several minutes until it begins to thicken. Add ground turtle liver, which has been cooked as you would giblets for gravy. Season with salt and black pepper to taste, adding more liquid if necessary. This makes gravy for the turtle pie, and also to serve with the meat balls. Partially cook the cut-up turtle meat, so that it will be tender when the pie has been baked.

Fill the turtle shell (or deep-dish pie tins) with the prepared potatoes, carrots and partially cooked turtle meat. Salt and pepper, cover with gravy, saving about two cups of gravy for the meat balls. Top with a good pie crust, and bake in a moderate oven for three quarters of an hour to an hour, until light brown. Serve hot.

This is the way to make the meat balls: Grind remaining four pounds of turtle meat, and add the rest of the chopped onions. Mix in 3 tablespoons of cracker crumbs, two eggs beaten slightly, salt and pepper. Form into balls about the size of a large walnut. Fry until golden brown in foamy butter or fat. Reduce heat, cover, and let stand over low fire until done, about twenty minutes. Place on platter, garnish with parsley, and serve with a bowl of turtle gravy to which is added the juice from the pan in which the meat balls were cooked.

The refreshing conch salad of the Bahamas is easy to copy with cooked lobster meat or scallops, drained in scalding water, if conches are not available. This is the way Gladstone, one of the native cooks at the Royal Victoria Hotel, made conch salad for the party. Ingredients will serve 12:

6 conches (or 3 cups cooked lobster, or scallops)
Juice of 12 limes
2 firm tomatoes
1 or 2 cucumbers
2 green peppers
1 sweet red pepper
1 to 3 hot red peppers (1 if you're American; 3 if you're Bahamian)

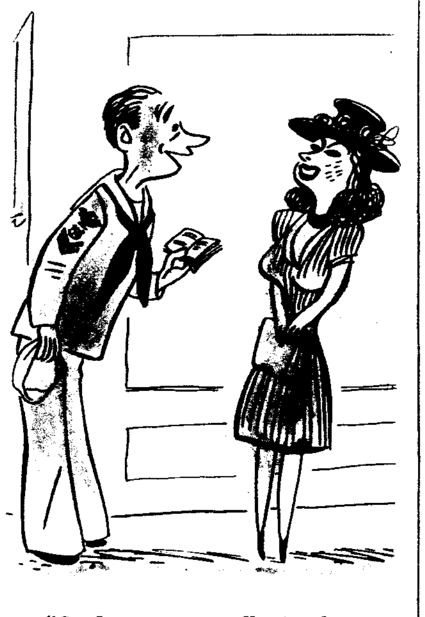
Wash the fresh fish in water mixed with the juice of two of the limes. Cut into small, quarter-inch pieces. Put into a dish with the rest of the lime juice, and mix in:

The tomatoes, skinned, cut into small chunks
Cucumbers, cut into fine quarter-inch pieces (remove seeds if large)
Green peppers and sweet red pepper, finely shredded
Very finely minced hot red pepper (cayenne can be substituted)

Put in refrigerator to chill for at least an hour, preferably two. Serve very cold, garnished with slices of lime.

And now for the corn-meal grits, fluffy and tasteful which Bahamians serve frequently in place of rice or potatoes. Cassie and Mary, the native maids at the cottage where the Patmores stayed in Nassau, made them this way for the picnic:

Put into a pan five or six slices of bacon that have been cut into quarter-inch pieces. Cook until crisp and light brown. Remove from fat. Add 2 tablespoons of vegetable shortening to fat. Add 2 finely chopped onions, cook a few minutes. Add 6 medium-sized tomatoes, skinned and cut into chunks, and one very finely chopped small hot red pepper. (You can substitute a pinch of cayenne for the hot pepper.) Add half a green pepper and half a sweet red pepper, finely chopped. Cook until slightly reduced in bulk, about ten minutes.



"Gosh, are you really LAckawanna 7442? You sound just like KEnwood 3956!"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

Add 6 to 8 cups of cold water, salt, and bring to a boil. Add 1 quart of yellow grits (yellow corn, coarsely ground to about the size of a quarter of a grain of rice; water-ground corn meal will do instead). Bring to a boil again, cook briskly for 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Reduce heat and cook slowly, uncovered, until grits are done, stirring occasionally. Add crisp bacon when you reduce the heat, or just before you take the pan off the stove.

If the mixture gets too thick add a little water. But the end product should be as dry as a rice pilaff.

Mrs. Patmore got specialists to cook each dish for her party. This was a necessity, foraging among new foods. But it is also a smart idea for any party, dividing up the work so that everybody has a good time. Even dishwashing was no chore for the native helpers. They simply dunked the dishes in the sea, singing with joy that the old, happier days were coming back to Nassau.

THE END

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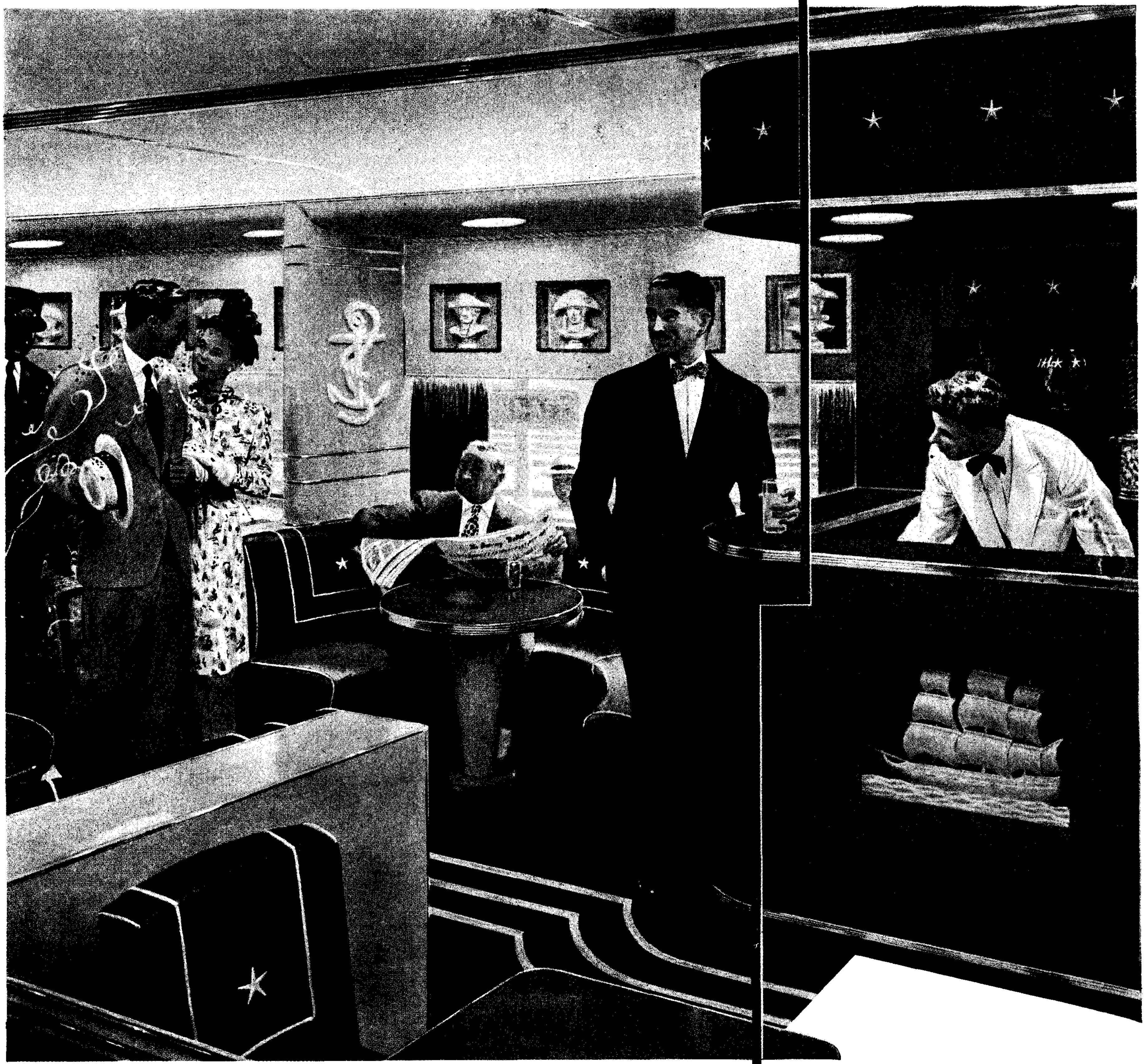

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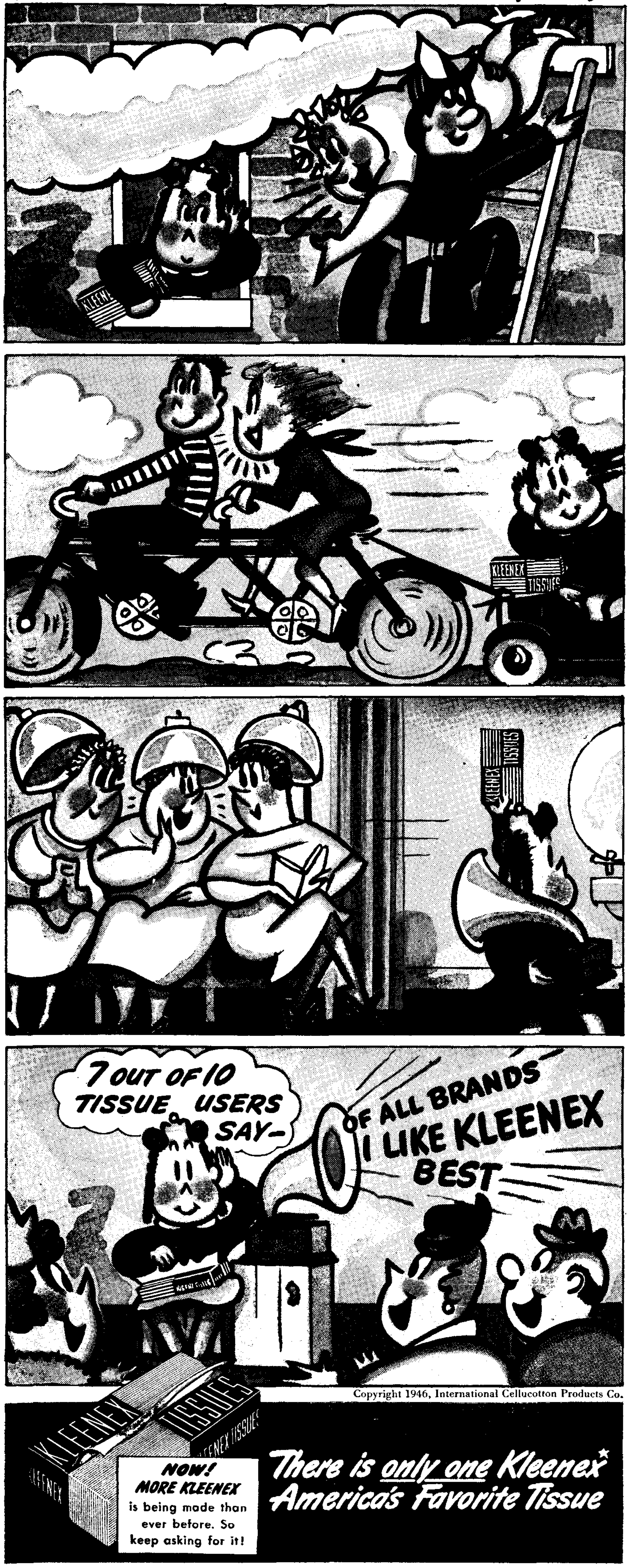
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Scranton Buys Its Own Jobs

Continued from page 41

the problem of the town's idle war plant, the Scranton idea is bigger than Scranton.

For the Valley people needed that plant badly. The network of anthracite veins that made the region both prosperous and famous have become as thin and stubborn as an old man's. Fifteen years ago the mines around Scranton employed 40,000 men; 10,000 are working there now, and the operators have warned the people that in another ten years they can forget the mines.

That's why Scranton was worried when the big Murray plant turning out wings for B-29s shut down on V-J Day, and almost 4,000 men lined up in front of the large, bare U. S. Employment Service office to collect idleness pay and wait for a job.

Unemployment is no stranger in Scranton. Boys have grown into men without knowing a steady job in an area where their fathers themselves could only get a few days' work now and then in the hated, feared but needed anthracite tunnels. Before the war, a number of industries had come to the coal city but they were mostly small textile plants, and as in many another American town living off light industry, there were plenty of jobs for women but few for men. The town did have one big business no other city its size could claim—education by mail—but even the 2,000 jobs in the International Correspondence Schools' dominating brick buildings couldn't take up the slack.

A War Plant for Scranton

When war came, Scranton had to fight to get a plant that would give jobs to its men. The area is within 250 miles of the coast, and the Army had chalked a red line around the map of the United States at that mark and wanted all new defense plants back of it. It took a score of trips to Washington by delegations of citizens, some persuasive talks by Scranton's big man in Washington, former Postmaster General Frank Walker, and finally an order by President Roosevelt himself to give Scranton its plant. The modern low brick structure was put together in three months at a cost of five to six million dollars. The Murray Corporation of America came from Detroit to run it, and men from Scranton and the near-by villages on the slopes of the Pocono Mountains came down and got jobs.

The men joined the United Auto Workers Union, C.I.O., elected as their president 36-year-old Mike Demech, who still carries a scar on his face from a mine accident, and turned out bomber wings at a rate that won official commendation. They took home pay of fifty dollars a week—good money for the valley of traditional unemployment.

But even then there were people in Scranton who knew the town's problem had only been temporarily staved off. Mike Demech knew it and so did Ray Gibbs, the bustling, sprightly Chamber of Commerce man who had been coaxing industrial employers into Scranton with his insistence that the town is not in a hole. So did soft-voiced, circumspect Ralph Weeks, who heads the correspondence school. In 50 years in Scranton he has become its civic leader and the man who puts across the Red Cross campaigns.

With V-J Day, Scranton's secret worry came into the open.

Mike was sitting right on the problem and on the Big Day he had a beer with the other men who had built bomber wings, and then he went home and wrote a letter he had been turning over in his mind. The letter was to Clarence Avery, the tall schoolteacher who had learned to build auto bodies on the production line and had gone on to become president of the Murray Corporation. Mike asked the Detroit industrialist to tell the men frankly what he intended to do with the plant. Avery's reply was frank, and Mike says it was very fair. Avery said his firm had no intention of taking the plant over for peacetime production.

"I figured he might be afraid of labor trouble," Mike confides. "So I wrote back we would do everything the fair way and the right way. If any grievances came up, we would talk them out over the table."

Mike was trying hard. He wrote another letter, to O. E. McGregor, who runs a bakery and is president of the Scranton Chamber of Commerce. Mike asked McGregor if he would arrange a meeting with the Murray people to see if they could be induced to stay and make peacetime goods. There was a series of meetings between the men who had worked at the plant, and the men who run Scranton's stores, small factories and local newspapers. There were more letters to Avery.

Avery wouldn't buy the plant himself, but he listened more and more closely as the Scranton people wondered out loud about taking over the plant themselves and leasing it to Avery's corporation. The Murray people were well aware of the production record of the former miners.

Avery wrote Mike Demech again and said he'd consider a union contract. To the businessmen sitting up nights in Scranton's ornate Chamber of Commerce building, he indicated he would consider leasing the plant for peacetime production at $80,000 a year, with an option to buy.

Mike Demech and the other men in the union started sleeping a little more soundly nights. John Murphy, Lackawanna County's representative in Congress, started paying frequent visits to the War Assets Administration's office. Ray Gibbs tucked his toothbrush into his brief case for another of the 80 trips he's made to Washington since the war began. Ralph Weeks went with him, and so did other business and labor people.

The Scranton delegation dangled in front of the government men an offer to lease the plant for $100,000 a year, and made it plain the community needed jobs and was willing to pay the $20,000 a year over Murray's rental to get them. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation wanted $250,000; its leasing pattern is eight per cent of appraised replacement value, in this case $3,242,000. Besides, said the RFC men, we don't give an option to buy. There was a trip back to Scranton for a huddle, then another line-up in Washington, and finally RFC's Louis Bean said to the Scranton men: "What will you offer for the plant?"

An Offer to Buy the Plant

As promptly as though he had the money in his pocket, Ralph Weeks answered: "We have just one figure—$1,200,000."

How the delegation arrived at that figure not all of them are certain even today. Ray Gibbs thinks the figure came up because that seemed like a sum they could raise. Weeks himself explains it was based on a valuation of $3 a square foot as a reasonable price for the plant's 400,000 feet of operating space. RFC accepted, but stipulated it would first have to advertise for 30 days. Scranton heard there were other bids and had almost decided it wasn't going to get the plant, when suddenly Washington informed them it was theirs. All they had to do was raise the money.

Some Scranton businessmen—and they were successful men—shook their heads. The banks looked the other way. But Gibbs, Weeks and the others with them were committed to that plant as to a cause. They went to the people. They organized two corporations, one to buy the Murray plant, the other to raise an additional $500,000 that would help establish other industries in town. They put on a campaign that had the fervor of a religious revival and the enthusiasm of a college football game.

Teams were organized to sell first-mortgage bonds at $100 apiece. Judge T. Linus Hoban, home from the Army a full colonel and a hero, was made chairman. Avery came down to make a speech and raised the rent he would pay to $130,000 a year to allow for amortization of the bonds. The billboard people put up free posters, and the Scranton newspapers published rousing editorials. There was a big rally at the plant, with a band, drum majorettes, the Boy Scouts in uniform, flags, mass singing, invocations, the town notables on a dais and Marion (See Here, Private) Hargrove down from New York to wish Scranton well. There were dinners for the bond-selling teams, 73 talks over the local radio station, and people wore red, white and blue lapel buttons that announced: "I invested in Bonds for Jobs."

The money came in by check, cash, money order and on the installment plan. Mike Demech's team of ex-Murray workers went out to the residential districts and raised $87,000. Small merchants on side streets and department stores on Wyoming Avenue bought bonds almost gratefully, the canvassers said, and house-wives bought so many it became a joke around Scranton that the women wanted the men to go back to work. Some of the cash that came in was so moldy Ray Gibbs was almost afraid to take it. That was grass-roots money.

Neighboring Towns Respond

There was an amazing response from small neighboring towns, some of whose men had worked at the plant. In near-by Jessup, Clarence White, the fireman at the school there, captained a team that raised $19,000 from a population of 6,500.

"We had 96 working at the plant and that brought in $4,000 a week to our town," Clarence will tell you. "Our quota was $6,000. The first night we reported after four days of canvassing we had $7,000. That insured the jobs for our men, but we went ahead and raised more. We have veterans to take care of.

"I only went as far as the fifth grade in school but I spoke on the radio five times in this campaign. Mr. Gibbs and the others told me they raised $60,000 after my speech when I told the city slickers in Scranton that the people in the Valley were going to beat them raising the money."

Ralph Weeks says it was thrilling to see the people, by the thousands, support the campaign. Then the Lincoln Realty Co., a bank affiliate, put up $150,000. The success of the campaign was finally assured when Avery himself took $150,000 in bonds. It wasn't the money that counted so much, but it meant the corporation intended to stay in Scranton. The campaign raised not only the $1,200,000 needed to buy the plant but also the half million Ray Gibbs wanted to help bring in additional industries—over $1,700,000 in all.

On March 9th, there was a ceremony at which Murray Vice-President, B. C. Gould, signed the lease, smacked his fist against the walnut table in Ray Gibbs' office and said, "We'll be turning out stoves in that plant this month."

Scranton had many feelings as it watched its men going back to set up a production line to produce tubs and stoves for Montgomery Ward under a five-year contract. There was hope and gratitude and a new friendliness among people in a town that had always felt itself to be a community.

"Ralph Weeks has enough money and didn't have to worry," Mike Demech said. "But he's a man who cares about the little man. When that kind of man helps, it makes the rest of us go out and work."

"We needed this for the vets," said Tom Millen, who manages the office of the county's oldest mine company.

"There certainly has been a change in this town," said Chris Colovos who runs the Twin Grill on Washington Street. "It was a wonderful thing to see labor and the commercial men working together."

"I've got my fingers crossed," said thin, worried-looking Steve Markowsky who worked at the plant. "We've been just getting along on the government's $20 a week and cashing a bond now and then."

"You ought to have seen the hard-shells join up when they saw the people put this thing over," Ray Gibbs crowed.

"If we bought the Murray plant we can put anything over," Dave Markowitz told the customers in his drugstore.

"It's not the whole answer, but the Murray plant means a great deal in solving our unemployment problem," explained Leo Neary, manager of the U. S. Employment Service office. "We have 30,000 out of work in the Scranton area, two thirds of them are vets, and what jobs we have been able to locate are 70 per cent for women."

"Now I think they ought to get ten more plants like that in here," said Tony Roedel, 26-year-old vet who worked at Murray several months before V-J Day. "Don't you think the vets aren't worried about work. That's all they talk about."

"If you do find a job it's 40, 50 cents an hour," said Danny Richards, who got out of the Army in October. "Who can live on it? Murray at least starts at 95 cents an hour."

The Murray plant will be in full swing this winter and, the management hopes, will be employing 4,000 workers again. If its home appliance lines go well, employment may go higher. But that would require expansion of present facilities. The way Ray Gibbs figures it, 3,500 jobs at Murray and 3,500 more from the new industries which he hopes to attract with the additional $500,000 the citizens raised will mean 10,000 more jobs in various service trades: in stores, schools, professional services and so on. He says every industrial job should produce one and a half openings in the services.

The way things stood when Murray started moving back, there were 6,000 more applications than there were jobs at the plant's wartime peak, and half those may be vets, one official estimated. The Murray people understand Scranton's need for jobs for men and have set up a policy of trying to employ heads of families rather than cheaper female help.

Manufacturer Pleased with Venture

The Murray people are pleased about the Scranton venture. Some folks in the town at first guessed Murray didn't have the money to buy the plant itself, or if it did, preferred not to make a permanent investment. Both ideas were pretty well scotched when Murray started moving in the first lots of $2,000,000 worth of assembly equipment, enameling ovens, presses and other machinery.

The Murray people had their own reasons for not taking over the plant themselves, and these can be reconstructed from the comments of Avery and other officials. The community participation in buying the plant was an assurance of local interest in seeing it go, an indication of security on the labor front and protection against any possibility that an outside corporation such as Murray would be soaked for taxes. The company is especially interested in the fact that the union team raised $87,000 in bonds.

Also, the Murray Corporation has an option to buy the plant for its outstanding bonded indebtedness any time it wants. No private purchaser could have bought the plant directly from the government for less than two or three million dollars, the management admits. The low purchase price will also mean a large tax savings for Murray in the years to come—if they exercise their option to buy.

But the people of Scranton don't care for a minute that Murray got a good deal. What they wanted was the jobs—and that's what they got.

"People did the common-sense thing," Ralph Weeks said quietly. The common-sense thing, he thought, was to get the plants out of the controversy over whether they should be run by the government and thus foster state socialism, or run by big corporations and thus foster monopoly, or simply left to rot in idleness and thus foster unemployment. The common-sense thing was to get the plants operating and providing jobs. The people of Scranton agreed.

THE END

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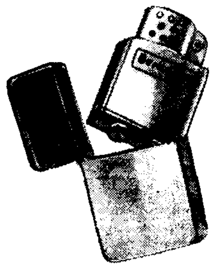

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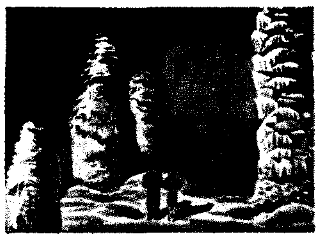

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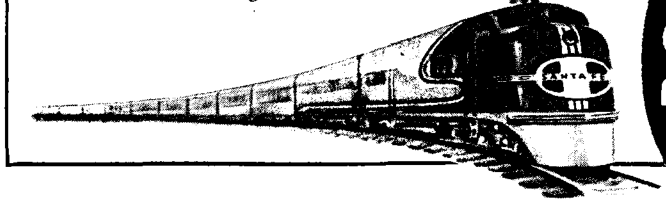
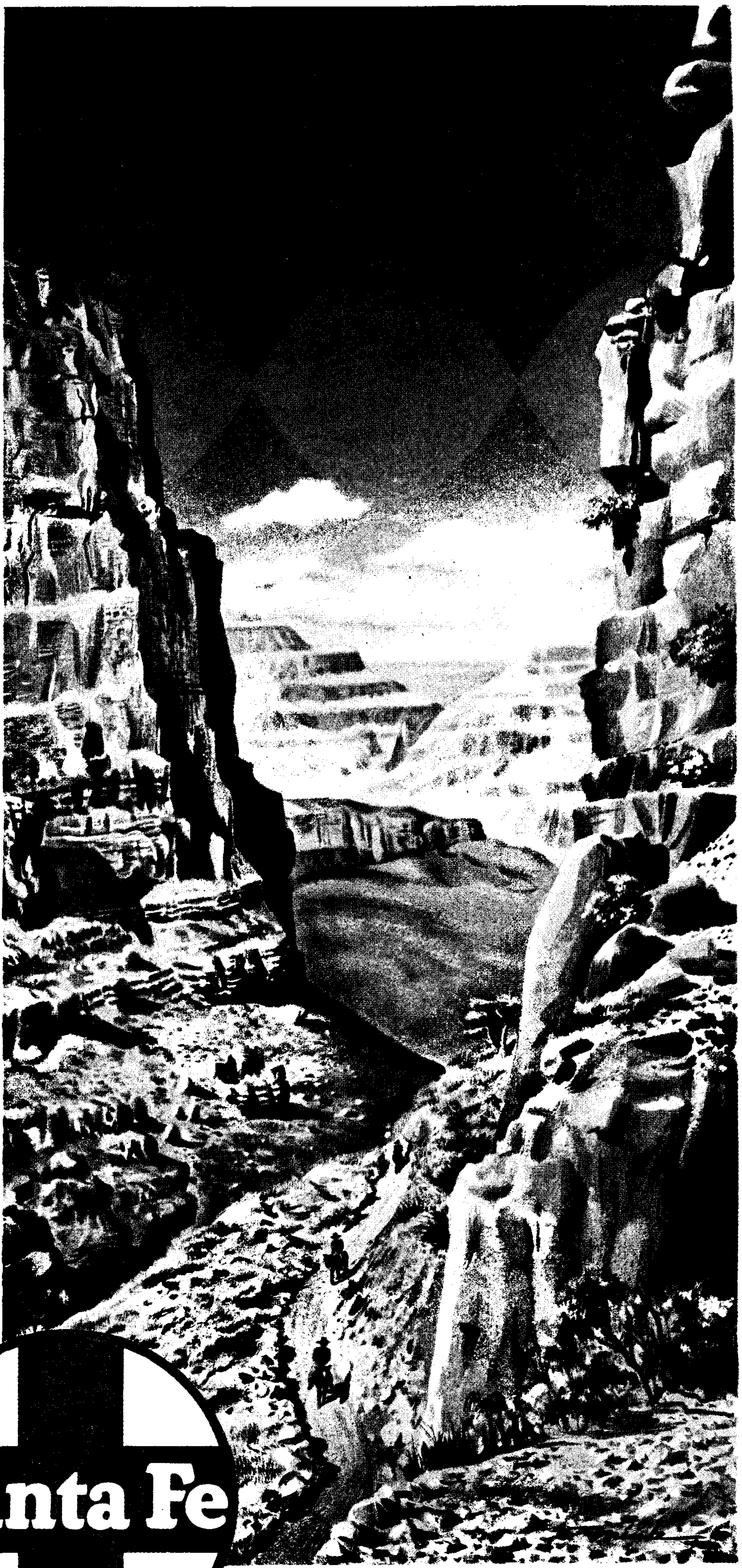




Santa Fe

THE GRAND CANYON IN NORTHERN ARIZONA . . . the world's most inspiring panorama of giant grandeur can be included conveniently on your Santa Fe trip to or from California.

Santa Fe all the way

How to Run a Prize Fight

Continued from page 22

carpenters in the building of bracers and "rises" for the stands. The sections of lumber are numbered, and, several days before the bout, Coronati will use 50 huge motor trucks to move the sections of stands to New York City.

In New York he'll rent a spacious parking lot, store the lumber and wait for the zero hour. The setup for the Louis-Baer fight was placed on the Yankee Stadium turf in 28 hours, a record, but Coronati insists he can do the trick in less time, even to setting up 25,000 field seats in less than 24 hours.

The stands will be transported piecemeal into the Stadium by trucks, and 500 carpenters will assemble the numbered planks and rises. Coronati and the architect will supervise the work in preparation for safety examinations by the New York City Building and Fire Department inspectors.

"It's a funny thing," Coronati says. "Those inspectors could come in at 3 o'clock the afternoon of a fight to look over the setup, but they never do. They always come at 6 o'clock, when the customers are beginning to come in. I know why. They stay around for the fight then . . . and free, too, but we're glad to have 'em."

Jacobs has never had a sellout outdoors, because his price scale is elastic. Instead of taking sections of seats running alongside each other and establishing one price for them, Jacobs pegs the prices on alternate sections. Thus, seats in ringside section A but not B, C but not D, E but not F, may be pegged at $10 each.

When the ticket sale opens, the promoter checks on the willingness of the customers to part with their greenbacks. If he finds many fans want $7.50 tickets instead of $10 seats, the alternate sections are then scaled at the more popular price. Thus, your neighbor at a Jacobs-promoted punch party may have paid $7.50 for a seat right in line with one which set you back $10.

Jacobs defends this practice sanely. "Say, it's the law of supply and demand, ain't it?" he asks. "Besides, it helps get more money in for the fighters."

Managers of the gladiators agree with him. "Nobody knows more about tickets than Jacobs," they chorus.

Jacobs' fight tickets are printed in New York City, and 100,000 of them set the promoter back $7,000. The ringside ticket for which you may pay $100 costs Jacobs 10 cents. Aware of the danger of counterfeiting, Mike's tickets are foolproof. They are composed of nine different layers of colored paper pressed together. The high-priced tickets are steel cut and the back of each pasteboard is embossed with the gold seal of the State of New York.

Because the promoter often switches the prices of tickets at the last moment, depending on the demand, the ticket company often is forced to print new tickets at the drop of a customer's dollar. Jacobs can't stand the thought of letting a greenback get away from him.

His respect for the ticket almost reaches the point of coddling. Ducats mailed to customers, after receipt of money orders or checks, are sent by registered mail in specially designed envelopes. Mike's box-office chiefs, Herman Lewin and Rivington Bisland, designed an envelope which bears a metal lock. Only by destroying the envelope can the tickets be removed. Inasmuch as tickets are sent by registered mail, this is a theftproof system.

Each envelope costs Jacobs 25 cents, the same amount he pays for sending each packet through the mail. Since 10,000 orders for tickets will be mailed, the promoter shells out $5,000 for this convenience. Of course, he knows it is good business.

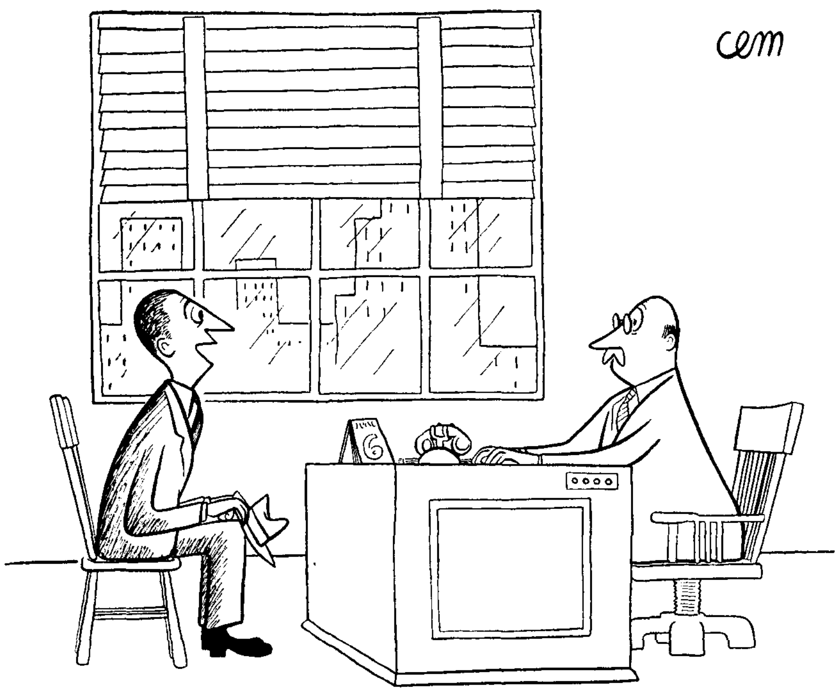
The Tips Exceed the Salary

Six weeks before the fight the ticket rush was on. Jacobs' box-office staff, limited to Lewin and Bisland all year, was increased by half a dozen assistants. The new ticket handlers are each paid $75 weekly, but most customers leave a dollar or two at the wicket above the cost of purchase. A ticket seller's tips can easily double his salary in any week.

Biggest orders for Louis-Conn seats come from large commercial houses. New York cloak-and-suit manufacturers intent on entertaining buyers think nothing of purchasing $20,000 worth of tickets at a clip. In the old days, when hotel managers competed with one another for guests, the enterprising ones moved heaven and earth to get the names of ticket buyers who purchased huge blocks. They then would invite the buyers to make their headquarters in their hotels.

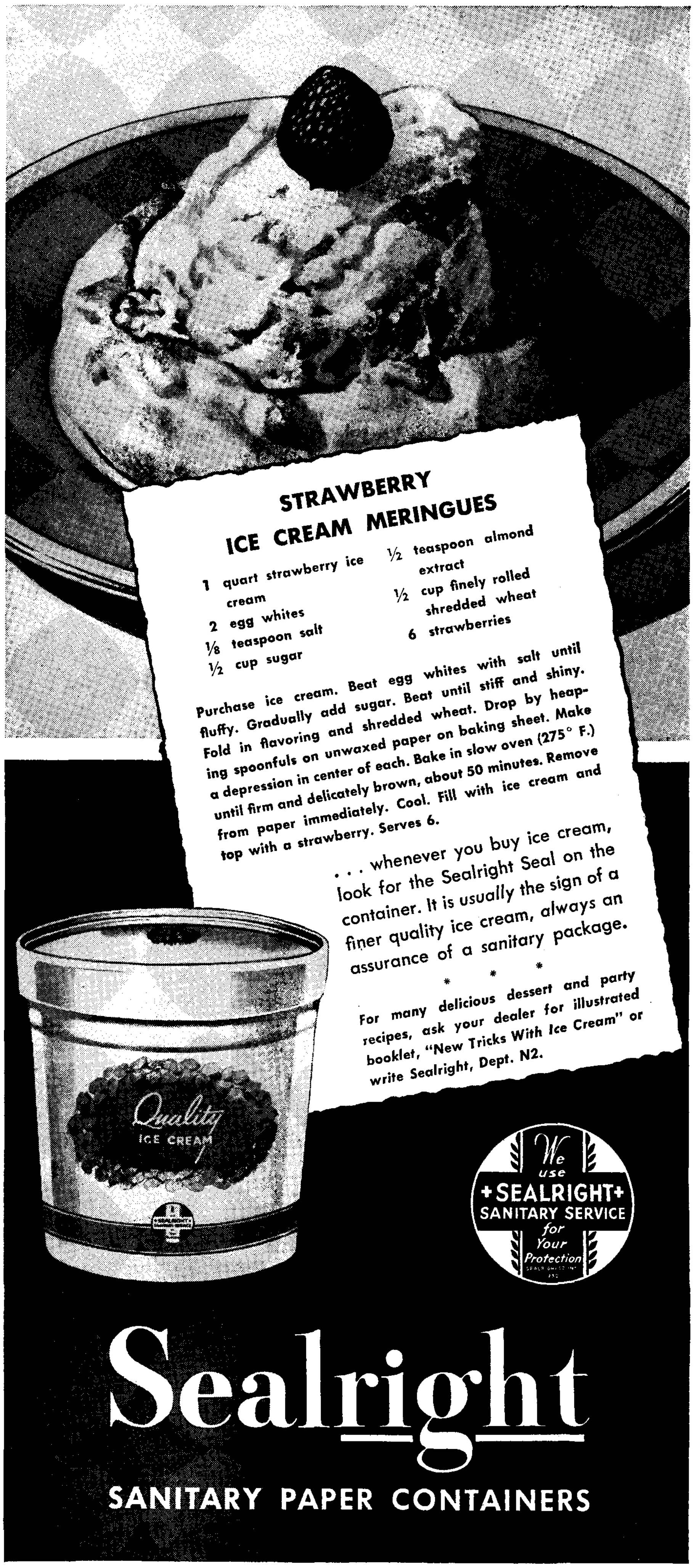
Jacobs has been accused and abused on many counts, but he prides himself on one point: "A guy who buys a ticket from me knows he's gonna get the seat his ticket calls for and he knows he's gonna be able to see the ring."

In years past, the rings used in big out-



"Your daughter, sir, has refused my hand. I wonder if that offer of a job is still good?"

COLLIER'S C. E. MARTIN



New Tricks with Ice Cream

Prepared and Tested by
MABEL STEGNER, Home Economist

STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM MERINGUES

1 quart strawberry ice cream
2 egg whites
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon almond extract
½ cup finely rolled shredded wheat
6 strawberries

Purchase ice cream. Beat egg whites with salt until fluffy. Gradually add sugar. Beat until stiff and shiny. Fold in flavoring and shredded wheat. Drop by heaping spoonfuls on unwaxed paper on baking sheet. Make a depression in center of each. Bake in slow oven (275° F.) until firm and delicately brown, about 50 minutes. Remove from paper immediately. Cool. Fill with ice cream and top with a strawberry. Serves 6.

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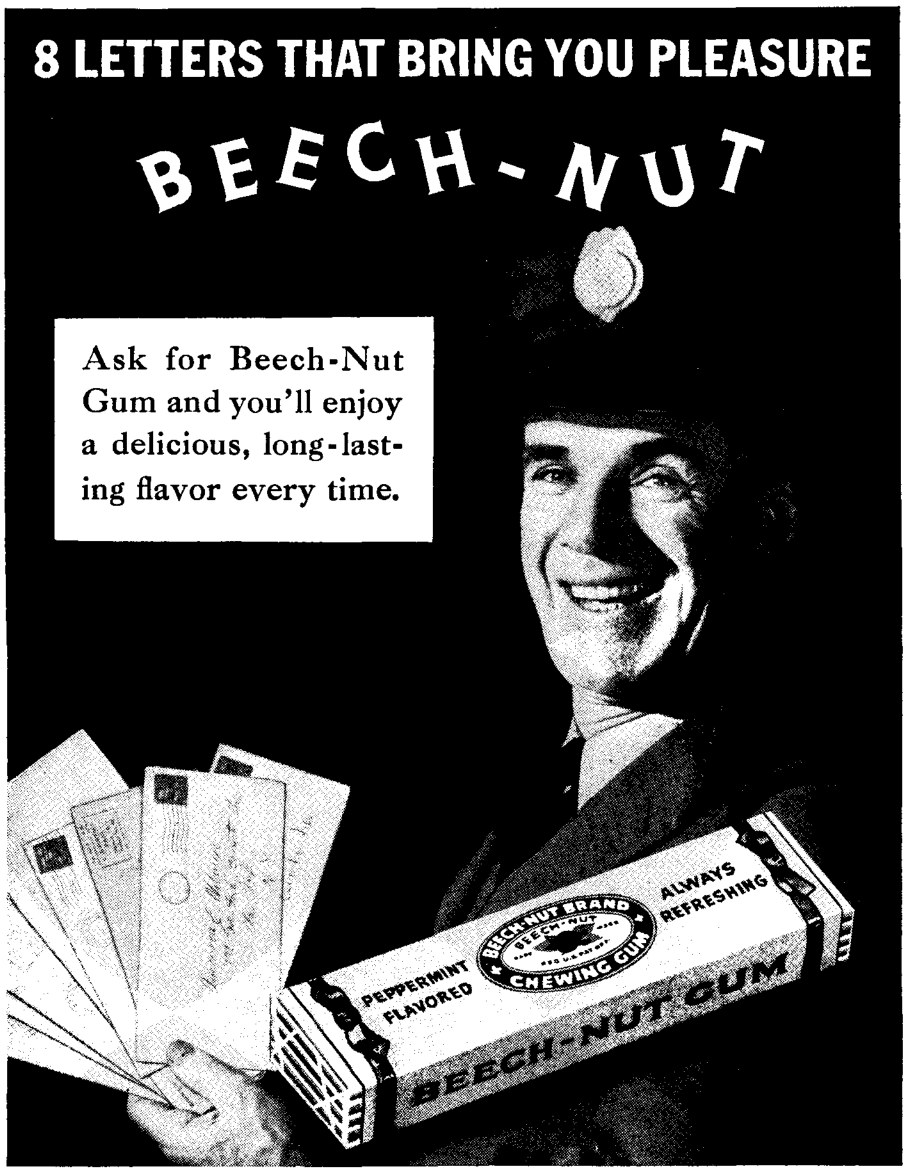

8 LETTERS THAT BRING YOU PLEASURE

BEECH-NUT

Ask for Beech-Nut Gum and you'll enjoy a delicious, long-lasting flavor every time.

door prize fights were makeshift affairs which were badly lighted. Mike changed all that. The ring he uses for outdoor fights weighs 44 tons and is constructed entirely of steel. When not in use it is stored by Coronati in a big barn at Park Ridge, N. J. The barn, especially built for that purpose, is 85 feet wide and 190 feet long.

The ring was built at a cost of $11,000, and, for the Louis-Conn fight, the superstructure above the platform will support lights of 80,000 watts, the most powerful ever used at a prize fight. This will be necessary because the fights will be televised and filmed.

Jacobs' radio contract with the Gillette Safety Razor Company, which brought him $150,000 for the broadcasting of bouts from Madison Square Garden, expired on May 31st. This put Mike in the driver's seat in bargaining for a new contract.

The first Louis-Conn fight was filmed by Pathé, and RKO distributed the film. Pathé was paid a flat sum, but RKO worked on a percentage basis, 25 per cent for domestic distribution and 35 per cent for foreign showings. The foreign market, always a lush revenue source, was wiped out on this one by the war, but Jacobs still grossed $53,000 from the film. The motion pictures are still being shown in theaters throughout the world, and the promoter's revenue continues to trickle in. Each time a new check arrives from RKO, Mike reads the figure and moans, "If only Conn had licked Louis! Those pictures would be worth a million."

He feels the same way about the coming fight. All depends on the outcome. If Billy upsets the champion, Mike will reap more than $500,000 from the film. Should Louis conk Billy early, the motion pictures will decline in value.

Because Jacobs is aware of the value of a friendly press, he is especially careful in his treatment of the writers assigned to cover the fight.

Several weeks before the fight Jacobs and his publicity chief, Harry Markson, checked on the lists of working press applications to weed out the phonies. As soon as the list was prepared, telegrams were dispatched to sports editors throughout the world informing them that working press tickets will be issued upon presentation of the telegrams.

Phony writers are rampant in the weeks before the fights. Credentials are checked carefully by Markson and only bona fide reporters obtain tickets. One time, before Schmeling fought Paolino Uzcudun in New York, Walter St. Denis, now Markson's colleague, asked the sports editors of the United Press and Associated Press to send a message over their leased wires that applications for working press seats were being accepted.

Why the Editor Wanted a Ducat

The deluge was overpowering. Sports editors of papers in every hamlet applied for tickets. From the editor of a paper in Cuero, Texas, came the bid to end all requests. He wired St. Denis:

"Very sorry I can't accept your invitation to the fight, but I wish you'd sent me the ticket so I can show it around town. It would make me a hero down here."

Taxes are a big burden to Jacobs. Nineteen different types of taxes will be imposed on the promoter, the fighters and the managers. Jacobs, Louis and Conn each will pay upward of 86.54 per cent in federal income and corporation taxes, and the New York State income tax will take about seven per cent of what's left. Adding ten per cent to cover all the other taxes, the U.S., the State of New York and the City of New York will whack up about $2,500,000.

The federal government will receive $600,000 off the bat on the 20 per cent admission tax, while the state's five per cent will hit $150,000. Louis' income levy will be $800,000, including the manager's taxes, and Conn's crowd will pay out $392,000. Jacobs will add about $200,000, and ditto for the Garden corporation, Mike's partner. Then there are some other taxes—federal excise tax, capital stock tax, and Social Security tax; state franchise tax, license tax, and unemployment tax; City of New York, gross receipts tax, occupancy tax and sales tax. Brother, will you pass the cup!

Even before the fighters climb into the ring, Jacobs' expenses will hit $150,000. He hires only union help and deals with 26 labor organizations ranging from one representing the 500 ushers employed on fight night to the three different electrical unions representing the construction workers, the klieg-light operators and the house electricians.

The 500 ushers who work for Mike on big fight nights are paid $3 each, but some don't even bother collecting this stipend. They make more, much more, on "tips." The usher's luck is in inverse ratio to Jacobs' prosperity. At a near-sellout fight, the usher can't make so much. Give the seasoned fight usher a bout for which only 75 per cent of the seats are filled and he has a gusher.

This is how it works: An usher can maneuver customers from $10 seats into unoccupied $15 seats for the slight "consideration" of a dollar a head, let's say. He's got to be experienced, quick-witted and alert to get this "bonus," but he gets it if he works hard enough.

One fight manager who wasn't doing too well took a job as an usher at the fight between Max Baer and Max Schmeling at the Yankee Stadium a dozen years ago. He made $328 in tips that night and didn't bother collecting the single dollar they were paying ushers then. "It woulda been dishonest to take the buck," he said.

Butch Solved a Police Problem

The 50 ticket takers who'll work at the Louis-Conn fight will receive $6 each, the same wage paid 50 special officers who police the park. Once, before Fiorello H. La Guardia was the mayor of New York, a fight promoter had to hire many more than 50 special policemen. "La Guardia changed all that," Jacobs says now. "I sent him two tickets for each big fight and the police sent up about a hunnerd city cops to help out. That's the way it should be. Boy, could I tell you stories about politicians on fight nights in those other towns, but I won't."

When Jacobs rents the Yankee Stadium for a fight he doesn't collect a cent from the sale of soda pop, frankfurters or programs. Neither has Mike a thing to do with the appointment of ring officials. They are named by the State Athletic Commission, which also sets the pay scale.

Under the New York boxing board's law, a referee working in a fight which nets over $200,000 must be paid a fee set by the board. If the bout draws between $100,000 and $200,000, the referee's fee is $200. Beyond that, the solons act accordingly. The highest fee ever paid in New York under this agreement was $500, given to Arthur Donovan for officiating at the second Louis-Schmeling fight, which drew over a million dollars.

The two judges each will be paid half as much as the referee. Pleasant, aging George Bannon, timekeeper at all Jacobs bouts, will be enriched by $25. Jacobs sets this fee, as he does the $50 for announcer Harry Balogh, the man with the dinner coat and superadjectives.

One inevitable expense is the cost of the preliminary fighters. The Louis-Conn card will include six before-the-main-event bouts, four six-rounders and two four. The scale paid to preliminary fighters varies, except for those in the four-rounders, who'll receive $300 each. Altogether, Jacobs figures on spending $8,000 for "underneath" fighters.

It'll all be wonderful, even if Jacobs is operating on a ten-cent dollar, providing Louis and Conn come up to the fracas in working order.

A broken hand or a cut eye received in the fighters' training camp can score a financial knockout over Mike.

THE END

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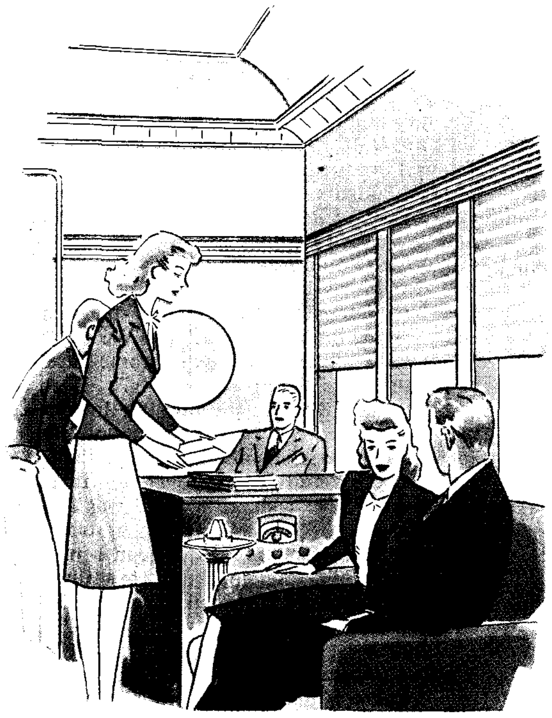

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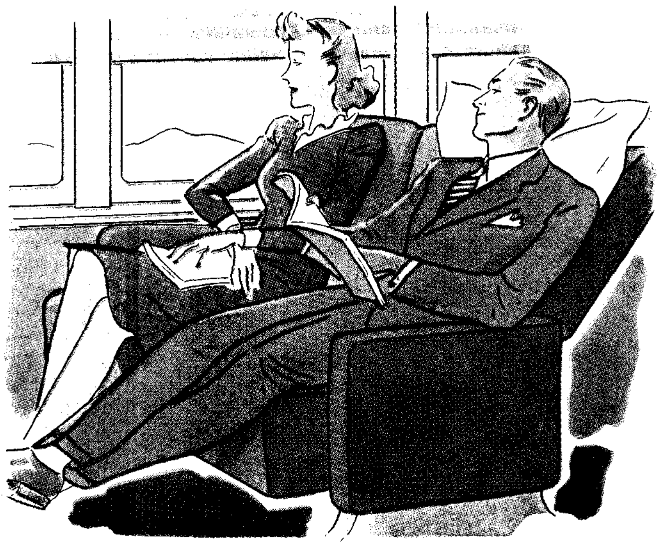

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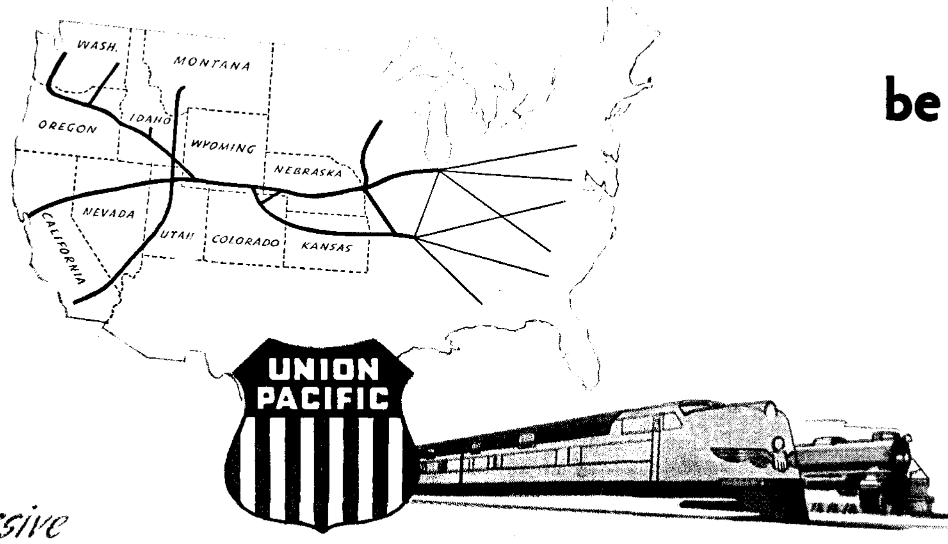

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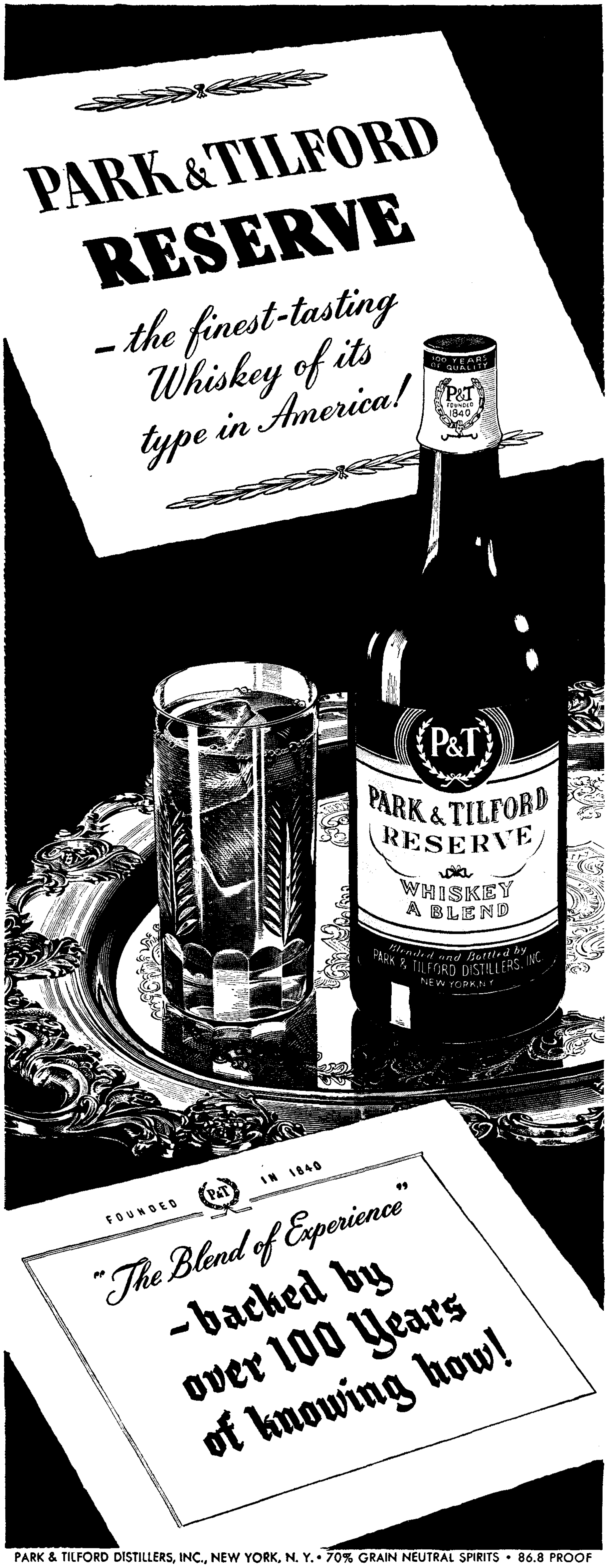
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The Fugitives

Continued from page 13

could not make any of his cares seem important.

She set her cup aside and lay back on the divan to watch the fire; her face was softened and shadowed. She had a slender body; her ankles were well shaped within the wool half socks she wore, and her lips were loosened and lightened by stray, passing thoughts.

The two older people were quietly talking in the kitchen behind a closed door. "Your people?" he asked.

"No. Tenants. I only come down for a week now and then."

He relaxed at the divan's other end; he closed his eyes, and comfort rolled over him like a heavy blanket and he seemed to sink down into a softness that had no bottom. Rain struck the house like buckshot and wind caught up a loose tin bucket and rolled it across the front porch; the house vibrated to the wind and limbs cracked in the timber near by. He said, "Those firs are pretty close to the house."

He sank again and fine bubbles flashed upward by him, and he thought: This is wonderful. A face began to come out of a mist, and out of the mist too marched a short round man. He recognized the man: it was his client in the bankrupt case. His client sat down and a bailiff spoke and a jury wheeled up from space and confronted him. He got on his feet and he said: "My client has lost some money. It's made him nervous and he doesn't sleep well. He won't sleep tonight. Gentlemen of the jury, why don't you go home? This is silly."

There was a judge. He couldn't see the judge, but he heard his voice.

"We'll take up a collection," said the judge, "and get this man on his feet."

"He'd have to report it on his income tax," said Layton. "I'd have to make out the form. It would be the long form, too, not the short form. You going to that meeting on relations, Judge?"

"Which relations?"

"They're all bad, Judge. Race, foreign, domestic, intercity, world, state—"

"It's human nature," said the judge. "You can't change human nature. . . ."

HE CAME up through the softness and opened his eyes. He had fallen asleep; he was embarrassed. The girl said, "You were smiling. What was it?"

"A silly dream about everything being mixed up and no good."

"You've been working hard. Everybody runs down and gets sour."

He noticed the coffeepot still by the fire. He rose and got it. She held out her cup and looked at him.

"Bob fixed your outboard."

"I'll shove off," he said.

Her glance was round and straight and full—it opened on him and took him in. "You'd have a miserable time getting back to the car. Listen to that rain. Stay here if you wish. In that room."

"Swell," he said.

The ungoverned force of space came upon them; the earth was awash, the seas were turned loose. This room was a cell of warmth against craziness; it was a little pocket of light in the black. He stood by the fire, listening. All things were small against this night, and no man was as great as he thought.

"There was a movie I saw one time," he said. "Some fellow in a beer tavern had built a cradlework of matches on top of a bottle. A whole box of matches. The thing was a foot high. I guess he'd worked all day on it. Somebody opened a door and the wind knocked down the matches. It was a silly way to spend a day. That's the way we spend our days."

She said, "Do you think you could live here? A little fishing and hunting and farming? Would it be better?"

"There's nothing better than this."

"Tonight, perhaps," she said.

He got up and kicked the log and brought up a brighter fire. He stood with his back to it. She sat curled and comfortable on the divan and looked into the fire; and then, stirred by some interest, her glance touched him. They weren't really meeting each other, he realized. They were groping around each other, now touching, now drawing back. He knocked out his pipe and put it in his pocket. The day's fresh air had made him groggy; he said, "Good night," and went into the bedroom.

The room was stinging cold, but the moment he got into the bed and sank down into the feather-stuffed mattress, he grew warm. He lay a little while, remembering that when a boy, visiting his grandmother's farm, he had slept in such a bed as this, in the same kind of room. The storm poured itself out undiminished and he recalled his boyhood prayers and fell asleep.

A CRASH, like the impact of lightning, woke and lifted him; it took him a moment to sort out the sound and to realize a tree—a big one—had fallen close by. "Too close," he thought, and got out of the bed. He put on his clothes and opened the door into the living room. The fire still burned and he saw the girl, covered by a throw, crouched on the divan. She had her head tipped on a pillow and the firelight showed her eyes shining. "Your winter's wood fell," he said. "Did it get you up?"

"I've been up for an hour," she said. "Maybe I drank too much coffee. I've decided something. People dream of a place like this. They run away to places like this. But they don't stay. They'd like to stay, but they can't. It was wonderful for my grandfather. For my father, it was only half good. He had to leave. It would be no good for you. The world is somewhere else now, and you have to go to where it is. Tomorrow you'll see. You'll want to go back."

"Something's here," he said.

"That's the sweet thing. And the sad thing. Something's always here. We can't ever take it along. We have to come back to it—and lose it when we go away."

He crouched before the fire. He looked across the short space to her and saw the looseness of her arms and her body; shadows ran dark and restless over her face. She seemed to be fading; her face was less and less distinct to him. It was a strong feeling; it was a strange, sharp fear, a premonition of loss. He stood up. He walked to the divan and crouched down again. "That was odd," he said.

"What?"

She was nearer but her voice was small and the tone was as though it came down a long hall. He felt a somersaulting distress. He reached out and took her hand and he said, "You're all right?"

"Yes," she said.

He held her hand and felt its warmth. It lay quiet in his palm, the rumor of her pulse running to him; she moved her head slightly and firelight created an amber glow on her cheeks; and her eyes were wide open and looked upon him, and he was rooted and stilled, and uneasy and awkward, and violent changes rushed through him. "You're sure?" he said.

"Yes," she said, and sat straight. She took away her hand, but she laid it on his shoulder for support as she stood up. "But now I'm like you. If the tree had fallen on us, our little worries would have been very silly, wouldn't they?"

The changes continued within him; they were like tide changes sweeping in from the ocean and running up little creeks and filling them bank-full.

"When I come down to this river, I don't want anything," he said. "I'm not trying to get anything. That's why it's good here."

"It wouldn't stay good here," she said. "Whatever's wrong—it would come up, sooner or later. It's inside you. You carry it along wherever you go."

He put his hands behind his back. The firelight touched her face; it ran shining across her hair. She was sleepy; he saw the heaviness of her lids, the looseness of her mouth. She met his glance, curious about his silence, and expression raced over her face and she pulled her glance aside.

"I don't know how you know that," he said. "But it's true."

"It didn't last long, did it?"

"What?"

"Happiness—or whatever it is."

"No," he said. "It went away just a moment ago."

She said, quickly and impatiently, "Good night," and turned from him.

HE HEARD her knock. He rolled over and looked at his wrist watch and found it was ten o'clock. He dressed and went into the front room's fine warmth. She was waiting for him. She looked rested and pleasant, and he saw details of her face he had not noticed before; everything about her came to him clearly and with sharpness.

"I'm embarrassed," he said.

"You needed the sleep. The fishing's no good."

Dark morning lay against the window. The wind had lost its violence, but it still came steadily out of the southwest, pushing the torn cloud chunks before it, and rain fell, beating up the surface of the river. She said, "Come on to breakfast. I must have my coffee."

The smell of bacon and coffee and hot cakes crowded the kitchen and the wood stove's heat glowed against him. He was hungry, and he was happy. He ate an enormous breakfast, prompted on by Mrs. Jeffrey, who delivered the cakes to him stacked on her cake turner; and he returned to the front room and built up a smoke in his pipe and stood with his back to the fireplace. Ease made him so comfortable that he was flabby with it. His dry clothes hung over the divan. He took them and went into the bedroom and changed.

When he came out he found her sitting before the fire. Her hair was long and black and held together by a ribbon behind; she had her hands clasped around her knees and she had been watching the flames. She looked up to him and for an instant he caught the wondering, far-thinking expression which had been on her face.

"I'm sorry your fishing turned out badly."

He said, "Would you care to drive into town with me for a movie and dinner?"

She looked at him a careful moment. He saw clearly how poised she was between certain contradictory thoughts and he saw uncertainty and strangeness play over her face and produce its softening charm. "Yes," she said, and her face at that instant seemed very young and faithful.

"I'll run up to the car and come back," he said.

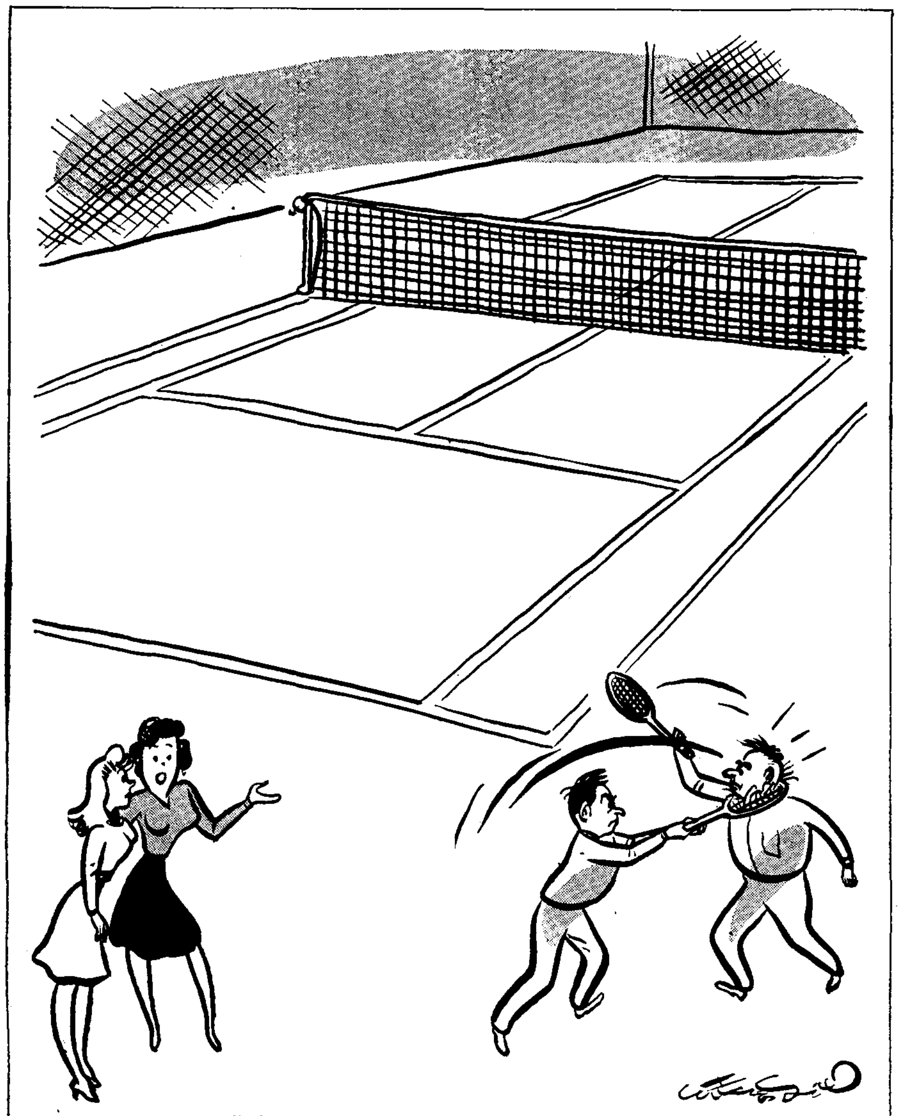
He was an hour getting upstream to his car and it was another hour before he got the boat on the trailer and drove back to the house where she was waiting for him. When he got to town he left her in the lobby while he went up to shave and change his clothes. Looking at himself in the mirror, he saw how quickly the set expression had faded from his face. He felt wonderful.

They had lunch and went on to the movie. The picture was dull but that didn't matter. Contentment was still in him, and suddenly the impulse came to him to hold her hand; he was astonished by it but he took her hand. It seemed natural; everything had gotten simple in twenty-four hours.

Early night had swept in from the sea when they left the show and returned to the hotel. He said, "A drink would do, before dinner. Is it all right to ask you up to the room?"

She gave him a side glance of sharp, amused interest which somehow embarrassed him. She saw what she had done, and put her hand to his arm. "Yes," she said. "It will be all right. I'll keep one foot in the door."

They walked up the stairs and down the narrow hall. He unlocked his door and



COLLIER'S "They decided to settle it out of court!" FRITZ WILKINSON

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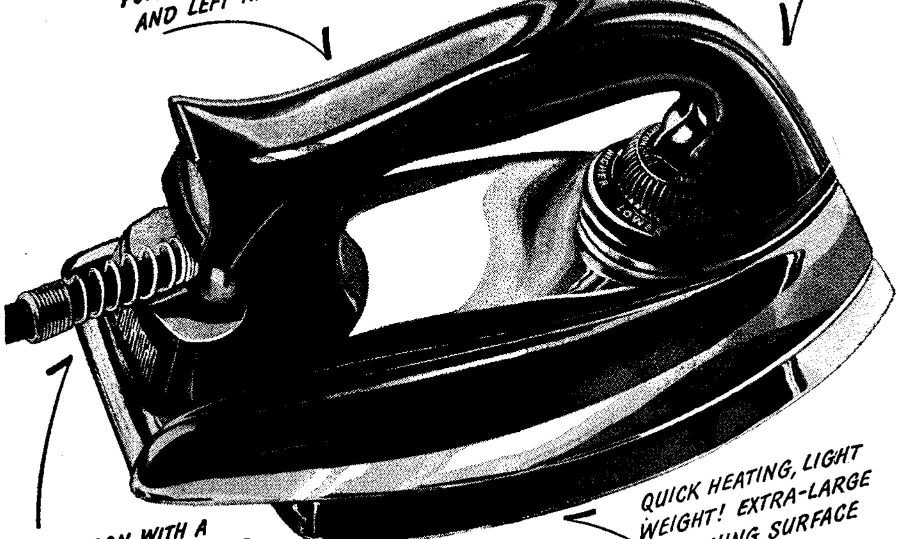

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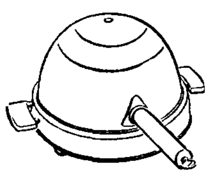
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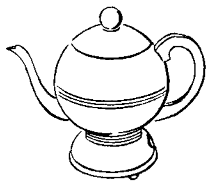
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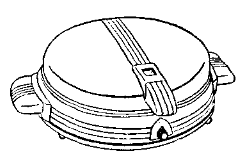
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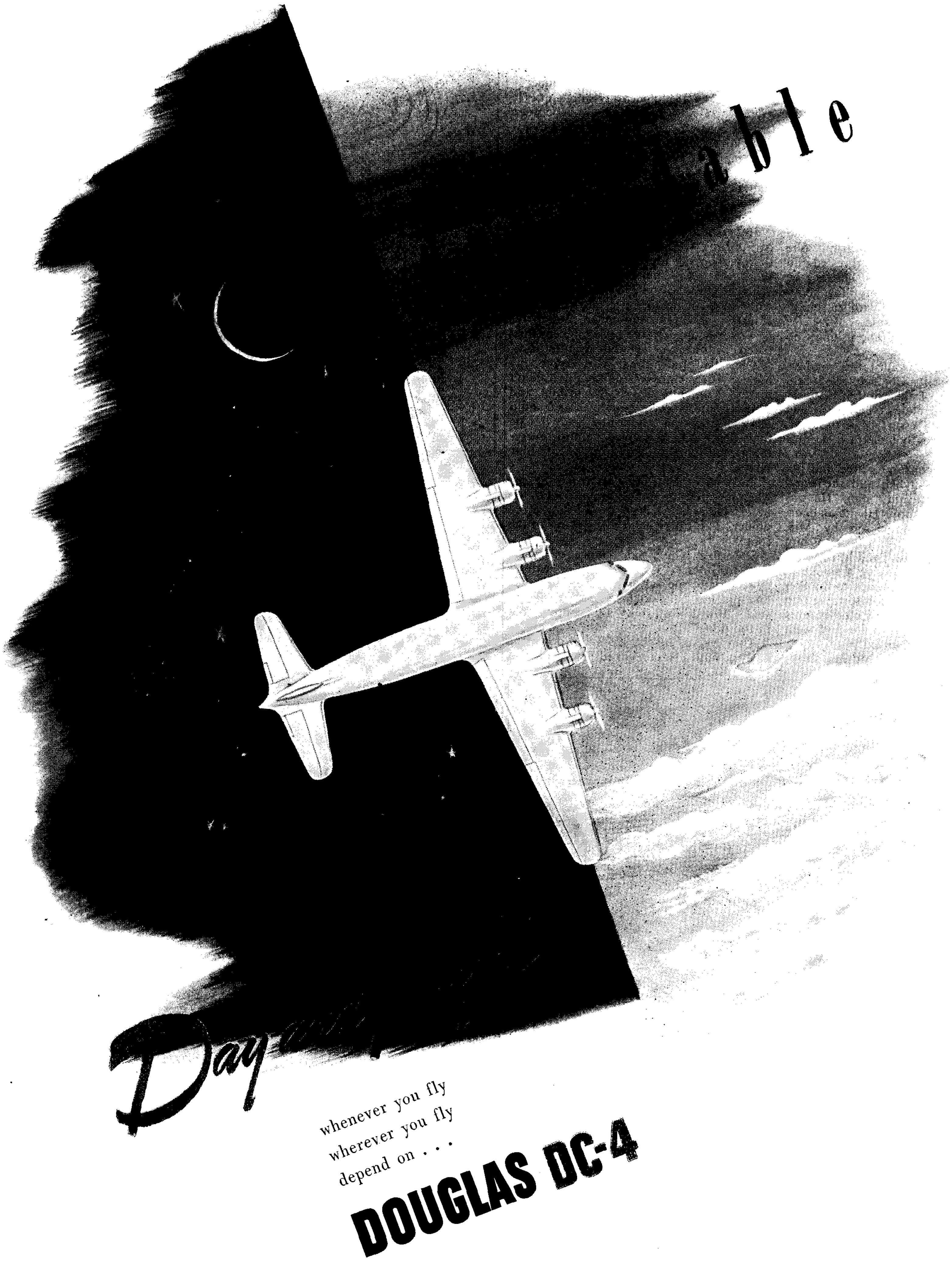

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"Plain water do?"

"Yes."

He got the bottle from his grip and found two glasses. She stood in the center of the room with her tan coat pulled up around her neck; she had square, small shoulders and the look of youthfulness remained with her. The room's light sparkled against her eyes and he saw again the swirling powdery grayness of them. They were expressive eyes; lightness danced in them now, but the night before there had been no light at all.

He said, "What was wrong last night?"

She shook her head, the smile remaining.

HE WAS curious and meant to ask her more; it was none of his business and he knew it, yet he could not withdraw. He stood still, watching her, and he had the question in his mind when the telephone rang. He put down the glasses and walked over to the receiver.

"Yes," he said, and heard the humming of wires and the clicking of switches and the off-stage voices of operators along the line. Helen's voice came in:

"Did you catch any fish, or anything?"

"No."

"You weren't in your room last night, my friend."

"No," he said, "I wasn't."

She waited for the explanation to follow and when it didn't come he heard the change in her voice: "I'm not spying, John. Really I'm not. Maybe I shouldn't have called. Is it still all right for Saturday night?"

"Helen," he said, and halted, and found it hard to say what he suddenly knew he had to say, "let's call it off. I mean—all off."

The phone went dead. He stood a moment with the receiver in his hand, and then he hung up and turned and found Ann Potter at the window. She had her back to him. It was her way, he thought, of giving him privacy for his talk on the phone. But when she came around he saw a different expression on her face, and he knew the closeness between them was gone.

She said, "Shouldn't we go down to dinner?" and moved toward the door. Somewhere along those quick moments he had lost her interest.

The meal was a failure and each knew that the other knew it. She was nice, but their talk meant nothing and when she smiled at him, the smile came out through a screen. She was a stranger to him. At the close of the meal, he said, "Do you want to go back now?"

"Yes."

They went out to the car. He unhitched the trailer and drove down the slattern-dismal street to the highway and turned south. He switched on the heater and the swipes. Rain freshened and streamed down the glass and bounced off the hood. He tried the radio and got a little music and settled back to a steady driving. She didn't want to talk. She was thinking of something and the thoughts condemned him; he had known women long enough to know that much.

They slid through a little beach town whose lights were dim and blurred in the night, and great sprays of water splashed out from his wheels. Perhaps, he thought, if they had known each other longer she might have excused him for his fault, whatever it was; but she knew so little about him that any impulse could destroy her faith. He turned from the highway and followed the river road to her house. He drew in and killed the engine and snapped off the radio.

She said in a light bread-and-butter voice, "I did have a nice time."

"Could I ask what happened?"

"You were brutal to her—you were callous."

"Goodbys are always brutal," he said. "It didn't hurt her as much as you think. We weren't in love. We only liked each other comfortably and thought perhaps that might be enough to get married on. I came down here to make up my mind it was enough. The wind blew that out of my head."

She watched him with a stilled, close, driving attention. He felt her interest lie like a weight against him.

"People," he said, "start out believing there are one man and one woman on this earth marked for each other. Time goes on and the miracle doesn't happen and then we say to ourselves that it's getting late and we should put the illusion behind us and be practical and take what comes. Is that hard to understand?"

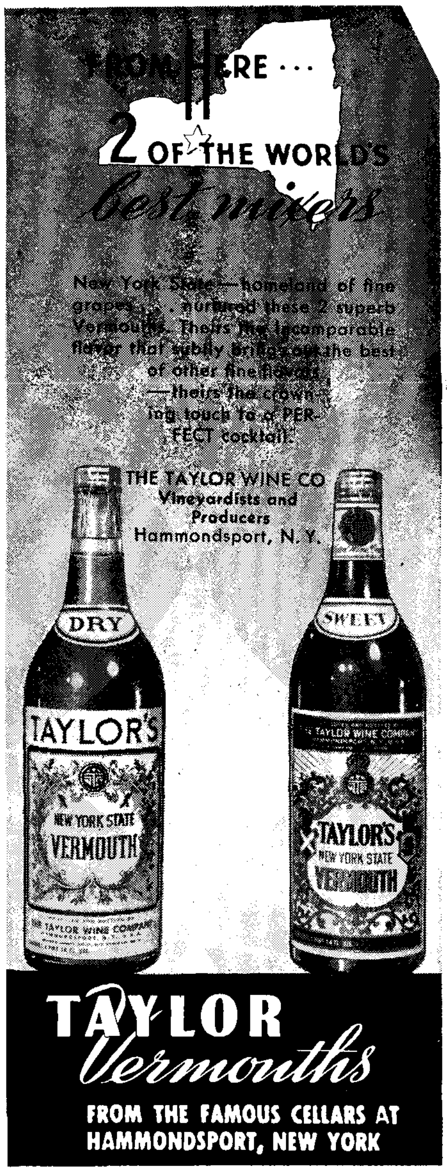
"No," she said. "I know those thoughts."

"It's better to believe," he said. "It's all we have that the wind can't blow away. Last night it knocked down a tree and could have destroyed us. I came out to the front room and I saw your eyes, and I heard your voice, and no wind can blow that away. Am I so wrong?"

IT WAS as it had been the night before. She weighed him, and uncertainty and hope seemed to balance evenly through a terrible moment. He saw strain on her face and he saw the strain break and go away. "No," she said, "not wrong," and she tipped toward him when his arms reached out. She wanted him to know the uncertainty was gone; her lips came up readily to him and had their pressure.

He heard the rain beating down on the car and felt the rough wind shake it. The car was a small cell of warmth and light against the black emptiness around them; this was the only warmth in the universe, and this was the only light shining out through those millions of miles of space. This was all there was, but it was enough.

THE END



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He Loves Me

Continued from page 14

other ways. Cora Belle Miliron was the kind of woman a ranchman on the Rincon Seco would marry with his eyes shut, and Andy virtually had. He'd written to an uncle in the Ozarks to recommend him a mate and Cora Belle was it. She could drag a two-hundred-pound calf down by its tail, sit on its neck, cross its four feet behind her heel, reach to the fire for the branding iron, and ride the calf four feet up off the ground and down again when the iron seared through hair and hide.

"Fern and I," informed Howard Brister, "like it here immensely. She's going to write a book of poetry and I'm going to do one on rocks." He squeezed his wife's unshielded ribs.

"Lambie-pie, our guest must be dying of thirst," said Fern, using the first sensible words Andy had heard in that house.

HOWIE went into the kitchen, one of the four rooms built by an extravagant government, and still Fern Brister didn't go away and put some duds on. She sat on a corner of the table and swung a smoothly molded leg. She had chunk-honey hair and sky-blue eyes and, while Andy watched fascinated, she reddened her lips with war paint. It made her prettier than strawberries.

"Now that you've found us," lark-warbled Fern, "you must bring Mrs. Miliron over for a game of table tennis."

"What's that?"

"It's like regular tennis on a small scale." She hopped down off the table, which was a long one with a net across the middle. She handed him a paddle and bounced something at him that looked like the oncoming egg of a squirrel hawk. Andy flung up his paddle for protection and the egg proved to be a blown shell—it bounced right back. She lobbed it to him again and he, getting the idea, hit it a paste that would have sent it across the Sangre River if the house wall hadn't been there.

"How strong you are!" she said. "But you must control your strength."

Howard came in with three frosty glasses on a tray. Andy, used to amber splashes out of a jug, their temperature set by the time of year, was jarred and pleased by the discovery of ice in a glass in August. After his fizz drink had gurgled down, he began to feel more in tune with his surroundings; and after two more fizzes he felt completely at home. He tried table tennis again. He was beaten by Howie and he was beaten by Fern. But he had a wonderful time.

After the fourth drink Fern asked him if he wouldn't like to see how they'd fixed up the place.

The house was built of mortared boulders, with cement floors and tiled roof. Its kitchen had not only running water, tossed up from the river by hydraulic ram and passed through a filter, but an electric range and refrigerator.

The happy couple also showed him the bedroom. It had a bureau with mirror, a dainty bed with store-bought mattress, and a floor smothered in Indian rugs. "And this someday will be the nursery."

Nothing was in that fourth room yet but a crib and a hobbyhorse. It all seemed pretty forehanded. Andy and Cora Belle had produced a lavish of offspring—eleven so far, Andy thought it was—without a special room for nursery or even for bedroom.

The trio went out to the garden in back, and Andy saw what had been occupying Fern. Rows of wild flowers, transplanted from ravines above the river, alternated with lettuce, beets, carrots, peas and celery.

"Of course Howie turns the ground over for me," said Fern. "And he put these sprinkling pipes in. Makes irrigation just a matter of twisting a handle."

She led him to the edge of the garden terrace and showed him another terrace below. "That's our swimming pool. 'You and Mrs. Miliron must help us enjoy it."

With a jolt Andy realized that Howie's wife was the kind of woman who doesn't hesitate to get all-over wet.

He left the new neighbors waving to him from their front doorway, Howie in his short-sleeved white shirt and seersucker britches, his lean arm about Fern's brown appleskin-smooth waist. Andy drove up the dugway through the cliffs and out onto the mesa thoughtfully, and the more he reflected on what he'd seen, the more he nodded approval. Yes siree, Howie had a mighty fine little wife, and he knew how to appreciate her. But Andy had a fine wife too. The question was: Did he appreciate Cora Belle, and did he ever show it?

AT WINDOWROCK BUTTE he didn't turn east, but drove on to Jake Bishop's store and trading post, where he bought from the fat merchant a jug of hundred-proof—the thing, next to love, that Cora Belle would surely be most thankful for—and he also startled Jake by asking if the store had any women's wearing-duffel that looked like peppermint candy. Jake Bishop had none. Then Andy turned homeward.

He meant to hi-yoop as he neared the Miliron shanty, but changed his mind as his dogs, recognizing him, bounded out without barking. The Miliron offspring weren't about.

He moved to the rear of the shanty. Cora Belle Miliron was working up a supply of firewood. She was faced away from him, and her well-filled blue jeans made an arch as sturdy and symmetrical, on a reduced scale, as the mighty sandstone span that sprang over cabin and surroundings. She had just raised the ax high with both

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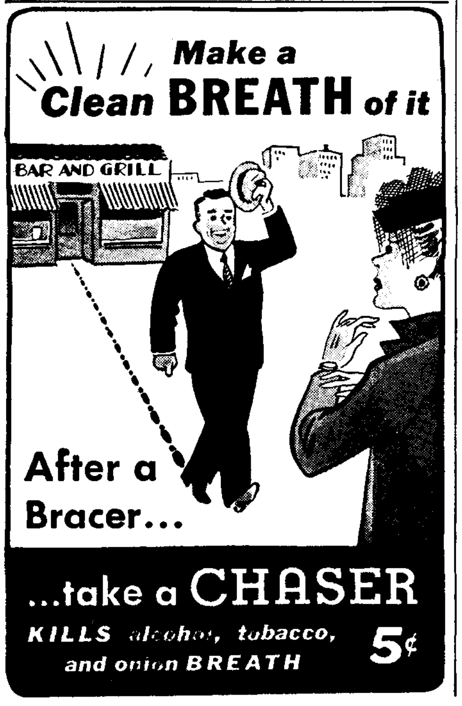

Make a Clean BREATH of it

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hands, as Andy, mindful of Howie Brister's example, stole up behind her. When his hands locked in front of her belt buckle and his mustache sank into her neck, she reacted with a wild yell and a whirl. Andy was hurled into the woodpile while Cora stood on top of it twirling her chopping-ax and shouting for all the Indians in Opuntia County to try and get up to her—just try. When she saw that her own Andrew had made that grab, vast was her amazement.

"Howdy, Corrie Belle," said Andy, pulling himself out of the log heap. "Come on down. I've fetched you something."

"I thought you was John Horseblanket gone crazy. Are you sun-tetched?"

"I'm pretty strong. Sorry I squoze. I just wanted to kiss you, lambie-pie."

"I'll be flummoxed," said Cora Belle. "Andy, has that Trader Bishop been selling first-run likker again?"

Andy looked around. His gaze fell on his house. "We could build us a real nice nursery off the north corner."

"A what?"

"A room to hold our new babies."

Cora Belle's mouth fell open.

"We could lead Can Creek this-away, and build ourselves a swimming pool."

"Andy Miliron, have you been stepping on a stinging-lizard or eating Jimson weed?"

Andy studied her well-set-up figure—its straw hat, gray hickory shirt and dungarees. "You ought to peel off about three quarters of that harness. Gorry, you'd be cute."

Cora Belle came down off the woodpile, gripping her ax-helve. Andy scooted.

A new era opened, though, for the Miliron establishment. Something had come over Andy that was beyond his wife's and children's explaining. Within an hour he'd sneaked back and stolen the chopping-ax. The day was hotter than hawg-scald, but he went straight to the woodpile and began making chips fly. This had to be seen to be believed. From the doorway of their one-room house, Cora Belle saw it. Andy worked in a dripping sweat, stacked up a right smart of stovewood, laid the ax down, smoked a while to recover his vitality, and caught up a shovel. He disappeared around the hill and Cora Belle grew fearful.

COME dusk, she started for Can Creek to fetch cooking water, when to her astonishment Andy trudged by lugging a bucket in each hand. Before going through the cabin door, he placed the buckets carefully on the ground and took off his hat. Then, hat under arm, he bore his burdens inside. Her dumfoundment increased when she saw that one bucket was brimful of water, the other of milk.

Cora Belle felt as the tree of a forest must feel when the ground, firm for centuries, begins to slip beneath its roots. Most times, when Andy had been off visiting to Jake Bishop's store, the mood he'd come home in was a fighting mood and she'd known what to do with it. She simply got the first licks in, and the hardest, and dragged him off to the sack of yucca leaves on the cord bed and threw him there. But this spell beat all.

In the morning Andy rose, went forth, and milked again. And by noon she saw what he'd been doing with that shovel. Here he came around the hill. He was ditching. He was drawing a rivulet from Can Creek to the Miliron door.

"So's you can irrigate our garden patch."

"Our what, Andy Miliron?"

"Our vegetubbles and flowers. I'll spade the ground over for you."

Cora Belle dropped to the doorsill and sat there.

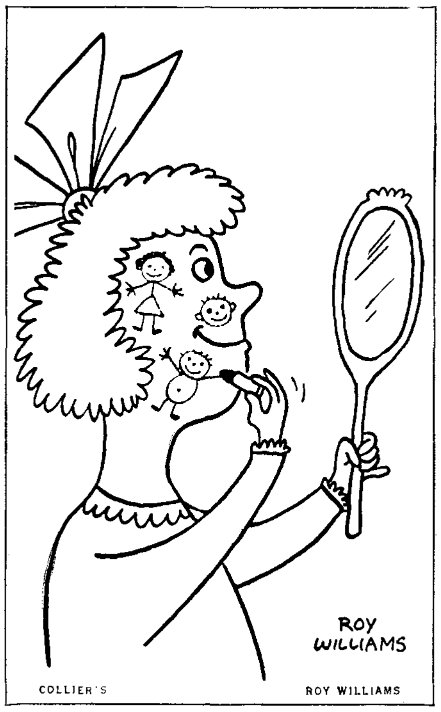
She was still sitting when he finished turning over the soil. She was sitting when he returned from the hanging canyons far down by the river with a horseload of wild onion sets, of squashes and coyote melons and gooseberry plants, of pink sweet Williams, white sego lilies, and yellow dogtooth violets. Dazed, she watched him start planting these in rows, and when she realized it was true she fell to her knees beside him and they worked together, though she glanced at him from time to time uneasily. Andy surely had changed. But when he actually set to digging and damming for that swimming pool, she knew that the time for getting to the bottom of things had come.

She sidled around to the family car, which was garaged under a smoke tree, and felt in its storage space until she found the jug. It was quite full and must contain what Jake Bishop was currently selling. This she swung over her arm with her thumb through its handle, and quaffed. She quaffed earnestly and searchingly, and waited for results. They were impressive when they came, but not what she expected. There yeasted in her innards not the slightest hanker to build a nursery, chop wood, dig a ditch, milk a goat or go swimming.

"Since it ain't Jake's likker he's hippoed by, it's something worse," she concluded, and knew she'd have to turn to the Navajo hogans for wisdom.

At her first opportunity, she saddled up and rode over the mesas to the village of eight-sided mud-and-stick huts and put her problem before the medicine man, Twelve Eagle Feathers.

The wrinkled ancient brushed his floor clean with a switch, and strewed colored sands—white to east, blue to south, yellow to west and black to north. He traced four mountains. Beside each mountain he drew a buck with antlers. Near the bucks he drew four sacred corn plants. Chanting softly, he moved from east to west around the painting. He closed his eyes. He pondered. He swept the sand painting away, and said:



COLLIER'S ROY WILLIAMS

"I see little stripes of pink and stripes of white. I see ranges of golden buckskin brown. I hear a voice silvery as the oriole's, laughing as the waterfall's. I feel the touch of hands. I smell the spice of broken mint. I hear the chink of ice in August and taste its sharp pleasant-hurting chill. I dodge a white shell that flies toward me and leaps away. I sigh for all-over waters. I am filled with pain, as one who has eaten of the heart-twister cactus. I yearn to be kind to someone."

"And the cure?"

But to that, the Indian had no answer.

Cora Belle Miliron rode home slowly.

Andy was dragging slabstones for the new room off the north corner of their house. Cora Belle rode straight for the family car, turned her horse loose, got behind the wheel, and set off for the only other fountainhead of wisdom she knew on the Rincon Seco, Trader Jake Bishop.

She turned defeated eyes on Jake. "I've lost my man," she said simply. "He ain't the man I married fifteen rains and seven droughts ago and I don't know who he is. Always Andy's been a first-rate resting man around the place. Now he works all the time. Always he was good for a fight when I offered it. Now he wants to make up before I hit him. I want to know what it is he's spooked by."

Jake Bishop thought. "Does he call you darling?"

"That and worse. Even lambie-pie. And honey-pet. 'Tain't spring, either."

"Tries to kiss you, maybe?"

"That too, the lollygagging no-good."

"Tell you what," said Jake. "There's a new wife down at the government hut. Why don't you go and talk to her? Women can be a powerful help to each other."

When Cora Belle reached the top of the dugway that winds down to the Sangre River, she started to hi-yoop, thought better of it, hid her car in a mesquite thicket, and took to the rocks. She moved with sureness and stealth until she reached the rear garden of the government hut. It was a pretty garden, neat with rows of peas and beans and lettuce and carrots, of gooseberry bushes, pink sweet William, white lilies and yellow violets. Near the back porch was a clothesline with two pink-and-white striped dibdabs dangling in the sunshine. Cora Belle felt a stab of insight.

A SLIM, young woman knelt amid the garden rows. She was in beaded moccasins, yellow shorts, a kind of yellow butterfly, and a tan like buttered toast. From the back door stepped a tall, brisk, athletic man in short-sleeved white shirt and seersucker britches. "Here you are, sweetheart," he said. He handed her a long glass—frosty.

"How thoughtful of you, darling! I was dying of thirst."

"What say to a swim?"

"I'd love it, lambie-pie."

The young man kissed the golden-toasted creature. They both sipped from the long glass. Cora Belle rose and hi-yooped.

"Why!" said Fern. "You must be the other white woman on the Rincon Seco. You're Andy's wife!"

"You know my man?"

"He paid us a lovely visit!"

Cora Belle inspected what the other woman had on in her strange struggle to acquire a Navajo's all-over complexion. "He saw you in that outfit?"

"Or one like it. I haven't much else."

"Gimme a drink," said Cora Belle fiercely. "With ice in it."

"Howie! Lovie-duck! Honey-pet!" Fern scolded. "Here we stand forgetting!"

It was sunset when Cora Belle got back to the one-room shanty under the Schoolmarm's Pants. Andy was splitting firewood again. He had the ax upraised. A muscular clutch tore it from his hands. A grip caught him up by the seat of his duckins, propelled him violently forward, turkey-trotted him on the run to Can Creek, and pitched him bodily in.

"You and your all-over-wet notions," shouted Cora Belle as Andy climbed out by the other bank. "You and your lambie-pieing and your neck-biting. Swimming pool, eh? Nursery, eh? Doing my milking and chopping and toting, eh? There'll be no more fine-haired ideas."

Andy crawled off. For three days he dwelt with John Horseblanket, who had been thrown out of hogans, too, until he had developed a rare understanding of women. Returning full of a philosophy that he could rely on, Andy found Cora Belle milking.

"Put 'em up," he ordered.

Cora Belle rose, a look of pleasure on her face. She took a defensive position. Andy hit out. She tripped and went down over the bucket. She bounded up, creamy behind and wrathful all over. "You couldn't 'a' did it if my legs hadn't crossed!"

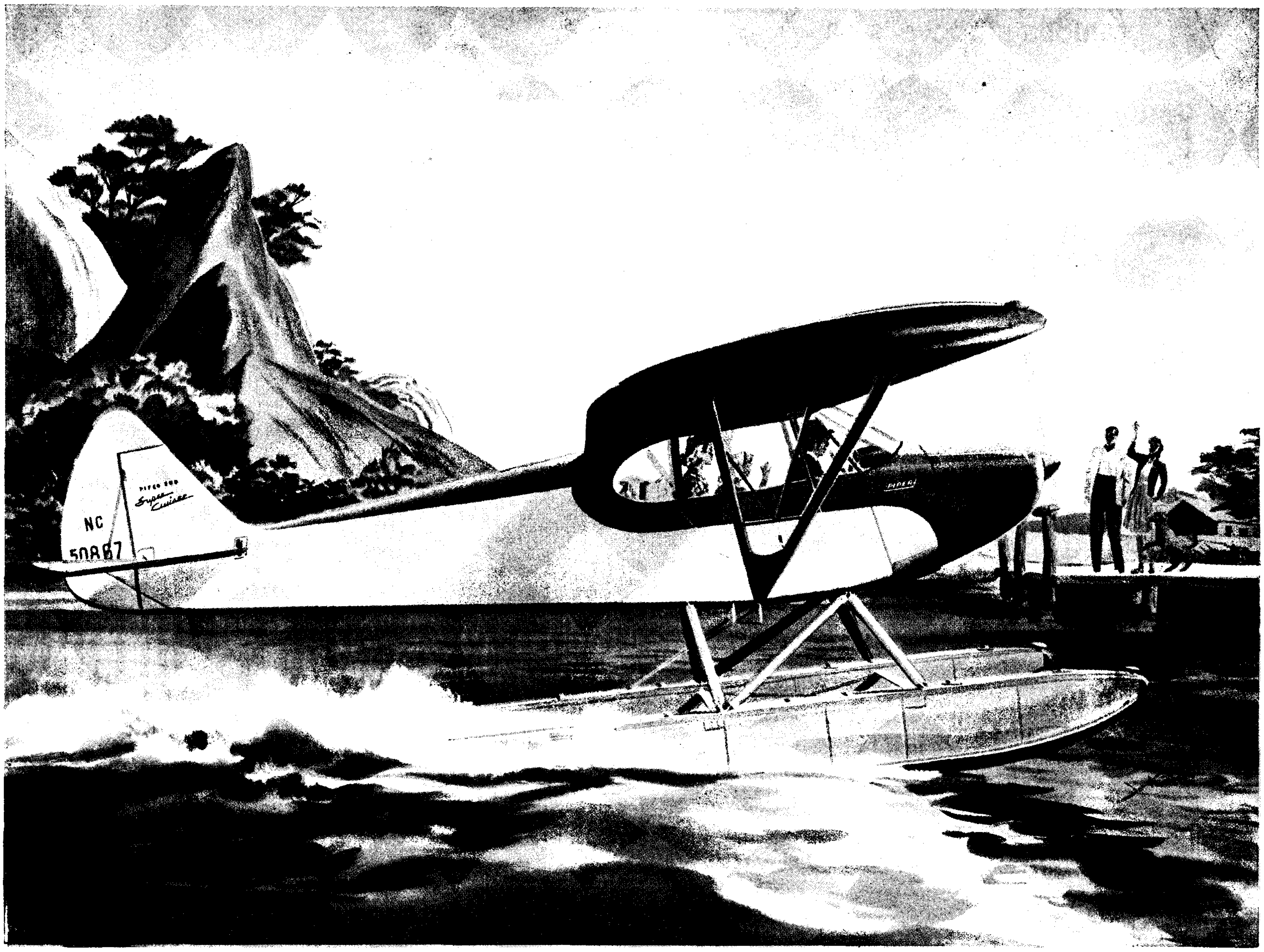
Andy smote again. "Say your legs crossed that time."

Cora Belle rose more slowly. Wonder and a glow of rapture were on her countenance. "Andy, you're your old self again!"

"Put 'em up!" commanded Andy. "This will be an extra good one. Today's our twenty-third anniversary."

"You remember that! You do love me! He loves me, everybody! He loves me!" she cried to the goats, the salt cedars, and the rapidly collecting children. "Andy Miliron, guard yourself! Here I come a-looping!"

THE END



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IFOR THOMAS

George Vogel, organist for the Freeport (Long Island) Bank, playing for two employees. The idea may sound screwy, but the bank thinks it's swell

BANK VAULT VIRTUOSO

BY PAUL KAMEY

IT WAS a typical bank scene—clean, freshly polished interior, depositors making out slips, others waiting in lines. There was but one exception. Through the vaulted rotunda of the bank building poured the rich, sonorous tones of an organ playing a sprightly Gershwin tune.

"That," said W. Sargeant Nixon, cashier of the Freeport Bank of Freeport, Long Island, proudly, "is our staff organist. Just notice the effect the music has on the customers and our staff."

It was true. A man in a derby tapped a large foot in time to the music, another whistled, loudly and off key, the fingers of the tellers seemed to fly as the lilting notes rang through the building.

Nixon is proud that his is believed to be the only bank in the world to have a staff organist on its regular pay roll. Several years ago he purchased an electric organ from a friend who was going into the Army and since then the bank has provided a lively program of organ music for its customers and staff three days each week.

"We tried to discontinue it for a while last January, George Vogel, the organist explained, "but there were so many demands for its return from customers and others who used to come into the bank to hear it, that the concerts were resumed."

The organ is situated behind the thick, polished bars that guard the bank's vault. Frequently customers in the bank will press their faces against the bars and call out a request. Women customers often write the names of favorite songs on deposit slips and ask the bank guard to give it to Vogel.

Vogel builds his programs around a special psychology he has adapted for bank customers. "In a place like this," he told me, "I open cold with a light semiclassic. If the bank gets busier I move the music along, something snappier. However, I never move ahead of the mood of the bank. I'm always a little behind it in musical tempo."

He has one fixed song on his schedule, though.

"That's for Monday morning," he said, smiling. "Customers come in bug-eyed and sleepy and I always give them two or three choruses of Oh, What A Beautiful Morning. It's amazing how it wakes everybody up."

As for the effect of the music on business, Cashier Nixon said he believed his innovation definitely has increased the number of depositors.

"It's wonderful for public relations," he said, "and I know we've had people coming in here to listen to the music who have started new accounts."

NIXON has found that music also has a salutary effect on the bank staff. He has found, also that it takes some of the stuffiness out of the bank atmosphere, makes it more of a community institution.

Nixon, who started as a bank stenographer in 1910 and was president of his own bank at twenty-six, has introduced several other progressive ideas at the Freeport Bank.

Each September the bank sponsors a flower show. Hundreds of entries are received from all parts of the state and the bank is filled with a mass of colorful and fragrant blooms for the final Saturday-afternoon judging. He has also installed a sparkling red-and-white kitchen in the basement of the bank building where the staff can relax over a quick snack or a cup of coffee or tea.

He pointed to the long row of safe-deposit boxes inside the massive doored vault and explained additional rows of boxes were on order due to increased demands. And while he doesn't attribute the boom in business entirely to his organ idea, he does say that part of his banking philosophy these days is that it pays to play. ★★★

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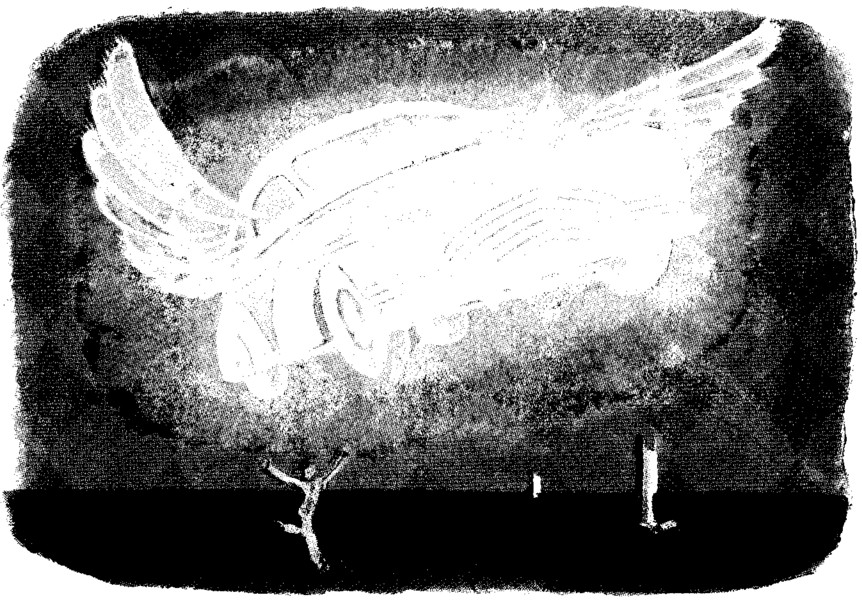

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The Long Denial

Continued from page 21

"Where is Pokey?" Marylynn whispered. "How is she? What happened to her? Why isn't she here?"

"Now don't talk so much, dear. It's bad for you. Try and sleep a little more."

"Did Pokey get burned badly?"

"Now be quiet, dear. No one got burnt."

"You don't know what Pokey did for me. She saved my life."

"Sure, sure. You'll be all right, dear, and your Pokey will be all right, too," Miss Cripps rattled off in confident ignorance.

"That's good," Marylynn said contentedly. She closed her eyes, and the hospital bed swayed away with her like a gentle gondola.

HOUR after hour, she had to swim across the dark waters of unconsciousness and almost death, coming up only for spells of air. It was amazing how much she knew of the things that were going to happen. There was no pain yet, but there would be very much pain and great discomfort before she would have a face again. But there would always be Pokey and Luke to preach patience and to pump some of their own ambition and courage into her. Her eyebrows would be the first to grow back again, and her eyelashes, thank God. And her hair would sprout, the same color as before and just as rich and shiny. She would begin to feel at home in the hospital. She would gossip with the nurses, and embarrass the young interns by her unbeatable habit of being seductive—even in bandages. One of them would lose his head over her, and Pokey would make jokes about it. Luke would be nicer to her than ever before, and not mind the way she looked. He would sit at her bedside, holding her hand and telling her gags and stories. He would trundle her around in the wheel chair, and take her up to the roof; and he would kiss her the moment it was permitted again.

"You mean you still want me, Luke, the way I look?"

"Damn it all, woman, I'm afraid I do."

"How come?"

"To me your mug isn't quite as irritating now as when every moron couldn't help noticing how glorious you are."

Groping her way through the Bad Lands stretching between death and life, Marylynn knew every word of the conversations she would have with Luke and could feel all the future caresses and enjoy all the future quarrels. Yes, Luke would be nice and she would almost fall in love with him. Almost, but not quite: for in sickness or health, awake or asleep, her instinct would remain on guard; an instinct that would never allow her to mistake gratitude for passion and that always kept warning her that Luke was not The One—just a passing stranger, alien to her own kind.

In the hospital room, there were the usual comings and goings while Marylynn was absorbed in designing a future of which she had such an uncannily clear conception. Dr. Bassington came twice, shook his head, and left. Her blood pressure was taken, her temperature, and her pulse. All this she had anticipated; but what worried her was the absence of Pokey. She needed Pokey very much, and Pokey knew it, and Pokey would come to her and stand by her and be as wonderful as only Pokey could be. Without Pokey all the doctors in the world couldn't make her well again. She began to feel miserable and to moan softly, and Miss Cripps gave her a little hypo and wrote in the chart: One o'clock, patient restless. ¼ grain morphine.

DURING the months it had taken Marylynn to recover fully from the ravages of the Cypress Grove fire, she had developed a considerable tolerance for morphine, and the quarter grain was not enough to bring her relief. One by one, her mind lined up the hardships through which she had passed after her release from the Florida hospital more than four years ago. Her mind was still too hazy to separate the past from the future; she was still stumbling through a no man's land where it appeared to her that every hurt and disappointment she had received lay still ahead of her. She would leave the protecting walls of the hospital and would be delivered into a world where most people had whole faces. She would be afraid of them, and she would wrap a blue scarf around her cheeks and pull it over her eyes; and Pokey would hide her from reporters and photographers and agents. Only her closest friends would be permitted to see her, and they all would sing out much too emphatically that nothing, absolutely nothing, could be seen of her scars. Pokey would design a new hair-do to cover the slowly healing spot on the left temple, and would claim that an evening dress with long sleeves, and a deep slash in back and another in front, was smarter and sexier than all the debutantes' strapless gowns. "Just wait a year and you'll be tops again; just half a year, just three months." Marylynn would look in the mirror, and take heart. Pokey wouldn't let her slip during that period of waiting: she would make her take singing lessons, work on her enunciation, build up a new program, add a few Spanish songs to the French songs she knew. Soon Sid would start a publicity campaign to bring her back. Pokey would be too shrewd to exploit the audiences' curiosity about a star who had gone through seven hells. What they wanted was Marylynn, undamaged and exactly as much fun as before. The Cypress Grove fire would first be minimized and then dropped entirely from the anecdotes Sid would launch in the papers.

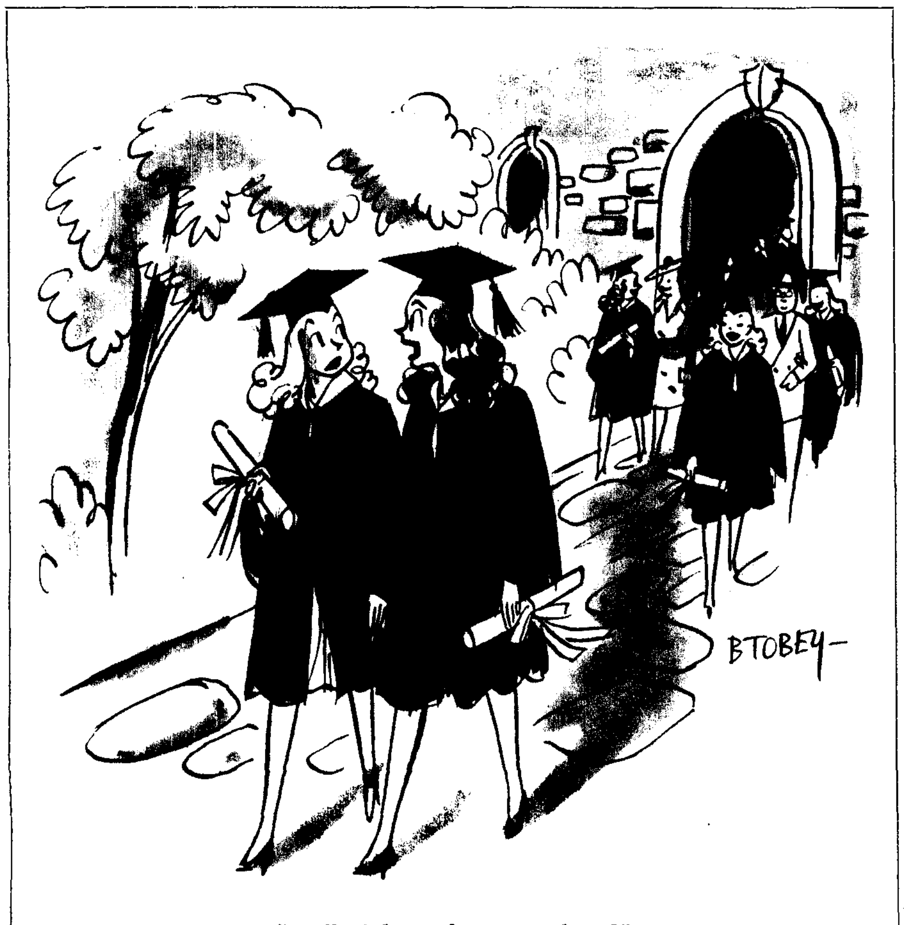
Cheered and inspired and pushed on by Pokey, Marylynn would improve from day to day. At long last she would feel that she was herself again, glistening with health and strength. But then, just when she was full of self-assurance, ready to march triumphantly out and face an audience, there would be those cruel little setbacks. A little boy in Central Park clambering on her lap, touching her cheek and asking in his clear, high voice: "What's that funny thing you got there?" An old taxi driver inquiring solicitously: "Been in a bad accident, lady?" Young Pereira—who only a year ago had made a suicide attempt over her—writing passionate letters and flying up from Rio with the explicit intention of proposing marriage to her; turning a little white around the gills when he saw her, and, after an hour of strained conversation, flying back again without having proposed.

Lying very flat and motionless on her hospital bed, and strenuously bobbing up from the dark waters of unconsciousness, Marylynn had to struggle against obstacle after obstacle until she arrived at the small ultramodernistic platform of the Glass Tower.

POKEY had chosen the scene of her comeback with infinite care. The Glass Tower was not too small, not too large, and catered to the society crowd of San Francisco. If things should go wrong—and Pokey had pounded into Marylynn the conviction that they simply couldn't—Broadway and the East Fifties didn't need to hear about it. On the other hand, if everything went as well as expected, Sid Carp was ready to blow a publicity trumpet that would have made the walls of Jericho fall down. The four weeks at the Glass Tower were only meant as a tryout for the subsequent engagement at the Star Roof. Luke had written new songs for her and kept her for weeks in a frenzy of work and happy anticipation; and Pokey, dear, strong, brave, reliable Pokey, had repeated over and over again that she sang better and looked better than ever before.

The Glass Tower was on top of a skyscraper, all glass and metal and bright light. As they went up to it Marylynn wondered how such a small elevator could, in an emergency, take care of a large crowd, and there came a fleeting tightness around her heart which, however, passed while she arranged Emily in front of the mirror of her dressing room.

While the Glass Tower was proud of being "different," its backstage definitely was not. Pulled by Luke and pushed by Pokey, Marylynn made her way through the



COLLIER'S "Well, did you learn anything?" BARNEY TOBEY

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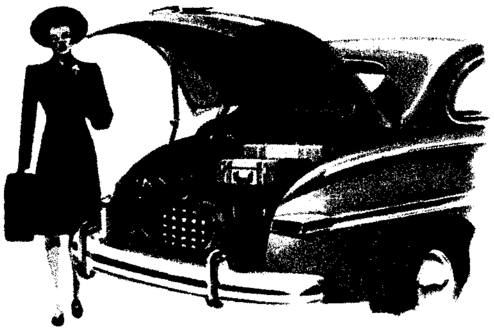

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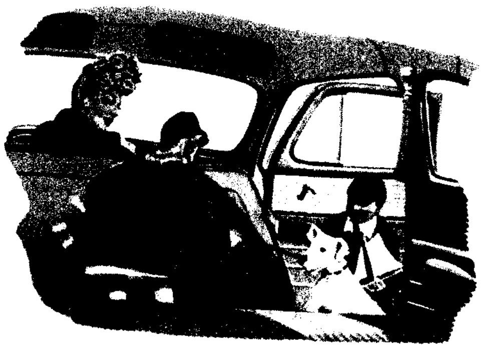

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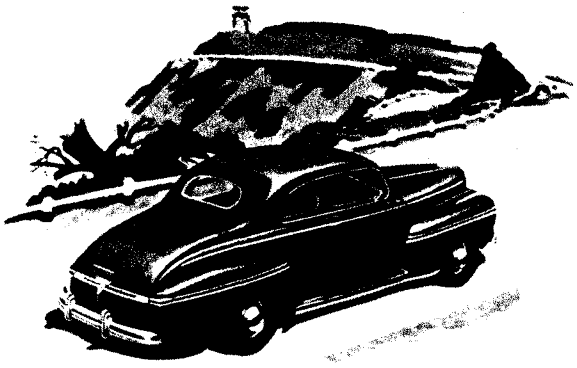

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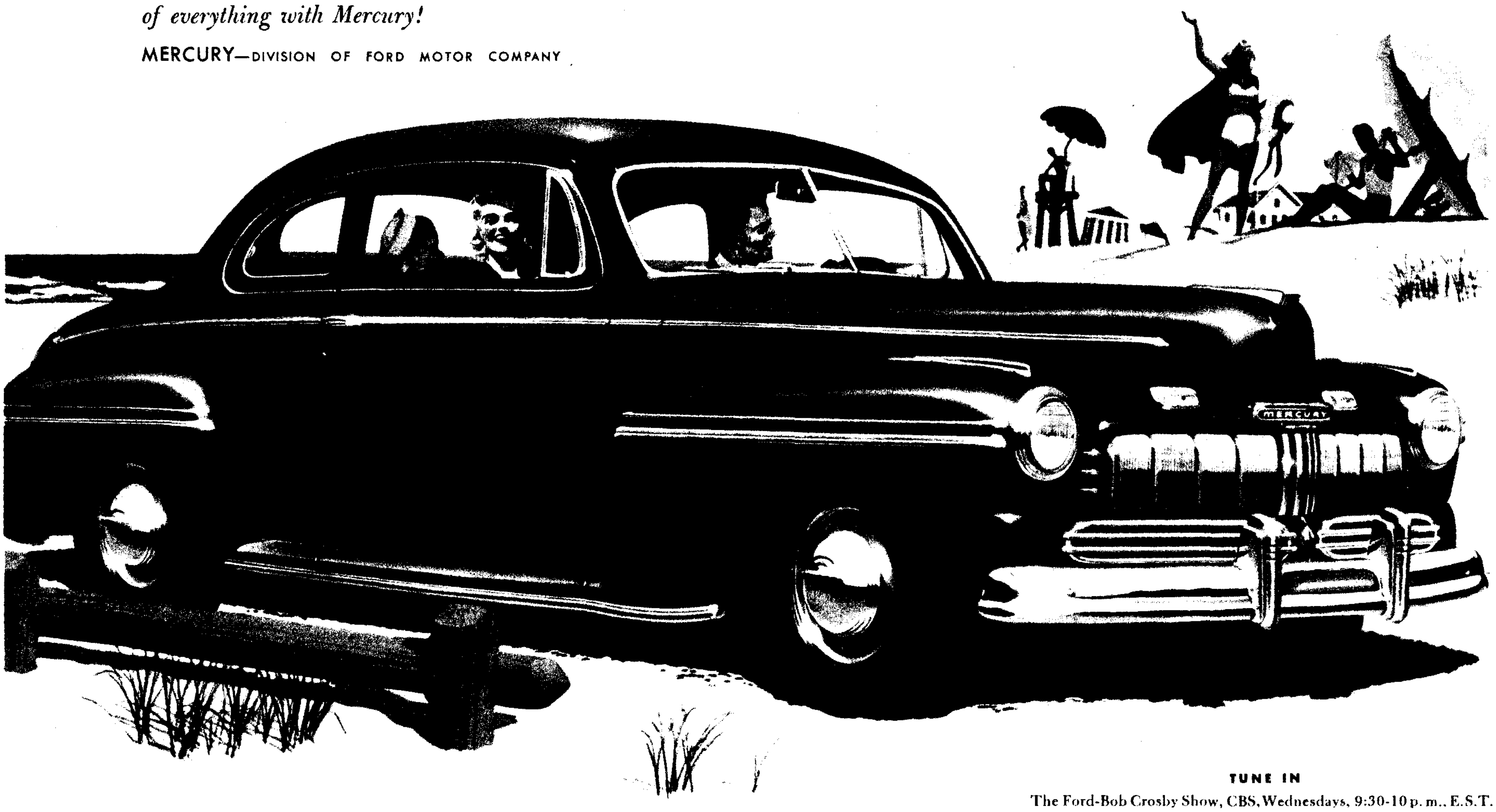


TUNE IN

The Ford-Bob Crosby Show, CBS, Wednesdays, 9:30-10 p. m., E.S.T.
The Ford Sunday Evening Hour, ABC, Sundays, 8-9 p. m., E. S. T.

usual narrow corridors and concrete tubes, up a crooked little stairway and through the tunnel underneath the bandstand; and her heart grew tight and fearful once more.

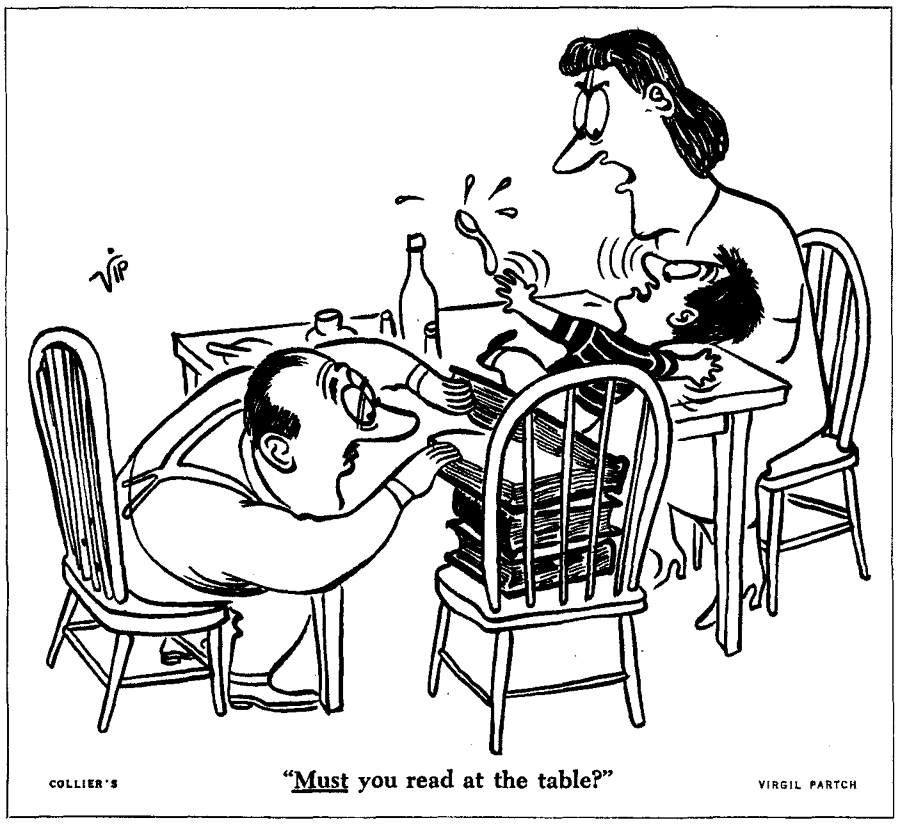
"What's the matter?" Pokey asked. You couldn't hide anything from Pokey.

"Nothing. Out of breath," Marylynn said, stopping on her way.

For God's sake! You can't let me down now," Pokey said in her toughest manner; and Marylynn felt sorry for her.

Poor Pokey. She had aged beyond her years with all the worry about Marylynn. Not twenty-six yet, and already there was a streak of gray in her thick obstinate hair. Her cheeks had grown a little hollow beneath the high cheekbones, and a sharp little crescent line was etched at the left corner of her mouth. It was the mark left by all the nursing, sitting up nights, fighting over insurance money, balancing the budget, paying the bills for all the intricate treatments that had restored Marylynn's beauty. Marylynn knew all this, although she was unable to put it into words. All she could say was: "It's your tough luck, Pokey. Why the hell did you team up with a born giver-inner and letter-downer like me?"

And Pokey would laugh a little, give her a slap on the rump, and say: "Yes, why the hell did I?"



COLLIER'S "*Must* you read at the table?" VIRGIL PARTCH

And so Marylynn took a deep breath and marched out onto the platform and into a clatter of applause. But she knew that she would let Pokey down.

It would happen during the first chorus of the second song. Marylynn would faint, shamefully and disgracefully, in front of the audience, and there was nothing she could do about it. While she sang, she would realize that half the glass of the Glass Tower was made of Cellophane and that half of its metal splendor was combustible tinsel. She would be unable to concentrate, knowing that she was trapped once more between the props of a make-believe room which could be set aflame by one single careless match. Still singing, she would search for the lighted exit signs and would not find them behind the darkness and the smoke. Already she could taste that smoke: it filled her mouth, it suffocated her. And there would be no escape—not in the too-small elevator, not down the endless flight of stairs, not through the crooked tunnels backstage.

She thought: I will fall twenty-two stories to the street and be dead.

Her heart was beating with frightened bat wings, and then she fainted. . . .

This was the eleventh day of the heat wave, and the early afternoon heat in the small anteroom of No. 35 was all but insupportable. Everyone's nerves were taut to the snapping point, even Lee Crenshaw's. He had peeled off his tight blue coat, torn off his necktie and rolled up his shirt sleeves. Sid Carp, trying to entertain the fretting husband who had so unexpectedly appeared on the scene, had pumped him for some details of his secret courtship and marriage which might be useful material for publicity. But Lee Crenshaw, amiable and good-natured as he was, grew reticent on this point. "Publicity be hanged!" he told Sid. "I don't think Mrs. Crenshaw wants or needs any publicity, not ever again; not another word, not while I'm around! I don't want to hurt your feelings, brother. I understand that you've got to make a living and so you've got to put all that hokum in the newspapers. But Mrs. Crenshaw hates publicity—she told me so, not one time but a hundred times."

"She did, did she? Well, I humbly apologize if I have caused Mrs. Crenshaw any inconvenience," Sid replied gravely.

The door opened and Luke came in, balancing a cluster of ice-cream cones in his huge hands. "There you are, kids," he said. "That's what we need. Take two, Lee."

"Gee, Mr. Jordan," Lee said, grabbing a cone in each hand. "Gee, but that's nice of you."

"Any news about Marylynn?" Luke asked in a tight voice.

Sid shook his head. "Lee was just telling me how he met Mrs. Crenshaw. He drove her all over Belgium in '44 when she went over on that USO tour, remember?"

"Well, go right ahead, Lee. Don't mind me; I'm reading." Luke hid himself behind a magazine and papers. Crenshaw cleared his throat in the silence that followed. But he was so full of Marylynn, he had to talk about her or bust.

"You know how crazy the boys were about her. You were a soldier yourself, weren't you, Mr. Jordan? When she came to us in person, the boys went absolutely wild. She wasn't playing up to the brass like most of the other girls; not Marylynn! She went right down to the G.I.s, talking to them and eating with them and having fun with them."

Luke Jordan, watching Lee over the unread pages of his magazine, was embarrassed by the boy's simple emotion, and, at the same time, a little envious of it. He put down the magazine, and went over to the window, turning his back on the room.

"Naturally, I admired her just as much as the other guys did, maybe more so, because I saw more of her while I was driving her from one outfit to the other. You see, I'd got a slug in my shoulder and wasn't back on combat duty yet. Naturally, I couldn't help being crazy about Mary from the day I first laid eyes on her. But what really got me was the time we had trouble between Rochefort and Libremont. I had orders to get her back across the Meuse to 12th Army Group H.Q. at Verdun as fast as I could. There wasn't much left of the Luftwaffe, but a few of their F-W 190s came over and let go with everything they had. All I could do was drive my car in a ditch and pull Marylynn under it and dig us a sort of slit trench through the snow and into that half-frozen ground. I guess before that day I'd been a little afraid of her because she was such a celebrity. But after that half hour in that hole in the ground, with me squatting on top of her and her making bad jokes underneath me so I wouldn't feel how she was trembling—well, after that I knew she was just a sweet, scared little kid, for all her being brave and acting tough. Just a little girl who needed a man to take care of her. I don't know if it ever hit one of you fellows like that—but I just knew: This is it. This one is the only one. So, when I'd got her safely to H.Q. and it came to saying goodby, I asked her, 'When I come home from this war, will you marry me?'

"And she said, 'If you come home, I'll marry you, because you're all I ever want.' "

Having said this, Lee Crenshaw blushed, blew his nose, and added huskily, "You see, that's the sort of girl she is. But I'm talking too much. I'm sure Mrs. Crenshaw would be mad at me if she knew I told you."

WHILE Sid and Luke were trying to imagine this unimaginable Mrs. Crenshaw, a nurses' aide ushered in Inspector Fowler, with Dr. Bassington in his wake. "If you will wait here and have a little patience, Inspector," he said, "I'll see if the patient's condition permits a brief interview." Lee Crenshaw got up as though he had been stung by a wasp, and the doctor added a perfunctory introduction, muttering the names of the three men.

"Oh, I met the two gentlemen this morning," Fowler said politely.

"Professionally," Luke added grimly; and Dr. Bassington disappeared into the sickroom.

Crenshaw's face turned red with agitation. "You don't mean you're going to put my wife through the wringer?" he demanded. "You can ask me all the questions you want and I'll give you all the answers I can, but I'll be darned if I'll let you talk to Mrs. Crenshaw."

"You don't have to worry, Mr. Crenshaw. You can rest assured that every precaution will be taken not to aggravate your wife's condition. We are just as eager as you must be to see the person punished who tried to kill her.". . .

The prick of a needle in her arm brought Marylynn to. "Now she's coming around," said Miss Cripps, putting the syringe on the tray. Dr. Bassington let go of Marylynn's wrist and bent close to her ear.

"You are doing all right. You are a fine patient, Miss Marylynn," Dr. Bassington said. Marylynn took this to be a compliment and tried to smile at him. She liked the doctor; he was a nice man. Her glance followed his slightly pompous figure as he walked out of the door.

"Don't exert yourself, dear," said the monotonous little phonograph inside Miss Cripps.

The veiled curtains around Marylynn's mind tore apart. But no—I don't have to go through this: the fire happened long ago, it's past and done with, she knew all of a sudden. But how, then, did the hospital fit into it?

"What happened to me?" she whispered miserably.

"Don't talk, dear. You must be quiet. You had a little operation."

Marylynn closed her eyes, and memories came tumbling down in a rush from all sides—some very clear now, and some still confused and half-understood.

Then a small breath of fresh air pene-

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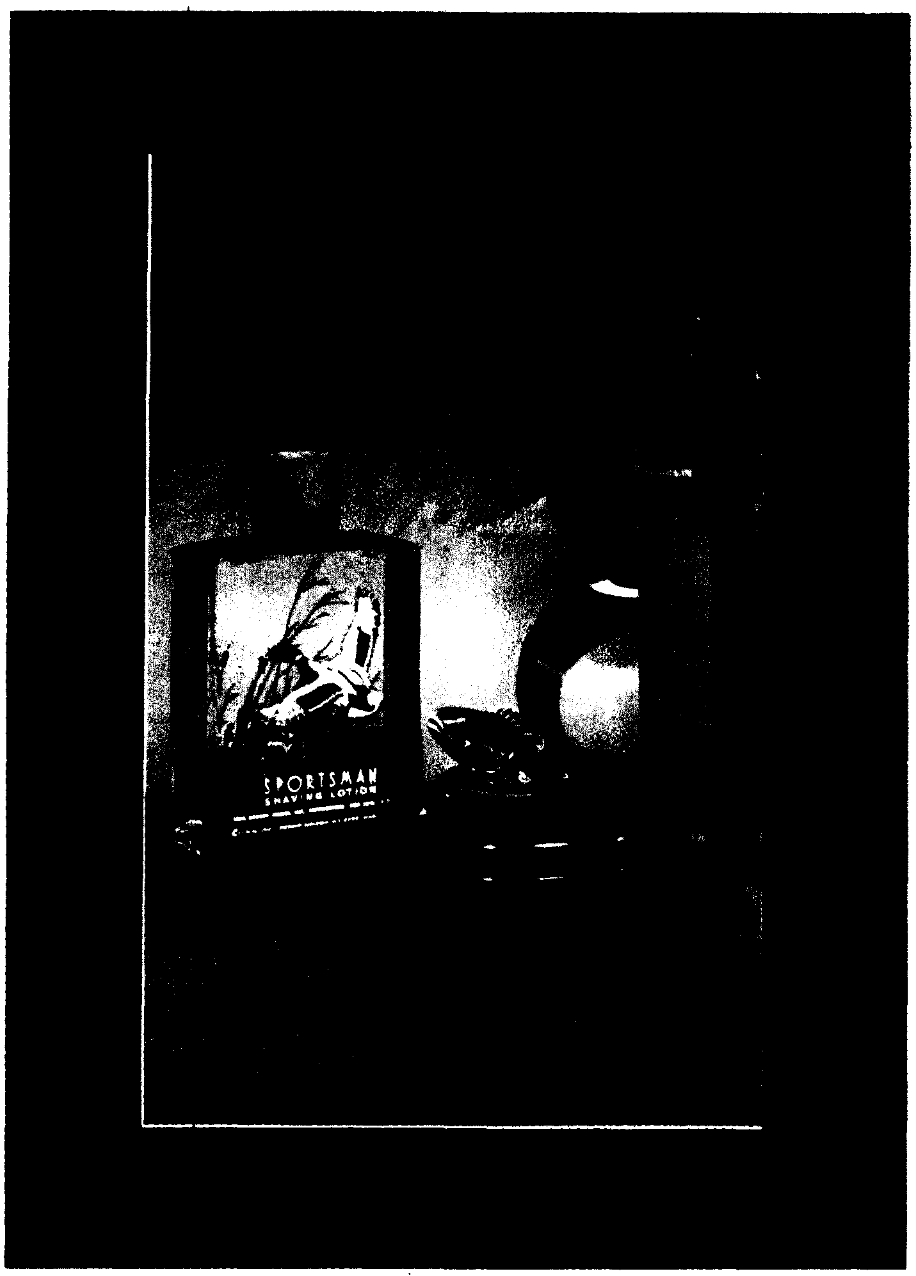

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trated the sticky heat hovering about her bed—a faintly familiar fragrance of water sprayed delicately on rose petals. Even before Marylynn opened her eyes again she recognized the only rose that smelled like this. "Maggie Vandenholt," she whispered. Miss Cripps threw an uneasy glance at her patient as she set down a huge glass bowl of long-stemmed roses. They were of a very pale, creamy yellow with a net of veins finely drawn in a flamingo blush. Marylynn smiled at the sight of them. "Maggie Vandenholt," she repeated. "Look at A. W.!" At which Miss Cripps felt her pulse, took the chart and wrote down skeptically: "1:35. Patient slightly delirious."

But Marylynn's mind was perfectly clear. Maggie Vandenholt was a rose which Alan W. Huysmans had bred on his place on Long Island, and given his mother's maiden name. Three dozen of these roses had been sent to Marylynn every morning during the weeks of his tenacious courtship. Early in the beginning of their acquaintance Marylynn had—on Pokey's orders—told the rich man: "Look here, A. W., the only gift I'll ever accept from you is flowers; but not flowers your secretary orders from the florist. Just flowers from your own garden—and it wouldn't do you any harm to go and pick them for me yourself." Thus, Maggie Vandenholt had become one of several little tricks in convincing Alan W. Huysmans that he was loved, not for his power and money but for himself. And here they were again—three dozen pale, blushing Maggie Vandenholts. He sends me roses, Marylynn thought; I'd expect him to send me rat poison after what I did to him.

WHAT had been one of many unimportant episodes in Marylynn's life, but almost a catastrophe in the life of Alan W. Huysmans, began when a plane was grounded at the airport of Fort Wayne during a blizzardy night in December, 1942. There had been sleet on the ground, fiercely driving snow in the black air; and the passengers, most of them in important uniforms, had been tossed around by the storm for two extremely ugly hours. Marylynn had barely managed to keep herself from giving a disgraceful display of airsickness; she was cold all through and her face felt green and puckered like a bunch of broccoli. Also, she felt very lonesome, for this was one of the rare occasions when she had traveled alone. While she had flown to California to the funeral of that forsaken aunt in Blythe, Pokey had remained in New York, hot on the scent of some contract.

At that particular period of her life, contracts for Marylynn were hard to get. After that first fainting spell in San Francisco there had been others, failure after failure, every time she had to cope with the glitter out front and the backstage labyrinth of a night club. Fainting in front of an audience is an unforgivable sin; it made a nuisance of Marylynn. Managers and promoters began to give her the cold shoulder as soon as word got around that she was bad news. Funds were getting low, Pokey's furs and Marylynn's aquamarine necklace were put in hock with a certain S. Brill & Co. on upper Third Avenue. Pokey was left alone to fight their battle. Sid Carp, ridiculous in his uniform, was in Washington doing some obscure job in public relations. Even Luke Jordan, transfigured into a soldier, had been shipped off, destination unknown. At times Marylynn was surprised how vast a vacuum he had left in their lives.

Yearning for company, she scanned the angry little group of passengers, didn't like any of them, and easily classified them as either drips or wolves. Disgusted, she sat down next to the only man who looked possible. He had gray hair, held a portfolio on his lap; and there was something solid and trustworthy about him, although he looked disgruntled and quite sick himself.

"If your tummy is bouncing like mine, what you want is a good, thick sizzling steak to hold it down. And a cup of strong coffee," Marylynn remarked, with all the cheer she could muster.

The old gentleman seemed startled as he looked up from a timetable he had been studying. "Beg your pardon? Uh—yes—indeed," he answered at last.

"Well, why don't we drive into town and find some place that's still open?" Marylynn suggested companionably. At this he gave her a quick glance so full of distrust and cold withdrawal that it made Marylynn laugh. In general, this was not the sort of response she set off in men. She felt a little sorry for this old boy who seemed so unused to a little friendliness that he didn't know how to accept it—and in all the following months she never stopped feeling sorry for the great Alan W. Huysmans. "I didn't mean to shock you," she said. "But I simply have to get something into my stomach, and I just can't go around in a strange town in the middle of this godforsaken night and look for a joint that might give me something to eat. Besides, you look as if a drink and a bite wouldn't do you any harm either. So, I'd appreciate it no end if you'd be my escort. Sir—" she added as an afterthought.

A. W. looked her over with the precise scrutiny of a man who in his youth had won his spurs as a reporter on his father's newspapers. She was young, lovely, and, as far as appearances went, every inch a lady. No perfume; hardly any make-up, but an outdoor skin in full bloom. A simple, well-cut gray flannel dress under a beaver coat. As she took off her severe little gray hat, a pleasantly natural-looking torrent of blond hair came cascading down to her shoulders.

"I should be honored," Alan W. Huysmans said. "But unfortunately the airline bus which was to take us to town was stalled in the blizzard. I tried to hire a car, but there is not a chauffeur in town who wants to take a chance. I'm afraid we'll have to spend the night on this most uncomfortable bench and, since we can't drive to the station and catch a train, we'll be stranded here until the weather clears up."

"Well, we'll see about that," Marylynn said, and left him.

He looked after her and thought of his mother who always claimed that the young women of today didn't know how to walk. It seemed to him that here was one who did. Ten minutes later she returned, announcing merrily: "It's all fixed. I talked one of the pilots into giving us a ride into town in one of the airline cars."

FROM the moment she took charge of Huysmans, the dismal night turned into sheer delight for him. By handling audiences Marylynn had learned to handle all sorts of people with great ease and spirit. She told him some of her little gags, she clowned and mimicked for him, she teased him a bit and flattered him a bit and patted his hand; and when he spread his travel rug over her knees she insisted that he share it with her. With the help of the young pilot she also found the one and only place in town that would serve them a good steak at this time of the night. Charlie's was a disreputable-looking little café at the outskirts of the town—noisy, smoky, crowded and overheated, yet deliciously cozy after the bumpy flight.

Gingerly, Huysmans waded into this little sample of a democracy about which he editorialized a lot but knew very little. Marylynn installed him in one of the four booths and marched into the kitchen to coax the cook into some extra effort. Marylynn, who was always so strictly taken care of by Pokey, loved to take care of people herself, and Emily was but a poor substitute on whom to practice these frustrated instincts. But the Old Boy began to melt, to blossom out, to unfold timid little buds of friendliness which sprouted unexpectedly. Not that he was capable of stepping altogether out of his stainless-steel tower or vaulting across the bars of prejudice and caution behind which he kept himself imprisoned. "My name is Smith," he said officiously, after raising his glass to her. Marylynn tried hard not to laugh out loud.

"But how remarkable, Mr. Smith!" she informed him gravely. "My name is Smith, too."

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HESSON GUARD

MILANO

She felt warm and well-fed, safe and gay and happy in contrast to the miserable two hours of flying through the blizzard. Her mood spilled over onto Alan W. Huysmans. He couldn't remember ever having spent a more agreeable time in more pleasant company. His knowledge of women was limited and mostly theoretical. He adored his mother, he had honored and respected his wife, he despised his daughters-in-law, and he had nothing but contempt for the occasional affairs which his doctor, his secretary, and even his old mother, had recommended to him since he had become a widower. Now every masculine and protective instinct in him had been called on the alert. Tingling all over, he went into action; and Marylynn watched with satisfaction the transformation the Old Boy underwent before her eyes. It never failed to work. A few little compliments, a little appeal to their strength and superiority, and men, the poor darlings, pushed out their chests and preened their feathers.

Alan W. Huysmans retired into the telephone booth and made a few calls. When he came out, he had all the weather reports; he knew that all planes would be grounded for at least six hours; he had secured an empty compartment on the train passing through at 4:28 A.M. He had also called his secretary in New York to postpone the Monday morning conference, and ordered his chauffeur Wallace to meet him at the train at Grand Central Station. He even had a taxi waiting outside, and this time he stuck his knees next to hers under the robe without waiting for an invitation.

THE blizzard showed signs of abating. Marylynn was yawning, unabashed as a child. When she found, on boarding the train, that two beds were neatly made up in one compartment, she raised a quizzical eyebrow and thought: Too bad! The porter stood by with his ivory grin, ready to accept a millionaire's tip. "Everything okay, Mr. Huysmans?" he asked happily. Marylynn caught the well-known name, connected it with the equally well-known gray pompadour and suppressed a whistle. She managed to look ever so slightly offended, in a most restrained and ladylike way. The Old Boy stammered, explained and apologized in desperation. Worn out as he was, he made the hasty and gallant gesture of offering to spend the night on the leather bench in the men's washroom and leave the precious compartment entirely to her. At that Marylynn felt another upsurge of pity. "Wouldn't it be simpler if each of us would curl up in a corner and get a few hours sleep? I promise I won't bite you, Mr. Smith," she said. Alan W. accepted the proposal with enormous gratitude. Marylynn kicked off her shoes, pulled the blanket up to her chin, gave a huge yawn and sigh like a puppy in front of a fireplace and fell blissfully asleep.

"Guess who I met on the trip," she said to Pokey on Monday. "Alan W. Huysmans."

"That old buzzard?" said Pokey, whose political opinions didn't agree with the editorials of the Huysmans papers. "He must be a disgusting specimen."

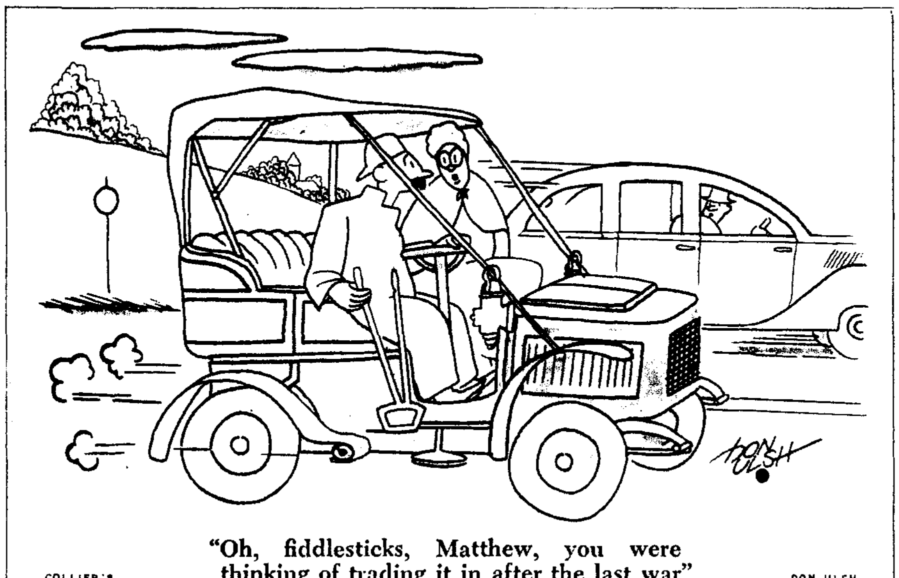
"Oh, no. He's nice. I like him," said Marylynn. . . .

While Alan W. Huysmans was still flushed with the afterglow of his delightful encounter, he took what to him was the most natural first step in any human relation: he asked his secretary, Don Myrtle, to prepare a dossier on the young lady who had facetiously called herself Mary Smith and had, when she left him at Grand Central, given him her telephone number. The same evening—Monday—the dossier was in his hands, and he absorbed its contents with mixed feelings.

THERE was a sour-sweet taste, mixed of *disillusion and relief, to the information* he obtained: A night-club singer, with many amours to her reputation; well managed, apparently, but nevertheless without a job; in rather strained financial circumstances, although she was keeping up appearances. Not married, not divorced, and, at present, seemingly unattached. Altogether, an object so easily to be approached that it almost wasn't worth the effort. And yet, that young creature had been so warm and simple, so very trusting and yet reserved, so irresistibly lovable. Huysmans tried what other men before had tried in vain: he tried to get Marylynn out of his mind, and found that it was impossible.

On Tuesday he called her up, on Wednesday he sent her flowers, on Friday he asked her out for dinner. "Tonight? But it's impossible tonight—I have a nasty little engagement that I can't break. Oh, I'm so disappointed," she said, and it sounded so sincere that it sent a little tremor through Huysmans' heavy body. He spent the week end at his mother's place near North Haven, and wrestled with the temptation of sending Marylynn a long, compromisingly amorous wire.

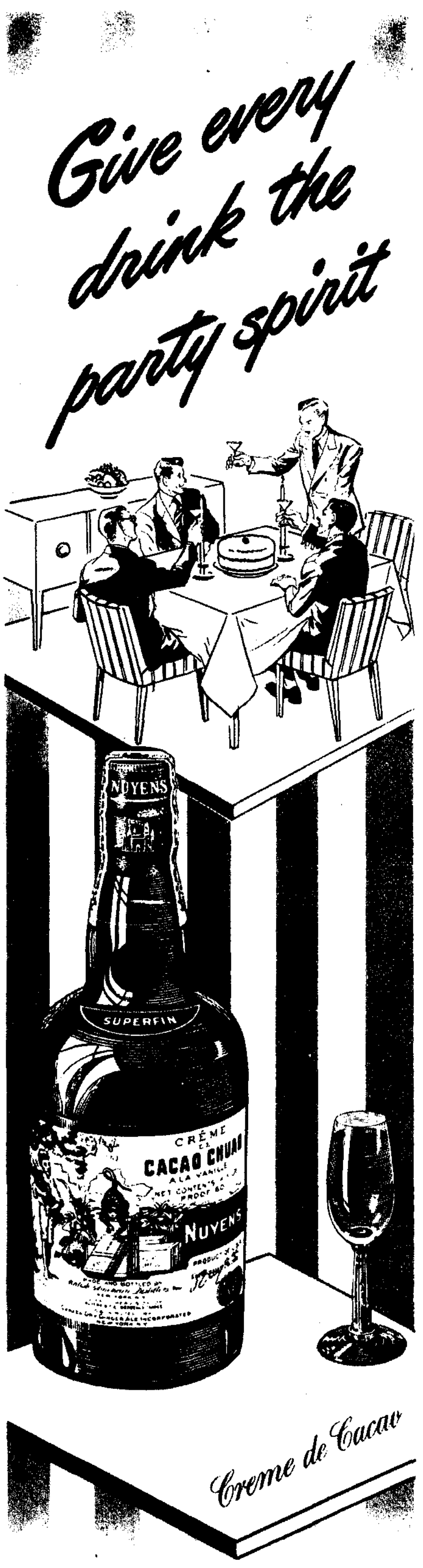
Marylynn's regret had indeed been sincere. That night Pokey had arranged for her to be a guest in the intimate little floor show of the Tricolore, Candescu's latest enterprise. Her appearance on the program was nicely staged as an absolute improvisation, a surprise for the Tricolore's spoiled and blasé rich French refugee audience. Marylynn was to be discovered as a guest among other guests, sitting with two suave young men at a ringside table. There was the M.C.'s joyful amazement at discovering her among the crowd, the spotlight turned upon her, the people looking at her, the M.C.'s pleading and wheedling for Marylynn, *la superbe incomparable Marylynn,* to step up to the mike and give them just one of her songs, *seulement une petite, petite, toute petite chanson.* There was the applause, the pleased whispering, the little comedy of Marylynn smiling, bowing, first declining and—*enfin!*—letting herself be dragged onto the floor. All the preparations were perfectly designed and executed—a desperate last trick of Poker's to bring



"Oh, fiddlesticks, Matthew, you were thinking of trading it in after the last war"

COLLIER'S

DON ULSH



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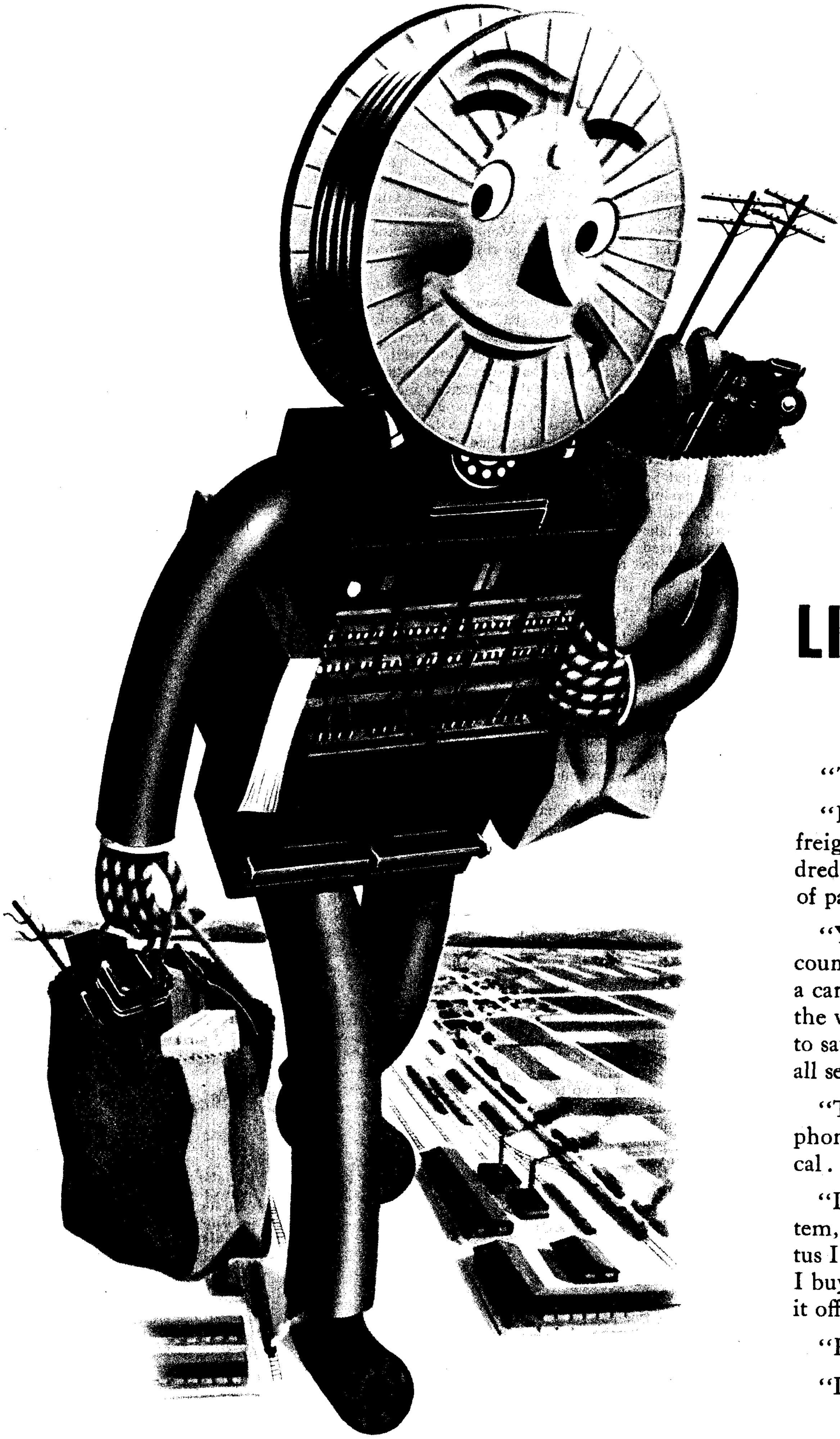

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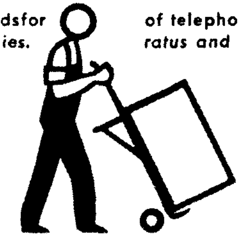

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Marylynn back before an audience without forcing her through the agony of waiting backstage. But the little scheme came off a dud. Marylynn had lost her grip; she sang curiously listlessly, and there was no Luke Jordan to help her along. Her little song fell down in itself like a carelessly handled soufflé.

"There you are—even our old friend Candescu has washed his hands of us. Well, kid, we'd better face it; we're through on Broadway," Poker told her bluntly, after which she made a sharp turn and marched rigidly into the bathroom, where she locked herself in for the next half-hour.

"What are you doing in there so long?" Marylynn called after ten minutes.

"I give you three guesses," Pokey growled from inside.

"You're not bawling, are you?"

"Oh, go to hell. Leave me alone," Pokey answered, and Marylynn slunk away, feeling terribly guilty and utterly bankrupt.

Pokey always claimed that she had her best inspirations while she was simmering in a very hot bath. By the time she emerged from the steaming bathroom, she had regrouped her forces, opened another front, and developed a new strategic plan. "What about that Old Boy Huysmans?" she asked. "Did you discourage him completely or will he call up again?"

"You bet I did, and you bet he will," Marylynn answered with the simple self-assurance of a victorious blonde.

THREE weeks after Fort Wayne, Huysmans succeeded at last in taking Marylynn out for dinner. By that time he felt as if he couldn't bear waiting for another hour; he also felt that he had spent much too much time and thought already in pursuit of this little fly-by-night. But he was ill-advised when he approached her via the usual route. As the maître d'hôtel lighted the perishable little blue flame of their *Crêpes Suzettes*, Huysmans judged it the opportune moment for discreetly pushing a flat little parcel into Marylynn's hand. "A little souvenir of our second dinner together—which, I hope, won't be the last," he whispered. . . .

Marylynn came home before midnight, and Pokey gave a little sigh of relief when she heard the key in the door latch. "Well, how was it? Did you have a good time?" she called over the banister. Marylynn came trudging up the stairs, dragging her fur coat after her and kicking her shoes off as soon as she reached the upper landing. "Could've been worse," she said. "But, if you ask me, it was much nicer at Charlie's in Fort Wayne. Still, the Old Boy is a darling. I was sorry for him."

"Why should you be sorry for the great Alan W. Huysmans?"

"Oh, I don't know. If the biggest lion in the zoo would want to lick your hand and be afraid of it, you'd be sorry for him too, wouldn't you? Now I want a glass of milk."

When Pokey came back from the ice box, Marylynn was comfortably wrapped in her pink negligee with the pink marabou trimming and in the process of putting Emily to bed. "So Mr. Huysmans tried diamonds, did he?" Pokey dropped as an aside.

"I wonder where he got his line? You should have seen how funny he was when he came out with his little bracelet." She threw herself on her bed, flexed her legs in the air and then brought one of her feet close to her eyes for a serious contemplation of the new shade of her nail lacquer. "I bet it cost him twenty-five hundred! You know what? That would be a lot of money if some little guy had saved it up for me. But to Huysmans it's nothing. And if the great A. W. thinks he can buy me over the bargain counter, he is very much mistaken."

Pokey did not ask any questions. She knew that the best way of finding out whatever she wanted to know about Marylynn was by letting her go on with her little monologues. By now she was drinking her milk in long deep gulps; it made her suddenly look very young and vulnerable. "I could have laughed in his face," she went on, handing the glass back to Pokey. "But I was very tactful. Very."

"Yes?"

"Yes. I told him that he was a darling and that I was very much touched but that it wasn't my birthday and that I was funny that way; if I wanted jewelry, I always bought it myself. Poor A. W. He looked like a little boy whose kite had blown away. He was sitting there with his little bracelet and didn't know what to do with it. I told him it would still make a nice Christmas present for one of his daughters-in-law."

"I wouldn't call that so terribly tactful, would you?" Pokey said. Alan W. Huysmans' two philandering sons—their love affairs, *mésalliances*, divorces, and entanglements in various scandals—were a perpetual source of material for the gossip columns, and the whole country knew or guessed the contempt of the iron Old Man for his flabby offspring.

"Well, he's a tough old guy and it's better to show him from the beginning that I'm not a cinch, either. You told me so yourself, didn't you?" Marylynn went into the bathroom to brush her teeth. Pokey followed her and sat down on the edge of the bathtub.

"Still—twenty-five hundred dollars worth of diamonds is nothing to be sneezed at," Pokey said thoughtfully. "Brill's might have given me eight, nine hundred dollars for it. There are bills to be paid, you know."

Marylynn gargled, spit and gave her a mischievous little side glance. "I'm not balancing the budget; you are. Right? And I acted under your instructions. Right?"

"Right," said Pokey. She got up from the bathtub and trotted behind Marylynn into the bedroom. "If Mr. Huysmans wants anything from you he can't have it for a diamond bracelet. He'll have to marry you," she said with finality.

Marylynn gave no answer to this, but as Pokey bent down to tuck her into bed, Marylynn asked—and there was no apparent connection between Pokey's last statement and her question: "No news from Luke yet?"

POKEY went to the window and adjusted the blinds. She remained there, not looking at Marylynn as she answered, "Ah, yes—I almost forgot to tell you; there was a cable from Calcutta. He's in a hospital with some sort of an infection—malaria or something. I don't think it's serious. The message was kind of garbled."

"How could he catch malaria? You don't get malaria just playing the piano in officers' clubs," Marylynn said, disguising her worry as anger.

"Maybe he was stung by an unmusical mosquito," Pokey said, and went to the door.

"Pokey—listen," said Marylynn, and Pokey came quickly back to her.

"Yes, kid?"

"Aw, it's nothing. Just—do you really think a man like Huysmans would marry me?"

"Why shouldn't he? If we handle this right—"

"Yeah. Sure. Well, good night, Pokey."

There was something in the tone of her voice that made Bess quickly sit down on the bed and take Marylynn's head between her hands. "Look here, kid, I'm not pushing you into anything. That's understood, isn't it? I only thought that as long as we seem to be washed up on Broadway, marrying Mr. Huysmans would be the best thing that could happen to us. But if you don't want to, you never have to see the Old Man again."

"I know that. But I do like him. You think he's just a dirty old man, but you don't know him. He really is nice."

Bess shrugged impatient shoulders at Marylynn's indiscriminate tolerance for anything male. "That's all right, Mary. I can see your point. But we were talking about marrying Mr. Huysmans, and that's something different."

"We're pretty hard up, aren't we, Pokey?" Marylynn asked quietly; and Bess wondered

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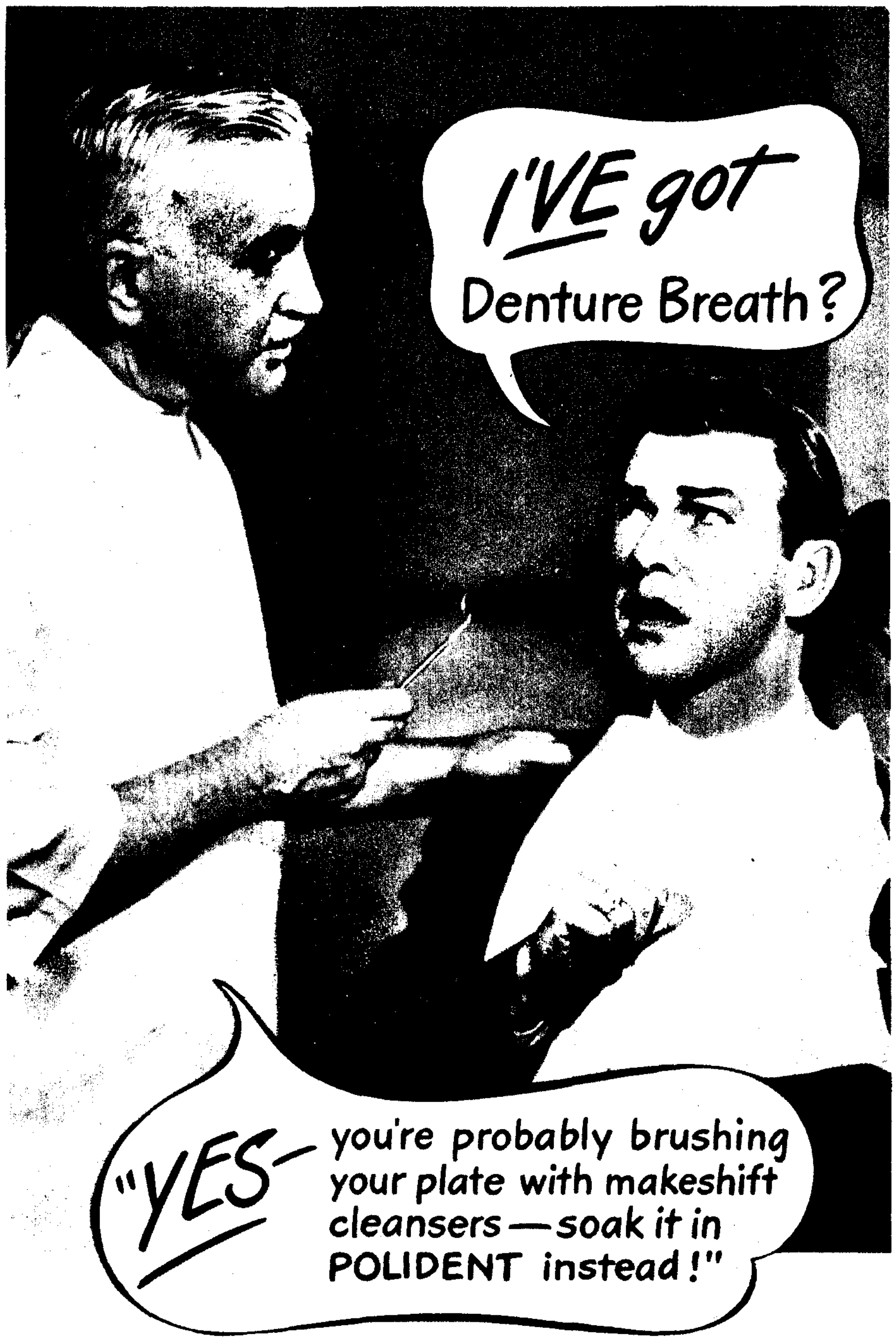
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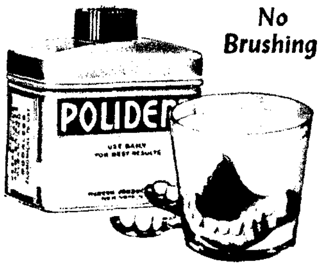

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how much Marylynn might understand of their fairly desperate situation. Yes, we are very hard up, she thought; but, being Bess Poker, she didn't say it. A hasty flight of bitter speculations went through her mind. It's easy to get a job now; I could make seventy, even eighty dollars a week. We'd have to sublet the house, find us a cheap apartment. Or I could marry Mr. Brill. For a change, it's me who's had a proposal. "With your brains in my business, we could make good money; how about it, Miss Poker? I don't look like Clark Gable, except for my ears, but I'd make a good family man." She could see it all: another office, another typewriter, another cash register. Or three rooms in the Bronx, with Mr. Brill in slippers and shirt sleeves. Perhaps one could develop S. Brill & Co., open an auction hall, attract a better clientele. In any case, it would mean scraping, saving, going back to the small life of small people. Way back in the past Bess Poker could hear herself: "When I'm rich, I'll splash hundred-watt bulbs all over the place!" She gave Marylynn's temples a last reassuring little squeeze. "Never mind, Mary, we're not that hard up yet. Besides, I'm definitely against human sacrifice. We'll never be so hard up that you have to go after Old Man Huysmans if you don't feel like it."

MARYLYNN sat up with an unusual show of initiative. "Who's talking about sacrifice? I'd *like* to get married. If there's one thing I'm sure about, it's that I want to get married. I'd like to have a family of my own. I never had one. I'd like to have a place of my own and know where I belong. I'd ten times rather be married than—"

"Don't kid yourself. You're just feeling that way because you had a few tough breaks. But you're only your real self the moment a spotlight is thrown on you. All you need is another success. Lord, I'd give my right hand if I could get it for you."

"Sure, I love it. I love riding on a roller coaster too. Up she goes and down she goes and you're scared every second of it, and you never know what's coming behind the next curve, and the end is always that I'm sick to my stomach. What do you know about me? Not even as much as I do, and that's darn' little. I'm not kidding myself. All I've got is my looks and a voice that I've got to worry about day and night, and how long will it last, anyway? Sure, I'd like to get married. Just get married, and relax and snuggle up to someone."

"If you'd marry Huysmans, you'd be one of the richest women in the world," Poker said.

"That's a funny thing for you to say—and you and Luke always sounding off about the idle rich and the rights of the common man. Personally, I wouldn't care for being so terribly rich. In fact, that's the one thing that scares me a bit about A. W. If I want to be nice to him, I always have to make myself forget his money. But he does make me feel comfortable, and I like to do little things for him; he's such a lonely poor old fish."

"Don't try to tell me that you'd marry Alan W. Huysmans for love," Poker said irritably. And Luke sick in India, eating his heart out for you, she thought. But this was one of the things she did not say.

"Love, love—I'm sick and tired of hearing and singing about it. Really, Pokey, you're so clever and intelligent and you do have a college education, but in these things you're awfully dumb. After four years on Broadway you don't expect me to sit and wait for a Prince Charming? How often have you seen me fall in and out of love? I'm sure I could be quite happy with the Old Boy; and I think I'd make him a good wife," she concluded with a queer humility.

"You don't realize how exciting life could be for us if he'd marry you," Pokey said; she too had dreamed a bit about the prospect. "Why, the whole world would be thrown open for us; you'd be the best-dressed, most-talked-of woman in the United States. We could travel—meet anyone we want. No more playing up to every little jerk who manages a night club; we'd show them, wouldn't we? Why, Marylynn, if he'd marry you—there's nothing you couldn't ask for."

Marylynn watched her with a trace of amusement; it always tickled her when Pokey went off into the stratosphere like this. "Ambitious, aren't you?" she said. "And all I want is a husband."

Poker gave Marylynn a little pat, and got up. "All right, kid, don't worry. If it's a husband you want, we'll see that you get one."

THAT was their side of the story. From Huysmans' vantage point it looked quite different. He knew the game and he knew the stake, and every design and ruse and move which Bess Poker might have planned he anticipated and countered. While Pokey was still busily constructing a respectable past and background for Marylynn, reshaping her into the sort of poor but genteel young woman a Huysmans might marry if he couldn't get her otherwise, the Old Man was snooping into every shady nook and corner of Marylynn's life; and there was scarcely a taxi ride to some roadhouse, or a date with some headwaiter which had been necessary at the very beginning of her career, of which he had not been informed. The disturbing fact was, however, that the more he knew about her, the less he could bear to live without her. He couldn't stand the excitement, the vibrant expectation, the imperative wanting that he was experiencing for the first time through Marylynn. There came a day when he realized with a great shock that this was what people called being happy.

From this realization he stumbled on to the next question: And why not be happy? If Marylynn wanted to be married, why not do her the favor and marry her? What did he care what people would say about him! The difference of age? But he had never been as young as in these weeks of wanting Marylynn. His family, his sons? The thought of his sons was the final small sting of the spur that sent Huysmans off in a brisk canter. They were good-for-nothings who had never stopped for a moment to consider him when it came to plucking a little wayside pleasure or satisfying one of their easy appetites. If he married Marylynn he could have sons again, better sons, gifted with their mother's beauty and their father's strength.

But when he had wildly galloped so far as to picture the little night-club singer as the mother of future Huysmans, he bridled and balked and stopped for an hour of sober analysis. The next time he saw Marylynn he cleared his throat, and he asked her squarely whether she liked children and whether she ever wanted some of her own. Marylynn responded with an enthusiasm so obviously genuine that it thrilled Huysmans to the marrow of his bones. There was nothing of the flippant shilly-shallying he had heard from his daughters-in-law. She didn't say that babies ruined your figure, or that she was young and wanted to enjoy her life unencumbered. On the contrary, Marylynn had very definite plans. "What I'd like best is two of each kind. Two little boys and two little girls, and never more than two years between them; might as well be twins. I'm half of a twin myself. My little twin sister died when she was six years old. Her name was Emily. I've missed her ever since. I'd like to have the little baby girls first because they'd want to mother the little boys—I know how I felt when I was a little girl."

The little monologue opened wide, glad vistas before Alan W. Huysmans. "Marylynn, you don't know how adorable you are," he said, completely carried away.

In all the world there was only one person who had absolute authority over Alan W. Huysmans, and that was his mother. There was hardly a day when he would miss seeing her. With undiminished pleasure, he brought to her, day after day, the same dull little report about his health and the same pointless remarks about the weather. He was certain that the old lady was the only person who really knew him.

"If you don't mind, Mother, I'd like to bring a guest to The Grange next week end. It's the young lady I've been squiring around quite a bit recently. I think I told you about her," he said shortly after Easter.

"What was her name again?" asked the old lady, whose brain was like a worn-out strainer—very fine in places but with big holes in others.

"Lynn. Mary Lynn. I've told you about her."

"One of the Springfield Lynns?" the old lady asked.

"No, I don't think so. In fact, I doubt that there is any family worth speaking of. But I hope you will find Mary good company, nevertheless."

"Of course, my boy. I'll be delighted to meet her," said old Mrs. Huysmans.

SO MARYLYNN appeared on The Grange, the estate near North Haven where old Mrs. Huysmans spent every spring. She came dressed in the most correct tweeds, watching her language, changing for dinner into the most restrained of all semiformals, and wearing no jewelry save an old-fashioned locket (loan by courtesy of S. Brill & Co.)containing a miniature of somebody's mother. She was chaperoned by her companion and childhood friend, Miss Elizabeth Poker, who, at appropriate moments, dropped little fragments of Mary's newly manufactured biography into the old lady's hearing apparatus. Poor Pokey could have saved herself all the worry and effort, for Marylynn could never be anything but herself for any length of time—and from the moment she began to behave natural, the old lady warmed up to her in an amazing fashion.

"Alan, why don't you show Miss Poker your stamp collection while I have a little chat with this child in front of the fireplace?" she said immediately after dinner; and Huysmans took Poker obediently into his den for an hour of extreme boredom. This colorless Miss Poker was a nuisance. He hated her. The dislike was mutual.

"What a dump!" Poker said, as she and Marylynn began undressing in their frugal Early American guest rooms. "You'd think rich people would have the sense to get some modern heating into their place. You'll have to change a lot around here if you marry Mr. Huysmans. How did you get on with the old family skeleton?"

"Oh, swell," said Marylynn. "She's a peach. I love old people, don't you?"

"It depends. I think she was put on ice sixty years ago, and she's never got unfrozen since."

"Oh, you just rubbed her the wrong way. She likes having fun, just like you and me. I told her some of Luke's jokes and kept her glass of port filled, and you should have seen the old girl. Busting at the seams with laughter! A. W. had a hard time getting her to bed at all."

The next day was spent in gardening. Marylynn, to everyone's amazement—especially Poker's—turned out to be deeply devoted to flowers and their care. Completely unaffected and genuine, she toured the gardens with old Mrs. Huysmans, suggesting improvements in irrigation, discussing lawn mixtures, and proposing enterprising schemes for increasing the beauty of flower banks and arbors—while A. W. and Poker stood dumbly by, resigned to each other's company for the day.

Marylynn dropped all pretenses, and from then on made no attempt to disguise or conceal anything about herself, or to pretend she was anything more or less than she really was.

"Your Mary is a fine woman. A very fine woman," Mrs. Huysmans declared the same evening when she and her son were alone in her room. "And, Alan, I won't hear of any fiddle-faddle about her background. She has the marks of a thoroughbred, and if she will take you, my boy, you can consider yourself lucky indeed."

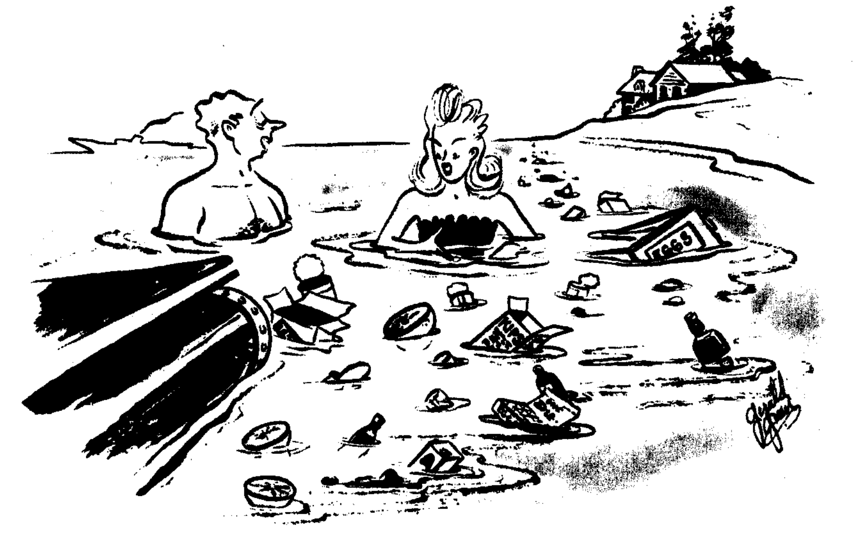
"I do, Mother, I do," Huysmans murmured in an explosion of grateful relief as he placed a thin, careful good-night kiss on his mother's forehead.

"You may ask her, if it would not bore her too much, to stay with me at The Grange until after the flower show," Mrs. Huysmans concluded. "She offered to help Ohmsted with the roses, and I'm certain that she has green thumbs. The dogs have taken quite a fancy to her too, and I'm not surprised."

The flower show of the Garden Society opened on June 8th. Maggie Vandenholt received second prize for tea roses—and a week later several hundred engraved cards were sent out, announcing that Mary Lynn and Alan W. Huysmans were engaged.

FOR all the trouble the Old Boy made for Marylynn later on when she broke that engagement, she retained a pleasant memory of the months she spent as his fiancée. She loved the flowers and the dogs of The Grange, the morning rides, the tennis lessons, the swimming, the loafing, the sailing; the freedom from worrying, from slaving at her repertoire, from stage fright, from fickle audiences; the paradise of a tool shed, the enormous icebox in the kitchen, the old silver in the pantry; the cleanliness of it all, pervading the very air that blew in from the coast—and the little shiver of pleasure it gave her to feel the great A. W. tremble with humility and reverence whenever she permitted him to kiss her.

The only sour note in the harmonious enjoyment of that summer was struck by Pokey. Poor Pokey, for all her gentle upbringing and college education, just didn't fit in. Pokey didn't like the country and she didn't like the stuffy people who came in never-ending streams to pay their calls on the Huysmans and inspect dear Alan's fiancée. It was all so completely, so utterly and unbearably different from what Pokey



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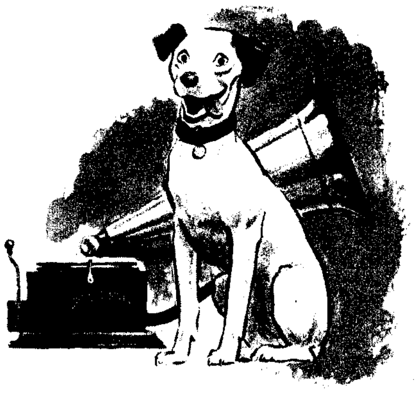

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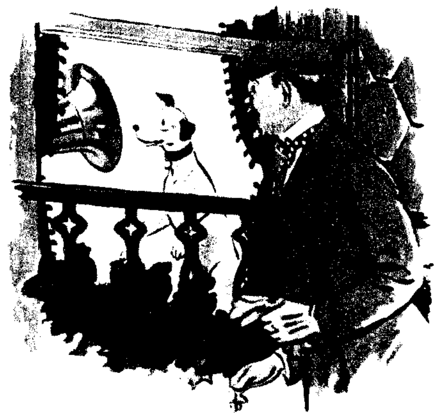

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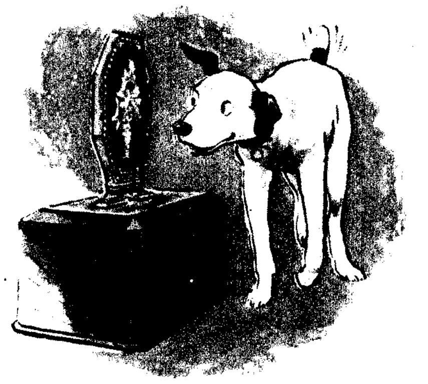

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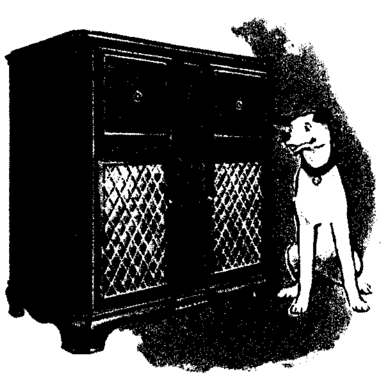

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had hoped life among the millionaires would be. If she had openly quarreled with the Old Boy it would have cleared the atmosphere. But Pokey spent her days in a stiff cramp of politeness which turned into disgust as soon as the doors of their guest suite closed behind them and they were alone. Pokey was homesick for the sweat and dirt and pushy mess and glorious muddle that was Broadway.

"If your friend doesn't like it at The Grange, why does she trouble herself staying on?" old Mrs. Huysmans remarked with the bluntness that was a privilege of her age.

"But I'm sure Pokey loves it here; it's just that she has a bit of a toothache," Marylynn said, trying to appease the old lady.

"Loves it? Toothache? Fiddle-faddle! She simply doesn't care for my poor boy," said the old lady. "There are some people who just don't take to him. Alan is a very shy boy; always was. You must treat him very nicely, child. He's very sensitive, although he'd never admit it. Very easily hurt. You must never hurt him, Mary."

"Of course not, ma'am; I wouldn't hurt him for anything in the world," Marylynn replied, cozily ensconced in her role of a tender and loyal member of the family.

But Pokey, to whom this motherly version of a shy and sensitive A. W. Huysmans was relayed, responded only with a loud, bitter, and grim burst of laughter. She quoted some of the most flagrantly stupid and malignant editorials of the Star Tribune, and ended up with such a copious eruption of profanity that Marylynn quickly closed the windows in order to prevent Ohmsted, who was working in the garden outside, from learning what her friend thought of Huysmans and all he stood for.

THE next day, at lunch, the tension between Bess Poker and A. W. came to a head. The tempest had been brewing in the teapot for more than a week. At the storm center of it there was nothing more important than the perpetual argument about Ronny's pups. Ronny was Ohmsted's little boy, a freckled, snub-nosed, noisy, bouncing man of nine, whom a grizzly stray bitch had elected to be her master. Ronny loved that ugly, disreputable and ill-mannered animal as only a little boy can love a dog that he has found and adopted. He named her Lady Diana but, in spite of her noble name, the little mongrel was barely tolerated on the grounds of The Grange and strictly forbidden to show herself anywhere near the four beautiful pedigreed dogs of the manor. There were two Irish setters, one good-natured Dalmatian, and Mrs. Huysmans' smart French poodle, Rufus. Any of them might have sired the litter of eight gray sausagelike puppies which Lady Diana had borne with the indiscriminate fecundity characteristic of the Lower Classes. On the other hand, any one of the countless village dogs who had been howling at the fences might have been the father. When the pack of little mongrels began to scatter all over the place, roll in the flower beds, dig holes into the walks, leave yellow patches on the lawn, soil the doorsteps, and almost trip his old mother, A. W. Huysmans got angry and notified Ohmsted that the little bastards would have to be killed.

Huysmans was agreeably occupied with his egg benedictine when all of Poker's pent-up disgust came out in a speech the like of which had never been heard over the Huysmans dining table.

"Killing Ronny's little dogs but buying steaks from the black market for your own pooches, that's typical. It'll break Ronny's heart—but what do you care? Who have you ever cared about—except yourself? What do you know about tolerance, Mr. Huysmans? Of course you won't tolerate those poor little puppies who haven't done any harm to anyone. Drown them! Poison them! Do away with everyone who isn't to Mr. Huysmans' taste—whether it's a little puppy on his doorstep or the President of the United States!"

A. W. put down his fork, and there was a silence in which nothing could be heard but the clicking of the old lady's false teeth. Marylynn gave an embarrassed little laugh. "Aw, come off your soapbox, Pokey," she said good-naturedly; but A. W. remained cold.

"Miss Poker," he said sharply, "you seem to mistake Ronny's mongrels for another Sacco-Vanzetti case. To me, these pups are a damn' nuisance, and I don't want them on my estate."

"All right, Mr. Huysmans, you'll get rid of the pups and me at the same time," Pokey said; she put down her napkin, and, muttering a choked, "If you'll kindly excuse me, Mrs. Huysmans," she left the table.

After lunch, when Marylynn went out to search for Pokey, she found her in the tool shed where she had furiously gathered the oppressed little pups into their small crate. "Come out of here and get some fresh air, Pokey," Marylynn said. "What the hell has gotten into you?"

"It chokes me. It suffocates me. Everybody! Everything! This whole damned way of life; I never believed rich people could be so small, so stingy, so—"

"That's how they got rich, I guess."

"They're not alive, not one of them. They've been made by a taxidermist; they're like the stuffed mammoths in the museum. There they sit, and— Why don't we pack our suitcases and get out of here before it's too late?"

"But, Pokey—it's what you wanted, isn't it? You wanted me to marry the Old Boy. What's eating you up now?"

"That's just it. I'm responsible for it. I got you into this. But I didn't know it would be like this. I won't stand by and be responsible for your unhappiness!"

"Who's unhappy? I'm having the time of my life! I love it here, even if you don't."

"Yes, I know, I know! You love The Grange and you love the Garden Society. Roses! Maggie Vandenholt! You love standing in a reception line and shaking hands with seventy-five old harridans—but don't tell me that you'll love intimate living with Mr. Huysmans."

"Why shouldn't I? When he's such a darling, and it means so much to him and so little to me," Marylynn said out of the full innocence of her heart.

Pokey hesitated a moment before she asked, "And what about Luke?"

"Well, what about him?"

"Don't you miss him?"

"Sure I miss him. Don't you?"

Pokey's face became stubborn. "We are not talking about me; we are talking about you and Luke. How do you think he'll feel when he comes back and finds you married to Old Man Huysmans?"

"You should have thought of that before you dressed me up like Orphan Annie and brought me out here and told me to go after the Old Boy," Marylynn said. "But don't worry, Pokey; either Luke'll be glad to be rid of me or he'll be beautifully heartbroken for two weeks at least. In either case, he'll write a good song about it and that's the only thing that counts with him. Right?"

Pokey shrugged her shoulders. The same afternoon, Lady Diana's children were put to sleep, and Pokey packed in silent protest and left for New York.

IN AUGUST, out of a sultry midsummer sky, Luke Jordan appeared in New York. He was yellow with atabrine, whittled down to the bones, his face a sharp cubistic pattern of shades and holes, his melancholic eyes making fun of experiences which he never mentioned; and he walked with a cane. "Hello, Pokerface," he said, as though he had left only yesterday and everything were in the best of order.

"Great Lord, Luke, what did they do to you?" Bess cried, for once caught unawares.

He gave her his familiar grin past the cigarette in the corner of his mouth. "Didn't you know I'm an outrageous case of flat feet? Mind if I sit down?"

Bess knew him too well to ask many

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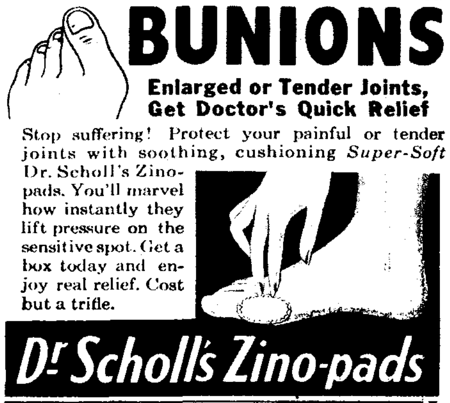

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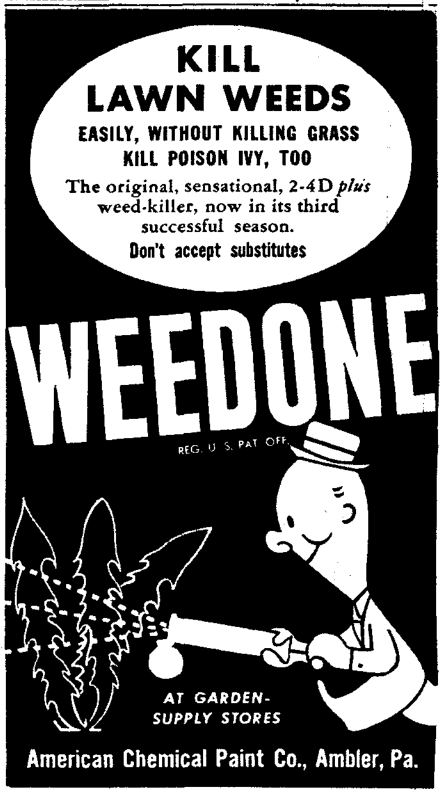

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questions, knowing he would not answer them anyway. All he reported to her was that he was waiting for his medical discharge at Halloran, that the Army was loath to pay an invalid's pension to a guy with just flat feet, that he played a much better poker game than before the war, and that his fallen arches would probably be straightened out in six weeks if he didn't die of griping and boredom before. From other sources, Bess gleaned the information that Luke had been hit in the shinbone during an air raid, that a grave infection had set in, and that the doctors had not been sure until recently that they would not have to amputate. Luke himself never talked about all this except to say once: "You know, Pokerface, there's something funny about us nervous, hysterical, artistic East Side guys. The psychoneurotic wards are filled to the rafters with two-hundred-pound footballers and Li'l Abners from the farms, but guys of my sort are mentally so unbalanced that one little war more doesn't seem to make much difference. Besides, having been Marylynn's coach and friend for several years was good basic training and prepared me for all the horrors of the jungle."

MARYLYNN was still at The Grange. Unpredictable as Luke Jordan was, he accepted her impending marriage with a casualness that appeared somewhat too callous. "So she caught herself the biggest fish in the pond, did she? Well, she'll get a lot of alimony out of him."

"You haven't a very high opinion of her, have you?"

"The very highest. I know damn' well that Marylynn is the only girl who knows how to put over my songs."

Bess had braced herself against a stormy command to produce Marylynn on the spot. Only when he went back to camp without demanding to see the girl did Bess perceive how deeply he must be hurt. There were three weeks of complete silence on his part and, when he popped up again, he dropped a batch of music on the piano. "I'd like you to look at the stuff. It's no good, but it's the best I could do under the circumstances."

Bess Poker, who had been starving for just this, grew completely silent while Luke flung himself into a frenzy of crowing, singing, playing the piano, stomping the floor, drumming the basses—pulling her into the irresistible vortex of his rhythms. "Well?" he asked, when she said nothing at all.

"Oh, Luke—I didn't know you could do it," she told him. "You've gone so far beyond yourself—"

Immediately he grew angry and began furiously tearing his fever-thinned hair. "I didn't ask you for some idiotic compliments! What I want is criticism. If *you* can't tell me why the second chorus doesn't make sense, who can?"

Bess was still vibrating with the excitement of having Luke in the same room: his hands, his long legs, his egotism, his sweep, his music. She wanted to throw her arms around his neck, to stroke his poor thin red hair, to fling herself away, just once, just once. But knowing only too well that abandon was the last thing anticipated from her, she squared her shoulders, clasped her hands in her lap as a means of self-control, and set the analytical portion of her mind to work. "I think it doesn't make sense because it doesn't want to be a song," she said, concentrating firmly on the issue at hand. "I think it wants to be built up to a climax; it wants to be developed much more than you can do in a song. If you ask me, I think what you have here has the makings of the second finale of a musical."

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Luke. He grabbed his sheets of music, forgot his cane, and stumbled out of the door.

Ten days later he appeared, with a discharge button on the lapel of his gray flannel suit. He brought two suitcases, a bottle of Scotch, Arnold Schoenberg's *Harmonielehre*, and an exotic-looking, rather filthy silk scarf for Poker. "You don't mind if I move in with you, Pokerface," he said. "This house is much too large for you alone, anyway."

"I'm stuck with the lease. I'm trying to sublet it, but no luck, so far."

"Broke?"

"Oh, I can manage," she said lightly. But Luke knew better.

"Tell you what. I'll pay the rent for the time being—saved up a few bucks while Uncle Sam was paying me for doing nothing—and as soon as we have that hit on Broadway I'll buy you the Taj Mahal."

"What hit, for God's sake?"

"My musical comedy. I think I'm going to call it Why Not Tonight? Smart title, isn't it? I've got a heap of good music in it and some very funny lyrics too. Wrote them myself. There was nothing else I could do in that hospital. Met a guy, name of Dale Corbett, who's promised to get me the backing for the show. He's in politics. Tickles his vanity to pose as a benefactor of the arts and discoverer of the local talent. Musical, too. He can rattle off the first half of Rustle of Spring on the piano, and he recognizes Ravel's Bolero almost every time it's played on the air. All we need now is—well, first thing, I've got to shave; and then let's eat and be merry."

He left Poker wrestling with her amazement, and hobbled upstairs, where she heard him take possession of Marylynn's bedroom. The idea of Luke's long-boned and uncompromising manliness fitting itself into the feminine luxury of that room was so funny that Pokey's tension cracked. She laughed as she hadn't laughed in many months.

When he came downstairs again, Bess was fixing his special Rum Collins for him, the house smelled of apple pie and wet leaves and summer's end; and in the dining room Connie was humming happily to herself as she set the table for two.

"Well, well," Luke said, rubbing his hands, "just you and me. Like being married, isn't it?"

"Almost—" said Bess Poker. My leitmotiv, she thought, with the irony which always stood guard over her. Getting everything I want—almost.

LUKE was in one of his rare moods, gentle and pliant. For once Bess let down her defenses and permitted herself to drift along. "This is wonderful," he declared, and she did not know whether he meant Connie's broiled lobster or their being together. "This is what us guys out there in hospitals and on transports were dreaming about all the time. Corny, ain't I?"

"Let's call it mellow, Luke."

"Yeah. A guy gets awfully mellow after a bunch of medics have been scraping around in his shinbones for several months." And after having been thrown over by Marylynn, Bess added to herself. She felt sorry for him—faintly guilty, and yet faintly triumphant. At last she had him to herself, even if it was only for this one enchanted evening. Connie brought in the dessert, and withdrew with a conspirator's smile on her face. Bess poured the coffee for him. He stretched his hand across the table and caught hers among the cups and glasses. "Here we are, Pokerface. Here I am," he said, "and there you are. Sounds simple, but it isn't. Sometimes I wonder if you know what you mean to me."

"Sometimes I wonder, myself."

"To me you mean—well—a lot, Pokerface. A great, fat lot."

"That's sweet, Luke."

"Without you I'm like a match without a matchbox. Nothing to strike against. No spark. Lost."

"In an emergency you can always use your shoe sole—or whatever else is at hand."

He grinned at her. "Yeah. In an emergency. You're a fastidious little creature, aren't you? No messing around. No half-and-half measures for you. Looking down your nose at people with such low appetites as mine."

Bess gave a small, embarrassed laugh. "Maybe I was brought up the wrong way."

"You said it, Queen Victoria. Your old

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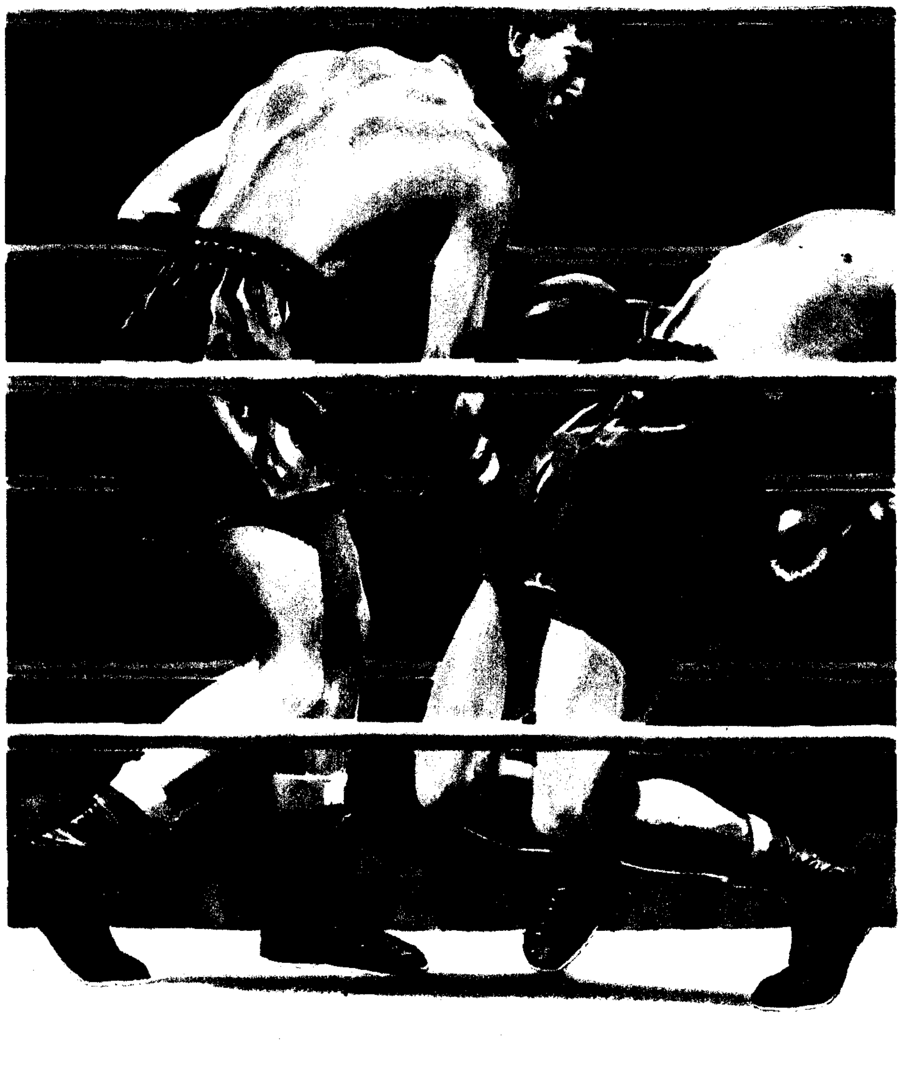

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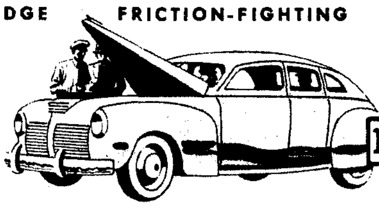

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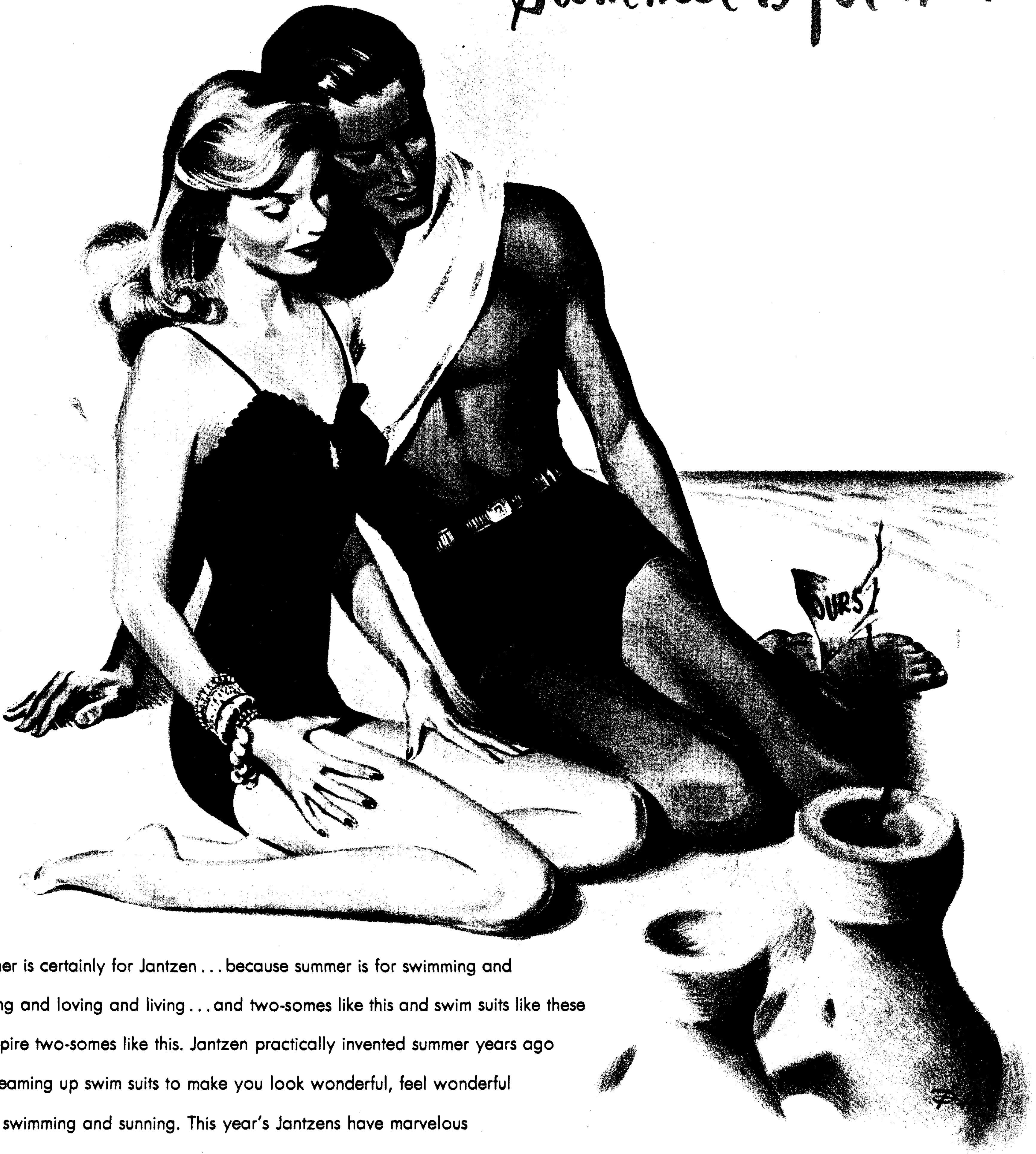

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lady would have made a spinster of Cleopatra."

Bess blushed slowly and painfully. "I didn't ask you to psychoanalyze me free of charge," she said.

He smiled at her with half-closed eyes. "You should always wear green," he declared, unperturbed. "It's your color."

Bess was dumfounded. She had always assumed that Luke was color-blind. "I'm afraid that would get monotonous," she said in confusion.

"Not to me, it wouldn't," he said. "Nothing you do could ever get monotonous," he said and got up and came around the table. "There's too much fight in you." Standing behind her chair, he bent over her head, touching her hair ever so lightly. "You'll look nice when your hair's all gray; can't you speed up the process a little?" she heard him say. She sat rigid and tense, expecting something—she did not know what—to happen.

"Thanks for the encouragement," she said in a small, dry voice. "I'm all of twenty-seven already."

"You're the type to whom excessive youth is not becoming. You should never have been seventeen; but you'll look wonderful at fifty. In fact, you don't look too bad right now, kid."

He took the cigarette out of his mouth, and, with a queer timidity, he brushed her hair with his lips. Bess could not see the expression on his face, but the cool, shy little caress burned down into her like a branding iron. She sat without motion, holding her breath, clasping her hands in her lap, waiting. But the strange second dissolved, and nothing happened. Luke straightened up and strode away from her. "Thanks for a lovely dinner, Miss Poker," he said, "and now call up Marylynn and tell her that I want to see her tomorrow morning." It was as definite as if a knife had cut off their being together, and dropped their evening in the garbage can. Luke put the cigarette back into the corner of his mouth. Almost—thought Bess. He almost kissed me; I almost told him that I love him; I almost made a terrible fool of myself. Almost, but—thank Heaven, not quite. She got up unsteadily and marched out into the hall to call up The Grange.

"Of course, Marylynn wants to see you, too," she reported ten minutes later. "She says why don't you take the 8:20 train tomorrow morning? She'll send Wallace down to the station to meet you."

"Wallace who?"

"Their chauffeur."

"Mr. Huysmans' chauffeur? All right. Call her back and tell her that I appreciate the invitation and that I'll be delighted to meet her at any place she wants, but that I'll be damned if I set foot in Mr. Huysmans' malodorous establishment. Tell her that I have to talk to her, and that I want her to come here, and that she better hurry up. Good night."

POKEY was too clever a manager to relay Luke's message. When Marylynn came to town for the last fitting of her bridal gown, she found herself quite unexpectedly confronted with him. There was a complete lack of melodrama. "How you been, kid?" he asked.

"Fine, thanks. How's yourself?"

"Couldn't be better. Oh, by the way, I almost forgot. Congratulations, and all that. How's it feel to play the part of the blushing bride?"

"Feels good enough," she said stiffly.

"No use getting sore, sweetheart. I want you to do me a favor. I want you to have dinner with me and another guy. You may have heard of him—Dale Corbett. You'll like him, and he'll like you."

"Dinner? What day?"

"Tonight."

"I can't, tonight. I've got to be in Oyster Bay tonight. A. W. is giving a little party for me—a family affair, you know. Just his mother and his sons and daughters-in-law."

"Sounds perfectly dazzling. How about tomorrow night?"

(Continued on page 80)

Miracle Bark

Waterproof, fire-resistant, immune to rot, disease and the inroads of destructive insects, redwood bark has proved to be one of the finest soil conditioners yet discovered

BY JONAS WILLIAMS

IF YOU happened to have been around a million or so years ago, there are a few things living on earth today which you would recognize almost immediately. Among them are the giant redwood trees (Sequoia sempervirens) of California.

The redwoods were among the principal plants of the Dinosaur Age, huge trees against which the big reptiles rubbed their backs, and whose foliage those that weren't meat eaters reached up to nibble. Drought and the glaciers put an end to the dinosaurs, but some of the redwoods lived on. For some unknown reason, these trees survived only on the west slope of the Pacific coastal range, although at the time Columbus came to America, a few still grew in New England. The redwoods are unlike any modern tree. They are gigantic strangers from a lost world, and they possess all the characteristics of the mysterious age which produced them. Their life span is longer than anything else on earth. Some redwoods are 6,000 years old, and many of those now standing were healthy trees at the time of Christ and maybe even Confucius. They contain no pitch. Redwood lumber is waterproof and fire-resistant. Houses built of redwood lumber withstood the San Francisco fire remarkably well. And the redwood bark has properties found in no other bark. It not only withstands heat, cold, water and time, but it actually has an antiseptic quality which keeps insects and fungi away from the tree as well.

All this, of course, was extremely interesting to the scientist and the tourist, but it was a pain in the neck to the lumber companies. The redwood lumber was fine and brought a good price, but the redwood bark, a waste product which had to be stripped off, presented a problem. The bark had no commercial value, and it was almost impossible to get rid of the stuff. It possessed the same indestructibility that caused the redwood to survive for millions of years. When left lying around, it didn't decompose like other self-respecting barks. It wouldn't burn. Termites wouldn't eat it. So for 85 years, the redwood bark just piled up.

Then, in 1940, a few smart lumbermen began to look around. They noticed that wherever the waste redwood bark had piled up on the forest floor, it soon was covered with a dense growth of new scrub. Whenever a redwood log was left lying in the woods, fresh vegetation sprouted from the bark. Obviously, there was something in the redwood bark which promoted the growth of young plants.

These lumbermen ground up the redwood bark, mixed it with different types of soil and began to experiment. They discovered some interesting things, especially the fact that any plant will grow in redwood bark mixed with any kind of soil. They took hard, baked, alkaline adobe earth from the California desert, a clay in which not even cactus could grow. They added the ground redwood bark. Then they planted seeds. A few months later, delicate Alstroemeria plants were growing beautifully and healthily in the adobe. The lumbermen-experimenters immediately formed a company in Santa Cruz, California, bought up the waste piles of redwood bark for almost nothing, and put the product on the market for agricultural use.

According to the U.S. Bureau of Soils, practically all soils contain sufficient plant foods for good crop production. It is the *texture* of the soil, rather than its chemical composition, which counts. The indestructible redwood almost permanently gives any soil the loose, fluffy, spongy texture which holds water and air in the proper proportions, and allows the microbes to perform their all-important work on the plant roots. It does not decompose rapidly and become a part of the soil, like manure and leaf mold (earlier soil "conditioners"). It does not sink in wet weather the way sand, another loosening agent, does. And it does not itself absorb the water, which was the principal complaint against peat moss. Redwood bark, after two years in the soil, is as sprightly as it was on its 2,000th birthday, except for giving off a slightly acid reaction. This neutralizes the excess of alkalinity generally present in bad soils.

No sooner did the redwood bark get on the market than encouraging reports came in from all over the country.

Frank Reinelt, a well-known horticulturist from Capitola, California, was trying to raise begonias for the Los Angeles and San Francisco markets. Capitola is in that section of California which experiences heavy dews. In fact, the dews were so heavy that they nearly washed away his greenhouses several times, and each year they destroyed as much as 60 per cent of his begonia seedlings.

An Antidote for Fungus

It wasn't so much the moisture that proved fatal to the sensitive little plants as a certain fungus which thrives on dampness in the soil. This fungus attacks the tiny seedlings when they are young and very weak and literally smothers them to death. Ordinarily nothing can be done about it. But Mr. Reinelt had heard about the redwood bark, and he got an idea. He mixed 80 per cent leaf mold and 20 per cent redwood bark into the seed beds. Then he lightly spread more redwood bark on the surface. This was in January, 1942. That spring, Reinelt got the finest crop of begonias ever seen in that part of California. In fact, he got 100 per cent germination. Not a single seedling was attacked by the fungus, just as, for 1,000,000 years, not a single redwood tree had been attacked.

After the Reinelt discovery, other reports poured in. A rose grower in Pennsylvania was losing all his roses one summer because of the unusual heat. He spread a one-inch thickness of redwood bark over the soil in one bench of greenhouse roses. The redwood bark acted as an effective insulation against the heat. Not only that, but the redwood-treated rose stems were two inches longer than any he had produced before and they were completely free of "black spot," a rose disease caused by high daytime temperatures followed by cool evenings and nights. Another grower in Minnesota had the same experience in reverse. "The only thing that saved my bulbs from the excessive cold of last winter," he wrote, "was the unusual and unexpected insulating quality which I discovered in redwood bark."

An amateur gardener in Lakewood, Ohio, found that redwood bark in the soil completely eliminated the moss coating that had been ruining his chrysanthemum beds. A nurseryman in Fredericksburg, Virginia, wrote, "Without the redwood bark, I could not have saved my pompons through this hot weather with only one shower in 80 days."

A nationally known horticulturist in Santa Barbara, California, discovered that you can grow practically anything in a flowerpot merely by placing a little redwood bark in the bottom of the pot. One of the country's best-known orchid experts, E. O. Orpet, went on record shortly thereafter informing all the horticulturists of America that he had had amazing results with redwood fiber. "Orchids," he wrote on July 3, 1943, "generally are watered to death. It is impossible to overwater orchids growing in redwood fiber. Furthermore, there is no decay."

With redwood bark, housewives are now raising corsage orchids for themselves in flowerpots at home. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BEN SCHNALL

The Long Denial

Continued from page 79

"Tomorrow I've got to go back to The Grange with the old lady."

"I see. I forgot that you're back in kindergarten. I thought you were of age and comparatively free."

"Don't you see? It's only six days to my wedding. Naturally, I haven't got much spare time. Who did you say the other fellow was? Dale Corbett? No, I don't think A. W. would like that. They don't see eye to eye on politics."

"They sure got you in a cage, haven't they? Now look. We're old friends. If you'd ask me a little favor, I certainly wouldn't make silly excuses. This Corbett guy is very important to me, and he's dying to meet you. I'll explain it to you."

"You don't have to. Pokey told me. You need him to raise the money for your show, and you want me to work on him. Is that it?"

"If you want to express it so crudely. But wouldn't it be fun to show your fiancé that you're not a prisoner? It would clear the air, wouldn't it?"

Marylynn laughed unpleasantly. "The answer is: Sorry, pal. No can do."

"Okay, forget it. But at least you could hum a few of my new songs for me. I've got to hear them before I begin orchestrating."

"You got them here? Let me look at them."

The moment Marylynn touched the sheets of music, she received something like an electric shock. The blood rushed to her face as she said, "I'll try, but you mustn't yell at me. I'm out of training, you know."

Luke began to play. Through the smoke of his cigarette, he gave Bess a little wink, and she tiptoed obligingly out of the room, leaving them to themselves.

UPSTAIRS, Bess sat in her own room, locked out from whatever the two downstairs were doing. This was as it had always been, as if Luke had never been away to war. She listened to the music that came through the walls to her, Luke's music, and she told herself with the queer bitter pride of the unwanted: Yes, but it was to me that he played it first. From downstairs came Marylynn's singing, then their quarrels rising with much sound and fury, Luke's fierce banging away on the piano, then the long, heavy, eloquent silences. Then came the small sound of a conversation starting anew, like birds talking to each other before sunup.

At eleven o'clock, Old Man Huysmans called up from Oyster Bay to ask if Mary was going to meet him for lunch at the River Club. But when Poker put her head in the door of the living room, she was brusquely shooed out by Luke. "Marylynn is sorry but she has a hairdresser's appointment," she told Huysmans, and there was a fine trace of triumph in calling Mary once again Marylynn. At noon she sent Connie in with a tray, which was returned untouched. "They're working like a house on fire," Connie announced radiantly. "Sure 'nough Mister Luke never wrote nothing so beautiful before." By three o'clock they seemed well toward the finale of the second act. Shortly after four, Wallace appeared with the car to take Miss Lynn to Long Island. "Tell him to go to hell," Luke said, without lifting his fingers from the keyboard. "Can't you see we're working?"

"Yes, tell him not to wait for me. I don't need him. I'll take the six o'clock train," Marylynn said. But she never did. . . .

It was very quiet in the sickroom where Marylynn lay with closed eyes, a fine spray of perspiration covering her skin with a dull mother-of-pearl shine. It was so quiet that you could hear one single petal of the quickly wilted roses drop to the floor while Dr. Bassington was studying the chart. 2:25 P.M. Temperature: 99.2; pulse: 112, fairly strong. Respiration slightly improved. Patient asleep.

But Marylynn was not asleep. She did not want to sleep, she wanted to remember. She wanted to grope her way through the blanket of confusion with which the anesthetic had smothered her mind. She was walking through sticky, clinging layers of spider web, and she wanted to cut through and remember what had happened to her—why she had a pain in her chest, and why she was in a hospital again. There were things which she could remember with great clarity. Others were evasive and intangible and fragmentary, like the experiences of a dream. And, in between, there were gaps and hollows which she couldn't fill in, hard as she tried. Of one thing she was sure, though. Somewhere, sometime, something beautiful had happened to her: whatever road it was that had taken her to this hospital bed, she knew that on the way she had met a warm light, a dawn, a rainbow, a morning star, a great enveloping sweetness.

It was waiting for her outside, and she had to get well quickly to meet it again.

CAREFULLY, step by step, she'd gone through that summer at The Grange as one might cross a river, stepping from one slippery, precarious pebble to the next. It was silly to remember Lady Diana and her eight hapless puppies so very well, or the slant of rain on the sweep of lawn behind the house, and yet not be able to recall the most important thing that had ever happened to herself. Then she came to grips with a few scraps of melody, and she hung on to them and pieced them together, and there it was, triumphantly—the second finale, the great hit song of Why Not Tonight?. Suddenly it all came back to her in a happy rush of memories: Luke returning from the war, Luke sweeping her into a fever of work, Luke filling her to the brim with cocky self-assurance, Luke begging, imploring, coddling her, spoiling; Luke scolding her, making fun of her, brutalizing her, treating her like dirt—all the preparations, the fears, the hopes, the excitement, the rehearsals, tantrums, rows, desperations, nervous breakdowns and resurrections; the whole madness preceding a Broadway opening—plus a lot of Luke Jordan. And then the sublime moment when the last curtain came down; the sudden delicious fatigue after reaching the peak, as only mountaineers and actors and lovers know it. "We did it, Luke, we did it. You and I, we two together, we did it—"

When Marylynn had traveled that far in her memories, she opened her eyes and whispered a question into the silent room: "Luke?"

Dr. Bassington put down the chart and pulled a chair up at her bedside. "Well, well, well. Did we have a little rest?" he said coaxingly, while unobtrusively testing her pulse. "We are doing splendidly, my dear, splendidly. Now we'll give you a little medicine to clear the cobwebs off our brain, and, if you promise to keep very quiet and to talk very little, I might allow you to hold hands with your husband for five minutes."

"Don't move, dear," said Miss Cripps, who in the meantime had put a little rubber hose around Marylynn's arm, cleaned the crook of her elbow with alcohol, and stuck another needle into her vein. Marylynn closed her eyes, and when she opened them again Dr. Bassington had evaporated; or possibly he had never been there at all. My husband? Marylynn thought. Of course—my husband. . . .

Success was sweet; to be back on Broadway and to know that you had made the hit of the season was the sweetest thing she had ever experienced. She had not thought that anything could taste sweeter than that; yet the half-hour before dawn when she and Luke were riding in a cab through the Park that night had been still sweeter. After all the cheering and toasting and drinking and

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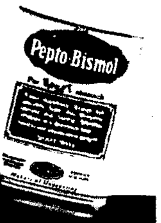

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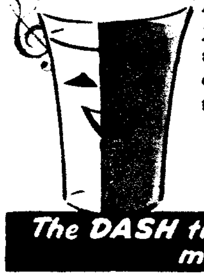

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The DASH that makes the DISH

celebrating and making the rounds, this was their own quiet celebration. This half-hour belonged to the two of them and to no one else—not even to Pokey. It was tranquil and calm and good to ride like that. Clopety-clop, clopety-clop went the hoofs of the nag. The air was cold, but Marylynn felt warm in her fur coat, the coverlet pulled up to her nose and Luke holding her tightly against his warm body.

"Happy, kid?"

"Never been so happy in my life."

"What a dope you were, trying to run out on me and on Broadway."

"Yeah. I guess I was silly. I got scared, you know. But now I'm going to show them."

"Everyone is scared at one time or another; but you didn't have to make such a mess of things the moment I turned my back."

"It just goes to show how much I need you, Luke."

"But you really didn't have to get yourself engaged to that old buzzard just to show me how much you missed me."

"That's something different. I wanted to get married."

"Married? What for?"

"Oh, you wouldn't understand. But didn't you notice that most people do get married sooner or later? It's natural." He held her tighter and said gently, "Poor little chipmunk, you must have wanted to get married awfully bad if you would have taken even old Huysmans."

"Why—I still think he's nice, and I'm still sorry he took it so hard," she said with her own sort of loyalty. Something in that remark, she didn't know what, infuriated Luke; he pushed her away a little as he shouted angrily into her face: "But, you dope, if you have to get married at any price—why not marry me?"

Marylynn remembered the shock it gave her, the surprise, the queer relief. She remembered very clearly how the two little clouds of steam that hung between them in the cold air merged into one, and how Luke took his cigarette out of his mouth as he waited for her answer. And she remembered how she had stared at him for several seconds before she had said, "You're right. Why not?"

That was a funny way of getting engaged, she thought. She began to laugh softly. A thin, sharp needle of pain stabbed through her, and Miss Cripps was at her side at once. "Would you like to see your husband now, dear? Doctor gave you permission. Shall I call him in?"

"My husband? Is he here?" Marylynn whispered, surprised. Her mind had wandered so far afield that she could hardly believe in the existence of people who were not shadows and memories.

"Of course he's here, dear. He's been waiting outside this door since early this morning."

"Yes, please. Call Luke in," she whispered gratefully.

Now it was Miss Cripps' turn to be surprised. "Luke? Do you mean Mr. Luke Jordan? You want to see him first? Are you sure?"

"Yes. Please call Luke in."

Miss Cripps shrugged her shoulders primly and opened the door to the anteroom. "The patient wants to see Mr. Jordan first," she announced, leaving the room and closing the door over the turmoil her announcement caused in the anteroom. Marylynn kept her eyes on the door, waiting for Luke to enter and explain a few things to her. While she waited, the last injection began to take effect, and all contours grew clearer. She saw the frugal furnishings of the sickroom, and the roses drooping in the heat. There were strange noises outside the door; and it took Luke so long to appear that Marylynn began to hurt all over and to feel every one of her fast, weak heartbeats count the time. She closed her eyes. When she opened them again, there was Luke, at her bedside.

HE WAS in his shirt sleeves, looking very disorderly and rumpled, fumbling with his necktie. He looked as if he were just coming out of a drunken binge, but Marylynn knew him well enough to see that he was quite sober.

"Gosh, Luke, I'm glad you're here," she whispered. "I don't understand anything. What happened to me?"

"You mustn't talk, Monkey. Let me do the talking, and take it easy. You're doing fine."

"Yes, but where is Pokey?"

"She's all right too. Now listen, kid—"

"Pokey was mad at me. Now I remember."

"Yes, I know. But that doesn't matter now."

"Is she still mad at me? She was very mad."

"No, I'm sure she isn't mad at you any more. But you mustn't be mad at her either. Promise?"

"Yes, but what happened?"

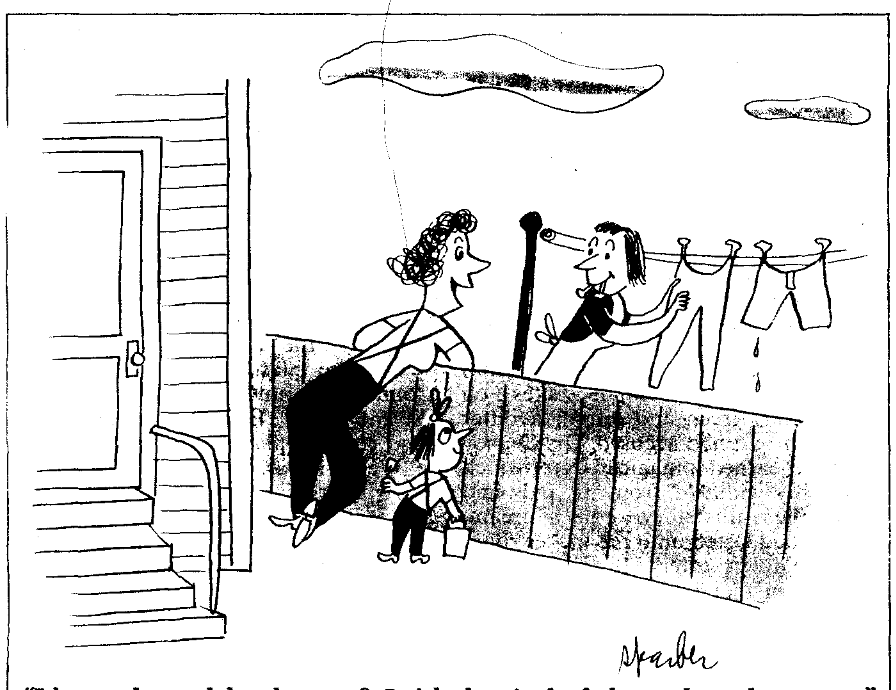
"Pokey hurt you, kid."

"Pokey? Not Pokey—"

"Yes, she did. Don't you know that? Now listen to me, Chipmunk. They won't let me talk to you more than five minutes, and this is terribly important. A little later, a very nice man will come and ask you a few questions. He's a police officer, but very nice. Are you listening, kid?"

"Yes, Luke," Marylynn said obediently. "I'm listening."

(To be concluded next week)



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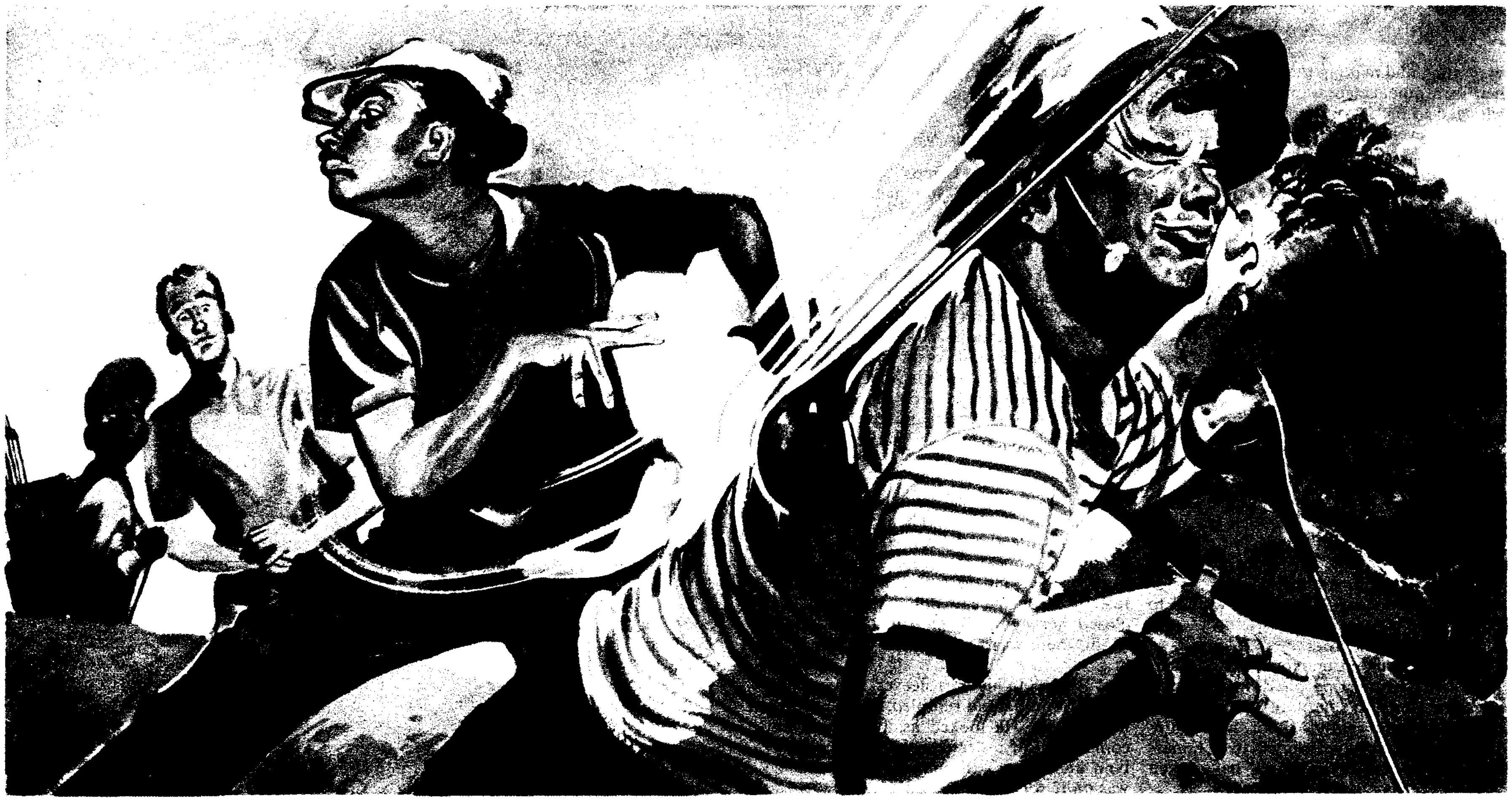

"I didn't know what to do until Keene knocked my glasses off and broke them," Digney said; "then I had an idea"

Mr. Digney has a Dream

BY DUANE DECKER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

FOX HILL is just a small golf club with a membership, chiefly, of middle-aged businessmen who take the game with a grim seriousness, although none of them has ever risen above the ranks of mediocrity. I know because I've been the pro there for a year.

In the entire club there is no finer example of hopelessly doomed mediocrity than Mr. Digney. I had come to think of him as the definitive John Doe of golf duffers, the slightly comical, slightly pathetic figure who can neither improve his golf—no matter how many books he reads, lessons he takes or new clubs he buys—nor can he give it up.

On this particular morning, I was standing outside the pro shop when I saw the lone figure of Mr. Digney head, almost stealthily it seemed, toward the first tee. Even as he placed his ball upon the tee, I knew where his drive would wind up: near the 150-yard marker, extreme right-hand side, possibly in the rough there. I knew because that is exactly where Mr. Digney's tee shots had been winding up for fifteen years now.

Mr. Digney drove off. Something in the way he swung startled me. Easy, lazy, with nice follow-through. But what amazed me most was the fine, non-Digney air of casual confidence about the whole business. The ball whistled straight out, came to rest at 225 yards, dead in the center of the fairway.

A pure accident, of course. Digney would spend a week trying to figure how he'd hit that one.

I went inside the pro shop to get my pipe. When I came back, Mr. Digney was tramping along the second fairway, which runs parallel to the first, heading back. He addressed his ball again with the same effortless swing; there was the rising arc of a perfectly hit five-iron and the beautiful thud as it hit the green and stayed there. This was too much. I grabbed my clubs and strolled over.

"Mind if I play along?" I asked. Mr. Digney beamed with pleasure. He was a round little man of fifty or so, with friendly blue eyes behind rimless glasses.

We walked through the woods to the third tee and, taking the honor at my request, he hit another 225-yarder down the middle.

"Mr. Digney," I said, "I saw you do that on the first tee. Now I can see it's no accident. But it's a miracle—after fifteen years of dubbing. What happened?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you," he said. "I learned how to do it in a—a dream."

AND then his voice shot at me, low and intense and eager to confide. In a dream one night, he'd seen clearly the pattern of his golf swing. In the dream, in which he'd won a tournament, golf had been so simple, with his arms simply being like the hands of a clock. All the mental hazards and the turmoil that came from worrying about the dozens of little things you could do wrong in a simple golf swing had vanished. "When I woke up," he said, "I couldn't get the dream out of my mind. I couldn't believe there was really anything to it—but there was. I was out of town on a business trip, so I went to a golf course where no one knew me. I shot an 82—and 95 was the best I'd ever done before. Next day I shot 79."

I saw what had happened. He'd simply been released, by this dream, from the golf inhibitions that had been building up in him since the first day he held a club, fifteen years before. He was now doing all those little things right, unconsciously, because he was concentrating on the one big thing. On a fairway he'd become a free spirit.

"You're one in a million, Mr. Digney," I said. "You've learned something that simply can't be *taught.*"

"And I know I've really got it now," he said, with reverence in his voice.

I finished the eighteen holes with him. He shot a 78. I kept thinking what a triumph it would be for him when he went up against his Fox Hill cronies. I mentioned that. He grinned and said, "I just got back in town last night, so keep this under your hat. Tomorrow I'm in my usual threesome with Joe Enright and Howard Keene—we've been a threesome for ten years."

"I'd sure like to see *that,"* I said.

But I didn't. I had to leave town and I didn't get back until the following week end. I didn't ask anybody about Mr. Digney because I wanted to get the reaction fresh from his two cronies. They showed up at noon with Mr. Digney.

I waited for them to go down to the first tee and then I strolled after them.

Mr. Digney addressed his ball. His swing was easy, his follow-through was nice—but the ball didn't go anywhere. He'd topped it. I stared at him but he looked away quickly and hurried up the fairway without speaking to me.

At intervals during the game, I caught glimpses of him. And I was baffled. He'd look fine but he'd never hit a ball squarely. It wasn't until I saw him hurry out of the locker toward his car that I nailed him. "Mr. Digney," I demanded then, "what's happened?"

"I never thought anything like this could happen," he said miserably, avoiding my eyes. Then he gave me the whole story fast, with gestures. When he'd played Enright and Keene that first time, he'd shot a 79. Enright had paid him off—their customary small stakes—on the sixteenth green and left in a bitter mood. Enright had accused Mr. Digney of having learned a magical secret which he selfishly withheld from his pals and handed them this story about a dream.

Keene had lasted until the locker room where he'd left after Mr. Digney had assured him that it was something that simply couldn't be *taught.*

The story spread like a brush fire. It reached the ears of Mr. Digney's boss, who also tried to pry the secret out of him and sneered at the dream story. Then, vindictively, he accused Mr. Digney of having neglected business on his trips to spend his time on golf courses. Mr. Digney was beginning to sweat.

Next it was his wife, who was positive he'd been throwing money away on golf lessons, so she went right out, in rebellion, and bought three dresses she didn't need (and which Mr. Digney couldn't afford) to get even. She didn't speak to him for three days. Finally, his fifteen-year-old son began to sulk at his small allowance when his father had money to squander that way on golf.

"I didn't know where to turn," Mr. Digney said. "Until one day I played Keene again. He got so mad after I hit a beauty off the sixth tee and he sliced his, that he threw his driver away and stalked off. He didn't know it but his driver hit me and broke my glasses."

"Then?"

"I finished out the eighteen holes without 'em. It threw my precision off just enough to spoil everything—you see, once I got to swinging right, I simply couldn't swing badly. Now, this gave me a great idea."

"Playing without glasses?"

"NO BUT when I got new glasses made, I had them make me a second pair that look just like them but which are nothing but window panes, really. It's the same as no glasses. So I wear these glasses when I play golf around here now. I'm bad but people like me again. Everybody thinks those good games I played were an accident."

"Well," I said, "I guess your personal life *is* more important than your golf game. But how about playing me early tomorrow morning when nobody's around—and bring the *real* glasses!"

"You're on," Mr. Digney said. "After all, when a man's got all the good golf in his system that I have, he's got to let it out once in a while." He looked at me with the quiet, confident dignity of one seasoned seventy-shooter to another. "You know how it is," he said.

a short short story complete on this page

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It's A Living

Continued from page 15

The Theater of Six which gave performances of Chekhov's one-act plays on the summer resort circuit and he promised to let Judy be stage manager for one performance. She never had been backstage in her life and she was very nervous about her duties which largely consisted of helping to give the illusion that a character actually shot some china off the mantel. To do this she first had to fire a blank pistol off stage, then pull a string which toppled the china. She did it right on cue—but pulled the string several seconds before she fired the shot.

Green was too entranced with her to care and their relations remained cordial but distant until a month or so later she was caught in the rain in Greenwich Village and ducked down a flight of stairs into what she assumed to be a restaurant.

It was a resort called the Village Vanguard which served bacon and eggs, soft drinks, and featured as entertainment the local poets reading their works aloud. Within an hour she had sold the proprietor on the fact that what he needed was young talent. Talent like The Theater of Six.

The only trouble was that except for Green, the members of The Theater of Six didn't want to play the Vanguard on the proffered terms. So, while Green and Judy tried to face the problem of providing the young talent she'd promised, the others wandered off into oblivion.

Green had very little more knowledge of show business than Judy did, but he knew a bright girl named Betty Comden, a student at N.Y.U. who was rumored to have flirted with summer stock. Also he remembered meeting a young man named Alvin Hammer who had some tenuous connection with the theater. Betty Comden knew John Frank who played the guitar and sang folk songs at college festivities. The five of them collected in the Village Vanguard and began beating themselves into shape as five rather odd-looking young specimens who sang other people's material with perspiration but little skill.

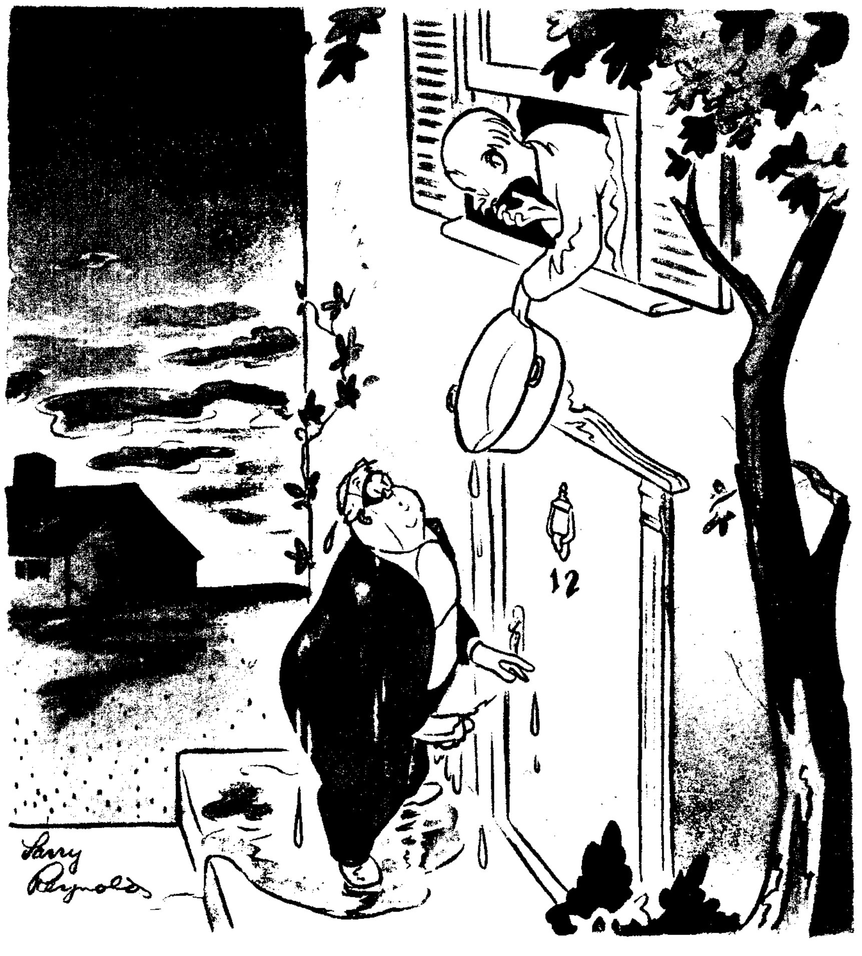
The Vanguard paid them five dollars apiece to perform on Sunday nights. Too poor to buy songs and unable to remember enough lyrics to keep from stealing other people's, they started writing their own in a kind of mass collaboration. Six months later the Village Vanguard had a liquor license and was paying $250 a week for the Revuers, as they called themselves. They had also been booked in the Rainbow Room and Radio City Music Hall. Looking back on it they explain their success by the fact that their material, faces and names were all new. And they guess they must have had some talent.

California, Here We Come!

After five years of playing all the smaller New York night clubs, the quartet—their fifth member, John Frank, the guitarist, had left them two years before—finally got a Hollywood offer. Shouting loud hollas they borrowed train fare and hastened to California only to find that the projected movie had been taken off the production schedule. They played the Trocadero there to the highest salary they ever earned—$1,000 a week—which should have been fine except that Judy began to get picture offers that did not include the rest of the troupe and were therefore unthinkable.

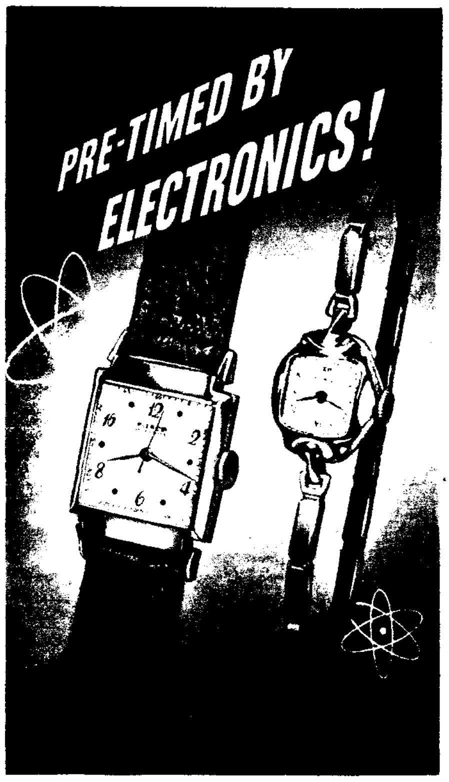
For weeks they played a scene trite in hundreds of musical films but rarely performed in life: the young ingenue refusing fame and fortune rather than leave her friends, and the friends insistent that she accept. It might still be an undecided issue if Twentieth Century-Fox hadn't agreed to put the whole group in a film called Greenwich Village providing Judy would sign a long-term contract. Judy signed. A month later the Revuers' scene had been cut completely out of the picture and Judy was un-

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS



"Oh, I'm sorry! At this hour it's usually some young man saying good night to my daughter"

COLLIER'S



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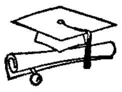

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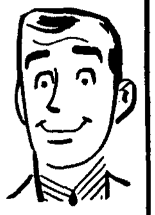

Mister—clip this ad, leave where "she" can read it to solve her Father's Day gift problem. Twinplex Stropper—indispensable Shaver's Tool—is the *practical* gift for men to give or get. Used by millions to *sharpen* blades for quick, *smooth* shaves.

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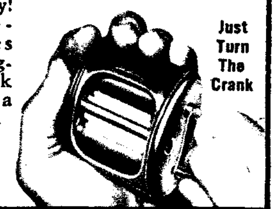

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der solo contract for seven years beginning at $400 a week.

Judy crept back from Hollywood in December of 1944 feeling a complete failure. Twentieth Century-Fox had dropped her option after giving her only one thing of any importance to do—the part of Ruth in Winged Victory.

"I played the Brooklyn pilot's wife," she says. "But the way they made me up I looked like his mother."

Her self-confidence remained at an ebb until she went to the office of a producer named Herman Shumlin who was casting a play called Kiss Them for Me.

She got the part and her notices were magnificent: "Judy Holliday," said one of them, "is out of this world as a wondrous stumblebum who tries to solace war-weary boys on their return to civilization." The show ran for 110 performances and before it closed, a panel of New York producers voted Judy the Clarence Derwent prize for "the best supporting performance" of the season. That brought her a lot more publicity, five hundred dollars in cash, and a scroll.

A Call to Philly—and Stardom

She was out of work for six months and then, on a Wednesday in January, she got a call to go to Philadelphia in connection with Born Yesterday which starred Jean Arthur. She guessed they were thinking of her for the star's part because she knew it was similar to the one she'd done so well in Kiss Them for Me. This proved to be the case, since Miss Arthur had a streptococcus infection and was very ill.

Judy's debut in the part occurred three days after she'd arrived in Philadelphia. In 72 hours she had to learn a very large part, have fitted to her $7,000 worth of Mainbocher clothes designed for Miss Arthur, rehearse day and night with the rest of the company—and try to keep from catching cold. She got no sleep and in those three days Garson Kanin, the author and director, says she "changed from a bright young girl to an exhausted old woman of sixty."

She went on with her knees feeling like jelly and with three prompters strategically placed around the stage in case she should forget her lines.

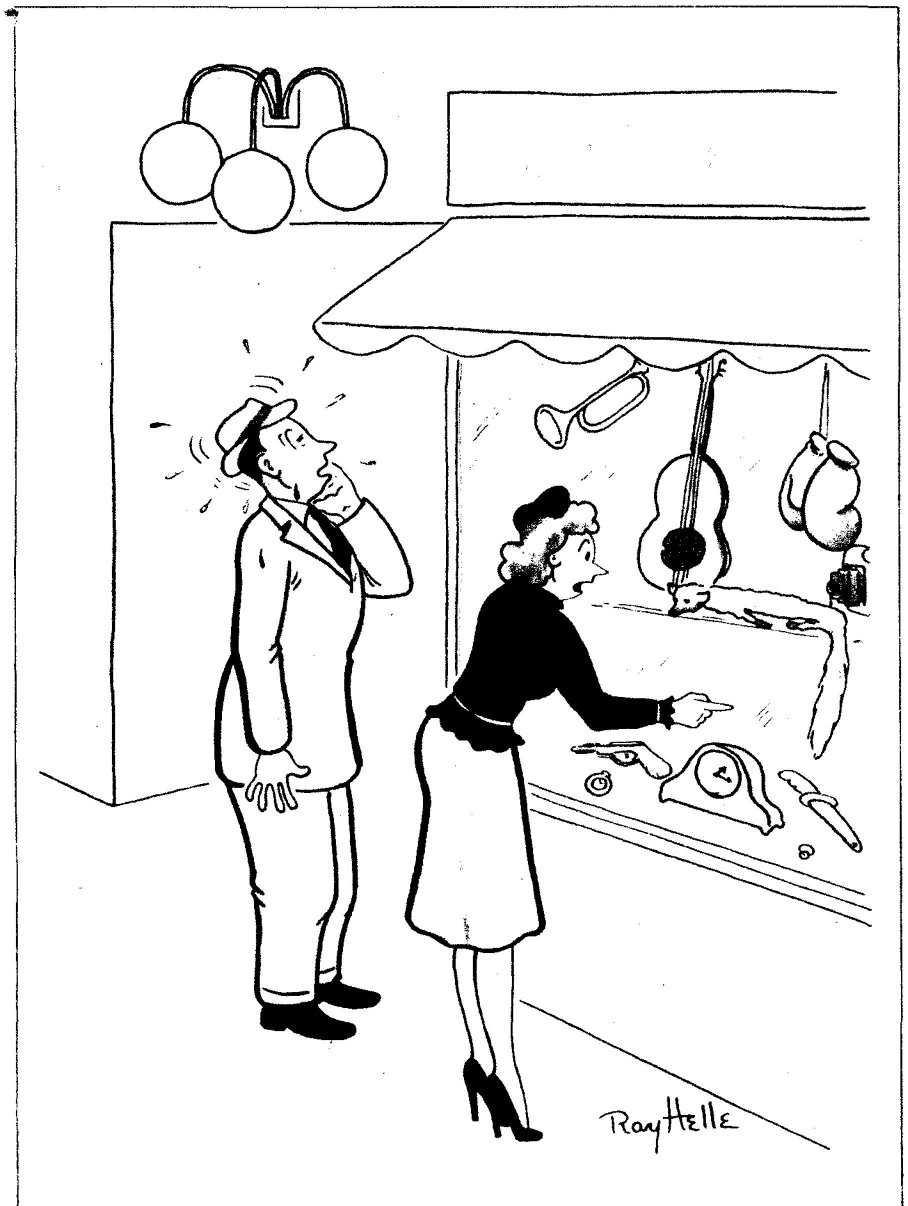
She never needed the prompters and as for her performance, one Philadelphia critic had this to say: "Those who were there will not quickly forget the scene. After the final curtain came hand-slapping (mere clapping couldn't raise that din), whistles and even cheers . . . the crowd didn't want to leave. Utter strangers nodded beamingly to each other. They had to put out the lights to get them into the streets."

The only counternotes in this paean of praise came from some of the actors who, while being grateful for Judy's nth-hour arrival, are nevertheless a trifle wistful about scenes she steals. From a technical point of view her timing is intricate, precise and phenomenal. It's based on a trick of breaking a speech in the middle and it works for her but is likely to leave the others on stage with nothing to do and feeling a little foolish.

"Honest," says Judy, "I don't try to steal scenes. I just get wrapped up in the character. My instinct is to turn my back on the audience. Really it is."

"Yes," said one actor who's played with her, "that's true." Then he sighed and added, "But there's something so *magnetic* about her back."

THE END



"Why, there's your watch that you lost and there's Junior's knife and ring that he lost last summer and my silver fox and our alarm clock and the mandolin I thought the people next door had and—"

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Big Time for Little Towns

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

THERE is joy in Thermopolis (Wyoming) and Palatka (Florida) these days. Also in 39 other small cities and towns in Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Florida, where the prideful citizens are excitedly preparing to take their places on the nation's scheduled air mail, passenger and express map. In August, the first routes of a system of feeder airlines to provide timetable flying for nearly everybody to nearly everywhere will begin operating.

America's little towns, after watching the trunk airlines grow in size and speed as they by-passed them while serving our 300 big cities, at last are being given an opportunity to justify their long-standing claims that they can support scheduled feeder airline service. The powerful Civil Aeronautics Board—it can start, stop or alter the route of an airline at will—now is giving the little towns three years to prove it; three years being the life of the prized temporary certificates of convenience and necessity they are handing out to the ambitious and courageous feeder airline operators.

At the end of that time there will be an accounting, to see if feeder airlines will continue permanently. Will they have made a profit or broken even from their loads of passengers, mail and cargo? Will they have rendered a public service with safe and reliable flights on schedule, or will they have just coasted along on the mail payments that went with their government franchise? There isn't enough experience with this kind of air service on the books to forecast the answers now, which is why CAB has put both the feeder airline operators and the little towns on trial.

The CAB sympathizes with the boundless enthusiasm shown by the smaller cities to be on the air map but it holds that the final test of their ability to remain there rests entirely with the ticket purchaser, the air-mail user and the express shipper. Each will act "on his own judgment as to whether he can reach his destination more conveniently by the train, the bus, private automobile or the airline," the Board believes. "Civic pride will not enter into that decision."

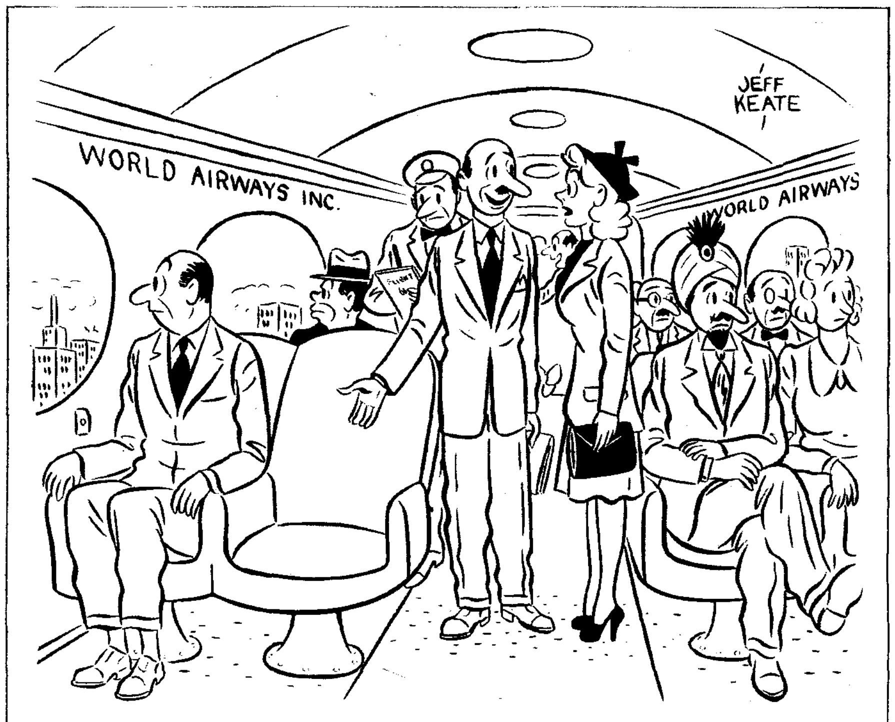
To the operators of feeder airlines, the CAB has issued a stern warning that they need not expect to live off their mail payments. "No one," it declares, "would want to grant in perpetuity authority to operate a service whose only benefit was to owners who drew all their revenue from the public treasury in the form of mail pay. We could not have the operators tied forever to the apron strings of expensive subsidy. Neither should anyone who has faith in the service he offers have any hesitation in testing its usefulness over a period of three years."

The Board then "suggested" to the operators that they come down and mingle with the people. Go vigorously after new traffic. Don't chew on the fringe of present traffic. Make a bold stroke to bring air transportation to the common man. Run service with streetcarlike frequency on heavily traveled routes and cut out the costly fancy stuff like stewardesses, meals and electric shavers in flight.

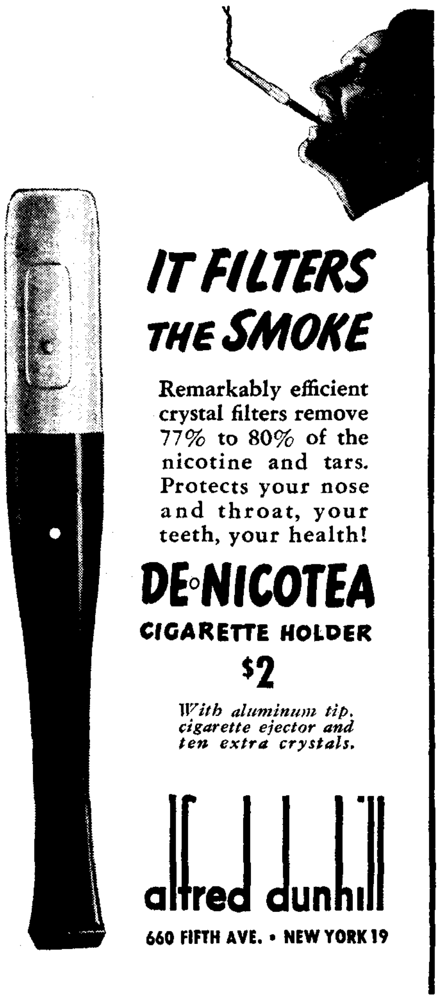
Several hundred applications for feeder airline routes affecting 2,500 communities have been pending before the Board for the past three years. The applicants and their small city backers got nowhere because of the war; the Board was just too busy straightening out the domestic trunk-line system and preparing for extensions to Europe and other parts of the world.

The feeder airline crusaders finally organized into the Feeder Airline Association and kept pressing their case until the Board decided to divide up the country into 11 regions, consolidate the applicants that fell in those subdivisions and hold hearings. Most of these are now over and the first award went to two operators in the Rocky Mountain region—Monarch Airlines, Inc., of Denver, and Summit Airways, Inc., of Laramie, Wyoming. These two won out over nine other applicants. Monarch will serve 19 towns in Utah, Colorado and New Mexico; and Summit, 14 small cities in Wyoming and Colorado. They will feed traffic into such trunk-line points as Salt Lake City, Grand Junction, Albuquerque, Denver, Billings, Cheyenne and Rock Springs, Wyoming.

Monarch Airlines will be operated by F. W. Bonfils and R. M. Wilson, both of Denver. They are former Army airmen and have been active in aviation in the Rocky Mountain region for many years, conducting flying schools, charter flying, aerial pho-



COLLIER'S "It's all right, Miss—I'm only going as far as Egypt!" JEFF KEATE



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tography and forest patrol work. In 1939 they filed their application for the routes they have now been awarded.

Summit Airways, organized in 1941 as a flying service and flying school, is principally owned by Fred M. Manning, a Denver oilman, who has used planes extensively in that region in connection with his business for the past twelve years. Mr. Manning acquired ownership of the company after the founder, Charles W. Hirsig II, of Laramie, was killed in a plane crash early last year. Roy Barker, Summit's chief pilot, and former Army airman, is operations manager.

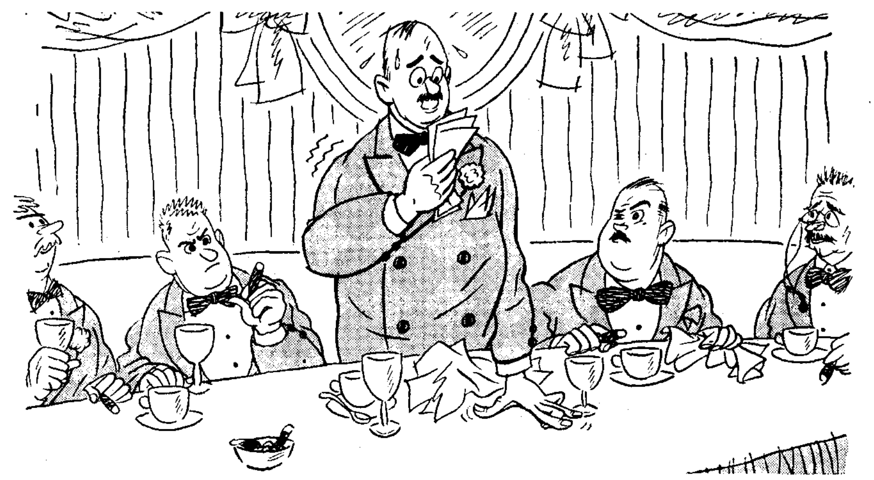
The second regional award—Florida—went to Orlando Airlines. It was victorious over three other companies seeking the certificate. Orlando Airlines will serve 8 small cities and towns in Florida feeding business into terminal points at Orlando, Jacksonville and Tallahassee. Thomas E. Gordon, an Army pilot instructor in the other war and a private flier ever since, heads the organization.

Probably 50 routes in all will be established when the regional cases are disposed of, serving some 2,000 additional small cities and towns. Actually, the Rocky Mountain and Florida cases are not the first feeder-line certificates for scheduled passenger, mail and express service, for in November, 1943, the CAB handed a feeder contract to Essair, Inc., headed by that pioneer Texas aircraft operator, W. F. (Bill) Long, of Dallas, to operate between Houston and Amarillo, via Austin, San Angelo, Abilene and Lubbock. But because of the war, Essair did not begin service until last August.

The first real authorized scheduled feeder service, but limited to air mail and express, went to All American Aviation of Wilmington, Delaware, in May, 1939. All American picks up and drops mail in flight, serving communities with or without airports and giving them all the advantages of air-mail and express service enjoyed by cities on the trunk lines. All American's experiment has been universally regarded as a brilliant success and it now serves 117 cities and towns in Delaware, Kentucky, New York, West Virginia, Pennsylvania and Ohio. The next step for All American is to carry passengers while picking up and dropping mail, *but not to pick up or drop passengers in flight!* It also is ready to begin mail pickup at night when the CAB says go ahead.

The development of special feeder airline planes, temporarily halted while awaiting the CAB's decision on a national feeder airline system, will move forward now. Boeing, Douglas and Lockheed had previously committed themselves to such types more than a year ago when it looked as though a policy would be forthcoming then. The Feeder Airline Association has specified an ideal feeder airline plane, the high points being that it seat a maximum of 22, be a high-wing monoplane with tricycle landing gear, land and take off on 1,000 feet, have space so arranged that each passenger can carry his baggage aboard and pick it up when he leaves without any checking system or porters, cruise at 170 miles an hour with a range of 500 miles and—"we want to have excellent brakes with oversize tires, as landings will be made on an average of once every 50 miles and at least half of these will be made on turf fields."

However, brand-new, specially designed feeder airline planes will probably not be available until next year. ★★★



"Gentlemen—we are gathered here for one can each of peas, spinach and beets—don't forget the laundry . . ."

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Any Week

Continued from page 4

AND Spokane, Washington, notifies us that at least one Army veteran there was going strong until he disappeared. Like all true genius, his inspiration was simple. He'd merely let it be known that he, his wife and two children were living in their battered car because they could not find a place to live. Always, of course, under different names. Naturally an apartment would be found. The fellow then turned it over to somebody else—for a consideration, of course. We hope this is untrue.

FROM Miss Sara Y. Smolley of Des Moines, Iowa: "How much will you pay for the prettiest pair of legs between the Missouri River on the west and the Mississippi on the east?" And the same mail fetches notice that we shall soon receive a case of beet juice from Mr. Ed. Tollipe of New Orleans, Louisiana. "However," says Mr. Tollipe, "unless you want to feel gay and carefree, do not mix Tollipe's Beet Juice with gin and lemon. Tollipe's Beet Juice will not be responsible."

BUT Mr. George F. Gollie of Birmingham, Alabama, knows a demobilized Army cook who opened a lunchroom and hung up the following sign: "Folks who eat here can't get over it." And Miss Lulu Trappe of Burlington, Iowa, writes: "Please advise me about what hours you are personally open to the public."

HOWEVER, the news from Santa Fe, New Mexico, is not startling. Mr. Brian Boru Dunne, the scootering journalist, is collaborating with a scientist working out a method for the deaf to read lips in the dark. They started with the deaf man twenty feet away in a pitch-black room. They are now experimenting outdoors at one hundred feet. Mr. Dunne is also trying to persuade a lady who has "looped the globe" twenty-eight times not to write a book about it. Not much success in this either so far. Mr. Dunne is the author of proposed federal legislation to subsidize those generals who do not write their World War II memoirs. . . . W. D.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR SEPTIC TANK

You, too, can benefit by using SANI-FLUSH in cleaning toilet bowls—just as city people do! SANI-FLUSH will not harm septic tank action. It's the disinfecting toilet bowl cleaner that removes germ-laden stains and film chemically—the cleaner that saves messy work. Write for scientific report that proves its safety. Remember—a clean toilet bowl has no odor.

Good in hard or soft water—sold everywhere—two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Dept. 123, Canton 2, Ohio.

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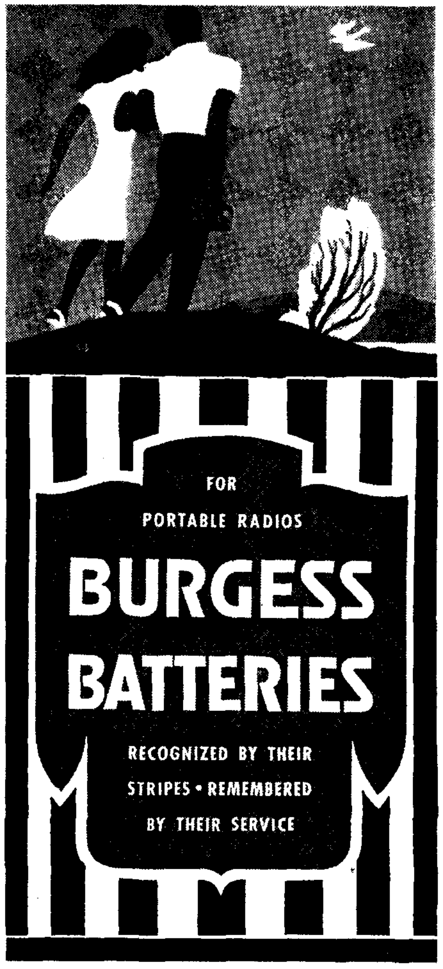
HAPPY FEET ARE HERE AGAIN

When your feet are sore, aching and dog-tired due to fatigue, just apply time-tested, popular OIL-O-SOL. It quickly brings such soothing, cooling relief you'll want to say, "happy feet are here again." This fine inhibitory antiseptic is also valuable in treating mosquito bites, sunburn, minor injuries; cuts, scratches, burns. Only 50c at druggists. Must satisfy or money back. Don't suffer. Get **Mosso's OIL-O-SOL** now.



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Let's shake on it, Boss!

"I'LL BE a better dog, all around. Boss, if you'll just shake some Sergeant's *new* SKIP-FLEA Powder into my coat. Fleas make me jumpy, get me off my feed. I scratch and bite and fidget until you're upset, too. So how about a shake today, Boss?"

Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Powder is *new* with DDT. It combines DDT with other active ingredients which Sergeant's has proved through the years to be most effective in killing fleas. It also helps protect against ticks.

Exhaustive tests have proved that the new Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Powder is safe and sure. For your dog's comfort, buy a can today at the drug or pet store. You'll find other reliable Sergeant's dog products there, too.

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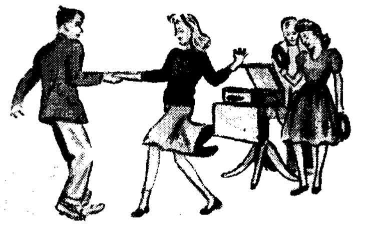

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Features specially designed built-in Power Amplifier, Variable Tone Control, large six-inch Speaker, Crystal Pick-up; operates 110-125 volts, 60 cycles AC. Covered with handsome two-tone simulated rawhide leather. Plays 10 and 12 inch records with lid closed. O. P. A. Ceiling Price, Inc. Fed. Tax, only $31^85*

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AXEL BAHNSEN

Nolan Miller

The Week's Work

NOT only does Nolan Miller write stories for Collier's—his When the Lilacs Bloomed, on page 29, brings him up to five within a few months—but he is kindly training some more writers for us out in Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

As a professor of English, he inculcates the principles of unity, co-ordination and emphasis into the minds of his young students, and this, it seems, causes them to produce stories. "My youngest student sold a story a couple of weeks ago," he tells us, "and this pleased me more than selling one myself." Collier's didn't get a look at the talented student's production, and who, we would like to know, is cutting us out, out there at Antioch? We should have a special influence around that town, because, as Miller observes, "Collier's is printed only nine miles away, in Springfield, where the presses turn with a constant but comforting rumble."

Miller credits the Army with giving him his start in popular writing (he had been writing from age 14, but not publishing.) "You get up early in the Army," he says, "and I found that after my discharge I kept waking up at 5:30 in the morning. What to do? I could only drink coffee and tease a typewriter until time to report to work." Besides his short stories he has written two novels, A Moth of Time, just published by Harper's, and The Merry Innocents, to be brought out next year.

Miller is, probably, our most satisfied author. "I have no troubles," he says. "I like to write. I like to teach. I like teaching here, in one of the most interesting colleges in America."

NOBODY in this office, so far as we know, has ever been buttonholed by an Inquiring Photographer—you know, the fellow who approaches a stranger on the street and says, "I'm from the such and such newspaper and I'd like to have your opinion on—"

No, that honor has not come our way, but we are happy to report that a friend of a friend of ours *has* been so approached. The lucky fellow is Arthur Sheekman, Hollywood author, who, with his actress wife, Gloria Stuart, has been in New York visiting at the home of Collier's Kyle Crichton. Crichton, incidentally, has recently returned from Mexico where he rounded up the makings of an article which will appear in late June. He is torn between two titles for the piece—The Hot Tamale Circuit, and Mexican Beisbol (*beisbol* being the south-of-the-border way of saying baseball). Anyway, you'd think Sheekman would be pleased about this street-interview thing, but instead he's worried. In fact, he wrote to Groucho Marx, back in Hollywood, as follows:

"Dear Grouch: You will be glad to hear that things are breaking for me pretty good on the main stem. I had been here no more than two weeks when the press began asking my opinions on a question that seems to be very hot here: 'Are College Girls Pretty?' Well, having been to the U. of M. (two months), the Lancaster Business Institute (two weeks) and the St. Paul College of Law (as far as torts), I was just the man to ask. I told the journalist something about my background; that I was a writer with a swimming pool and that I had once taken out Claire Windsor, but he preferred to think of me as a prominent pedestrian.

"He told me that Billy Rose said 'Beautiful girls don't go to college,' and although maybe it can hurt me, Rose being pretty important in show business, I didn't hesitate to say he was wrong. Do you think it can hurt me?

"The other news is that if I were home losing money in the poker game, I would be saving a fortune.

"Remember me to the fellows, and if you see Billy Rose tell him I was misquoted, although I'm almost sure he can't hurt me. My guess is that he's big enough to admire a man who speaks his mind.

"P.S. I was definitely misquoted."

THE happy Cinderella story of Judy Holliday (It's A Living, p. 15) came to pass partly because of the author, Luther Davis. Davis wrote the play in which Judy made her first Broadway appearance, and from which she moved on with phenomenal speed to stardom.

The play was Kiss Them for Me, based on Frederic Wakeman's novel, Shore Leave. Davis got to know and like Judy, as you'll see by the story.

Luther Davis

This article is Davis' 19th contribution to Collier's. Of these 15 were written under the collaborative by-line "Luther Davis and John Cleveland." Cleveland, a Yale classmate of Davis', was killed in a rifle-range accident at Quantico, Virginia, while he was a Candidate Marine Officer there.

Davis served in both the European and the Pacific theaters, and ended up an Air Force major. . . . A. P.

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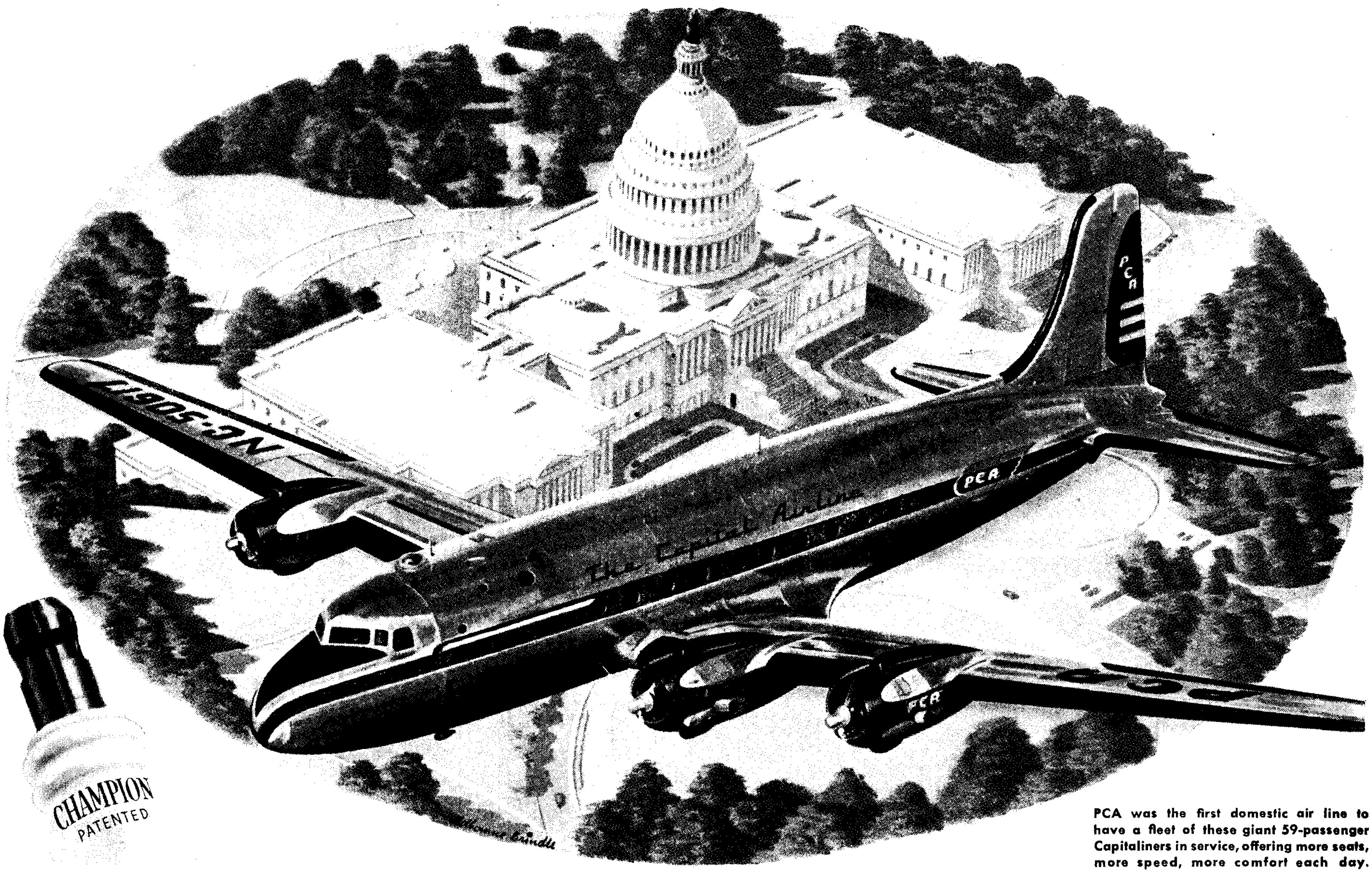

PCA was the first domestic air line to have a fleet of these giant 59-passenger Capitaliners in service, offering more seats, more speed, more comfort each day.

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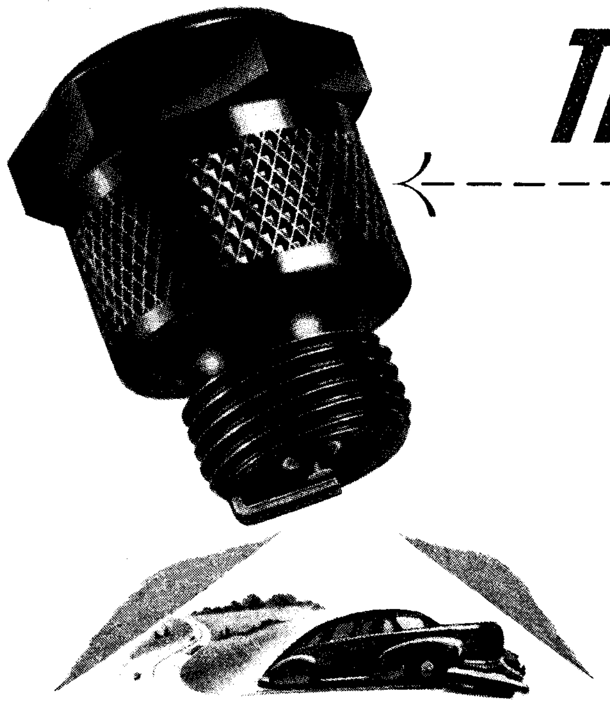

Motorists who value the expert judgment and experience of air lines on such a critical item as spark plugs, will find substantial evidence of the greater dependability of Champions in their selection by most air lines. Now PCA—The Capital Airline—joins the majority of others in the air transport field who standardize on dependable Champions. The Champion Spark Plugs for your car are products of the same outstanding research, engineering and manufacturing facilities.

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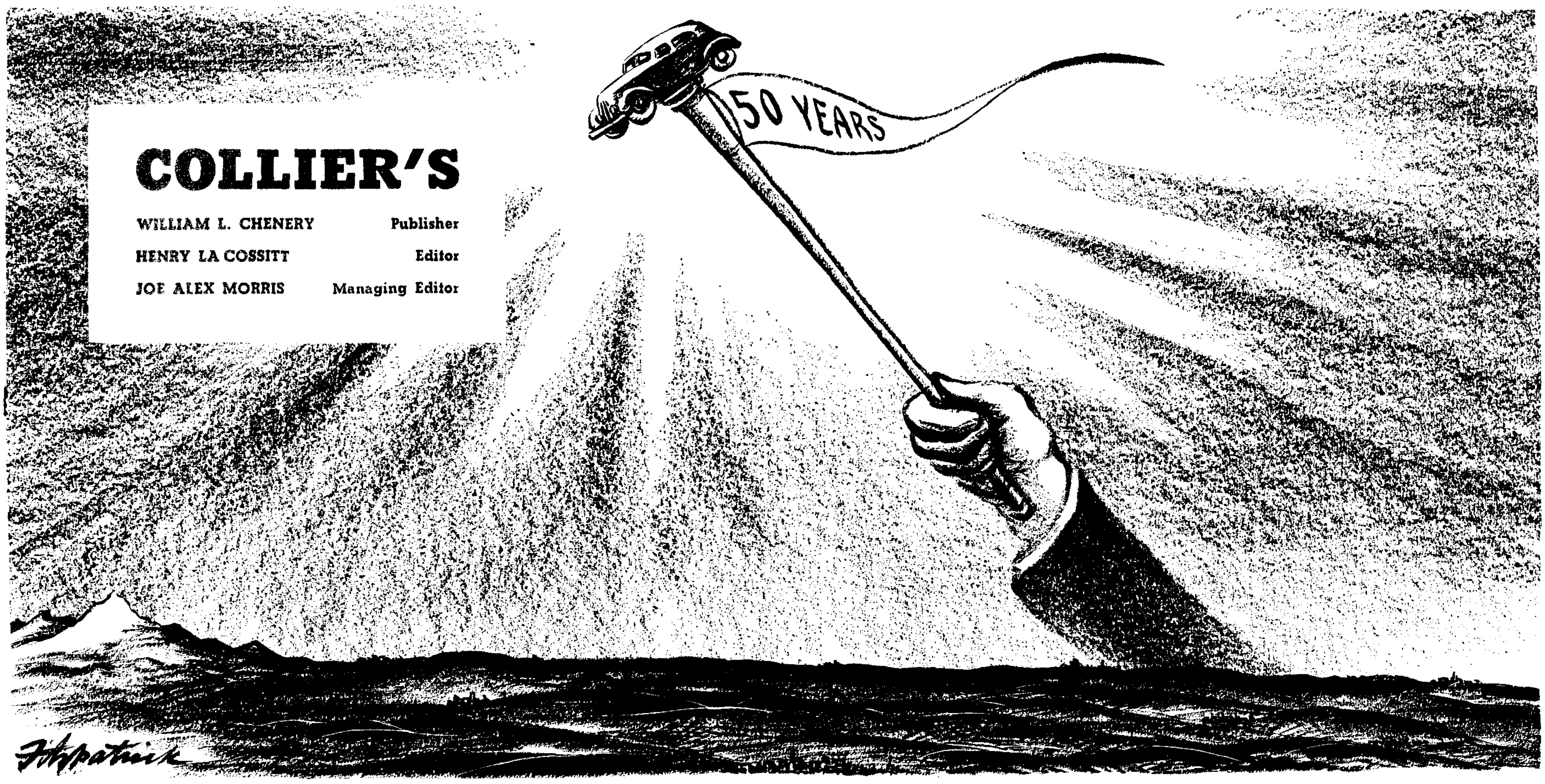

THE FIRST 50

THIS year is the Automotive Golden Jubilee—meaning that the first sale of an automobile in the United States was performed 50 years ago, in the summer of 1896.

It has been a grand and spectacular occasion, with the grandest and biggest splurges held, naturally enough, in Detroit.

More power to the whole show, we'd say. The automobile industry up to now has done more than any other one industry to change American habits, broaden American horizons, enrich American lives.

Since 1896, about 90,000,000 cars and trucks have been produced in the United States. They cost $64,000,000,000 (billion, that is). The U.S. automotive industry is now worth $4,000,000,000 (billion again).

Some 52,000,000 jobs are now being worked at in this country. It is estimated that one out of every seven of these jobs is connected with the automobile industry, directly or indirectly.

We have about 30,000,000 cars and trucks still functioning on our 1,400,000 miles of highways—the latter largely a by-product of the automobile industry. This, despite the 3½-year wartime pause in manufacture of cars and trucks for private citizens and businesses.

That is a testimonial of the first water to the quality and ruggedness habitually built into most of our cars by most of our motorcar manufacturers.

The sociologic impress of the automobile on the life of Americans has been as widespreading and far-reaching as the economic impress. The motorcar has moved millions of us out of stuffy cities into roomier suburbs; has made us a nation of travelers over our far-flung country; has knitted us together as no other instrumentality could have done.

And that is only a small part of the story of the automobile. It's a great, moving and inspiring story, from beginning to current chapter; and the nation can gratefully salute the automobile industry during its Golden Jubilee. It earned that gratitude and those salutes.

"WE" vs. "THEY"

THE business philosophy of Eric A. Johnston, ex-president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and head of the movies' self-policing organization, continues to average high in common sense, we think.

Mr. Johnston's latest step in the business field is to set up a profit-sharing system for employees of the four West Coast electrical-appliance companies with which he is connected.

The details are too complicated to go into here. Nor do we want to be misunderstood as going overboard for profit sharing by all U.S. industry. With some concerns, it could work; with others it most likely never could. But the reasoning behind Johnston's profit-sharing plans seems meaty indeed.

Johnston starts from the too-well-known fact that in many American industrial and service concerns the employees do not feel that they have any direct, personal stake in the company's success. They regard it as the source of the weekly pay envelope, nothing more—and consequently as fair game for every kind of attempt to squeeze bigger pay envelopes out of it. To them, in Johnston's illuminating phrase, the company is just "they," whereas he thinks it should be "we."

By all odds it should be, if the organization is to get the best and most enthusiastic work out of all its employees, and thereby prosper and expand from year to year. Any plan for turning the company from "they" to "we" in the employees' minds is worth executive consideration.

Profit sharing is one obvious method, in companies which can make it work. Employee welfare systems help—group insurance, sick benefits, paid vacations, etc.

Guaranteed annual wages are a mark to shoot at. Some kind of joint management-labor direction of company policies may be in the cards for some future time—though we wouldn't want to be misunderstood as endorsing that offhand, either.

But Johnston's general idea of fanning up, in every feasible way, a personal employee interest in and concern for the success of the company is obviously sound, and calls for the earnest attention of every U.S. employer or executive who hasn't already given thought to it.

RADIO HAD BETTER FIGHT

AS OBSERVED in this space a few issues ago, the Federal Communications Commission is again up to its old game of trying to regulate the contents and character of radio programs, while piously disclaiming any such intention. It is threatening to grant, renew, deny or revoke radio station licenses henceforth on the basis of what it terms the "public service" rendered by each station.

It is now a pleasure to observe that Justin Miller, president of the National Association of Broadcasters, is claiming, loudly and in public, radio's right to regulate its own programs without interference from any source except the tastes of the radio public.

Miller cites the Constitution's guaranty of freedom of speech, and notes that Congress, in writing the Communications Act under which the FCC has its being, took extreme care to tell the FCC to keep hands off radio programs. One of Congress' orders reads as follows:

> No regulation or condition shall be promulgated or fixed by the commission which shall interfere with the right of free speech by means of radio communication.

How anything could be more specific than that, we don't know. Yet the FCC for years has been riding jack-booted over this Congressional prohibition. Up to now, the radio industry has been submitting to this bureaucratic tyranny, fearing license revocations or refusals.

Miller wants a finish fight, at long last. He urges that some station defy the FCC on a matter of program content; that the FCC be equally forthright and step on this test station; and that the fight be carried from there on up to the Supreme Court for a showdown.

The sooner the better. This country, for some reason, has long been infested with people ambitious to whittle down freedom of speech and press despite the Constitution's guaranty of these freedoms. The press has consistently fought all such persons—and the press continues free, and subject by and large to the censorship of its readers only.

Radio had better fight, beginning now; and the press' experience indicates that radio can win.

Paul Jones

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